

The Pinkerton Diaries

by
Rivers Cuomo



[In the apartment I shared with Karl in Van Nuys, California]

1994

MAY 10

I had the saddest dream this morning.
It was before a show and I was
walking through the crowd drunk.
I was looking for some kind of
solace in a girl, but I had no luck.
I need someone to take care of me.
1:18 in the mornin': 5 minutes ~~minutes~~
ago I fell asleep kinda sad. Karl
woke me up and said turn on the
radio. I turned on my clock
radio and heard undone. It
was really nice. I got a smile
on my face. ☺

Warren

KIRW 3/0 450 5183 ?

[The Blue Album is released.]

MAY 27

I'm really freaking bored. Staying at Chiba's waiting for Karl to take
me to the video meeting. We had our puny little tour - it was pretty fun.
Anxious 'n bored - not very productive is me. Waiting...

1994

JUNE 2

A few days ago we played Visalia. It was amazing. We signed many autographs. Even a snare drum. Kids were shouting out the names of songs. during "Holiday," everyone rushed the stage and hopped up and down.

Last night was Tucson. A club called "The Rock." It was a heavy metal battle-of the bands. Our name wasn't anywhere in any paper. It was kind of a fun show for me though.

Tonight was Tempe. An empty show opening for Overwhelming Colorfast. Empty and lame. But I sang real good and enjoyed myself. I felt very in control and un-hypocritical.

JUNE 6

There I am. Yep. There I is.

Yep. There I is. Ha-ha-ha. This is funny. Everybody's laughing. I sat down to write but this happened. I wish I had something better to think. Kinda scared as I realize what I'm writing. Things darker and more emotionally painful as my body settles.

Oh girls, I'm doing things truly wrong. N.C.-Chiba-Sonia. I am not consistent. I realize I am in love with things I build, in love with my own perceptions, projections. I never touch the real thing.

Two totally separate realities agree.

There is no passion strong enough to blind me to this fact.

I don't care about nuthin' now. Kinda negative.

JUNE 14

I'm thinking of a story. A young man faced with choosing one of two women. One: ~~ugly~~ sexy, but deeply dedicated and loving to the young man. Unfortunately she's a little psycho. They can have a crazy but real relationship. The other: an ideal: A certain non-sexual beauty. Smart and cultured. Inexperienced yet not at all naïve. The character has to find his right and wrong with regards to women. He comes to himself in this quest.

Ambivalence about physical relations.

Chiba/N.C.

JUNE 21

Dear Steve,

I've been having the hardest time trying to get a hold of you. I meant to call you for Father's day but it just couldn't happen. So I decided to write. We're driving from Phoenix to L.A. right now, so forgive the sloppiness.

Band Synopsis: things are going real good. Most importantly, our single "The Sweater song" has been added to many radio stations including KROQ in Los Angeles. That's the big-time. The listeners' response has been real good, too. We've consistently been one of the Top 5 most requested bands. We're getting good reviews, too.

Touring is fun. A typical day: drive for 5 hours through incredibly boring terrain – usually the desert – with frequent stops for hackey-sack. Hackey-sack is our only form of exercise. A hackey-sack is a little bean bag, slightly smaller than a tennis ball. We form a circle and juggle it back and forth with our feet like a soccer ball. We play a lot of hackey sack. When we're not "hacking" we're reading. All the driving affords me plenty of time to read. Since we started touring I've read "Damian" and "Narcissus and Goldmund" by Herman Hesse, "Huckleberry Finn", a voluminous biography of Beethoven, and Emily Bronte's "Wuthering Heights". I also get to write a lot of letters. Then, around dinner time, we arrive in some new, random city and unload our equipment into the nightclub. Then we "hack" some more. After soundcheck, we have dinner. Meals usually consist of puffed wheat or PB+J except for the ever-more-frequent record company sponsored meal. These are usually exotic, delicious and extremely expensive. The only drawback is we have to be social with the record company executive while we're trying to stuff our faces. After dinner we might do an interview with the local radio station or paper. Then we "hack" some more. Then we play the show. Because we're touring with a very popular band, "Material Issue", most of the shows are sold out. The clubs are usually packed with 600 screaming fourteen-year-old girls. After the show we autograph our posters and meet people (14-year old girls) and suggest to them that they buy our record. We usually close out the day with a good round of "hack" and then retire to the motel. ...

Send mail to me c/o:

Justin Fisher

2226 Amherst Ave.

(I stay here when we're not on tour)

W. LA, CA 90064

310-207-####

Also, our manager's number is:

(I call them every day when we are on tour,

talk to Lisa or Pat they can give me a message.)

I'll be in CT July 10 – 20 trying to write some new songs. Maybe I'll see you then.
Happy Father's Day!

Love,
Rivers

1994

JUNE 25

Leaves Cuomo

Baldwin

Ann Arbor, MI 48104

(via post)

Leaves, drivin' to Seattle. Gonna try 'n keep this fact-packed. A few more weeks of west coast touring then gonna shoot a video. The single comes out on Jun. 28. The record's doing very good at college radio already. The record company is really excited. The shows having been going good. People scream and we sign autographs! We're getting fan mail from very strange places: Japan and Sweden? Strange because the record hasn't been released there yet. They play us in L.A. everyday (on the radio). It's fun to hear. Getting good press too. If'n you need to reach me call MAGNA at 310-280-#### (manager)

I'll be in CT Jul 10-20. If more improvements, I'll write.

Love,
Rivers



JUNE 27

This UNI lady said something to me the other night that really stuck with me: Have fun. What's gonna happen is what's gonna happen so just try 'n have fun. Cool. I can do that

Weez in the airport right now waiting to fly to LA to shoot the vid.

JULY 17



[Me and Leaves at our stepdad Steve's house to watch the World Cup final between Italy and Brazil]

No Other One

1994

My girl's a liar
but I'll stand beside her
She's all I've got
and I don't wanna be alone
My girl don't see me
when she's with my friends
She's all I've got
and I don't want to be alone
No there is no other one
No there is no other one
I can't have any other one
though I would
now I never could with one
All of the drugs she does
Scare me real good
She's got a tattoo
and two pet snakes
but nobody knows me like her
nobody knows her like me
we're all we've got
and we don't want to be alone

1994

JULY 24

Nightmares: two nights ago a grim reaper was harassing me. He was trying to embrace and hold me. It caused me severe emotional and physical discomfort, like being force-held by a strong man mixed with actual physical pain.

JULY 24

Let Me Wash at Your Sink

I been walking for four years

Haven't slept for five

I'm smelling funny

And I'm tired

I used to have a home

I used to have a bed

Got myself kicked out

Didn't pay the rent

Let me sleep in your bedroom

Let me wash at your sink

I've learned my lessons

Let me in, let me in

I know you like to live alone

I know you feel safe

But I'm not looking to harm you

Just one rest

And maybe it'll work out

I'll fix up around the house

And then even you'll prepare a meal

JULY 25

辛10月24日(木) 01:05 宛先 0011503232

1994

Devotion

発信

PLAZA HOTEL

P03

Suddenly our shortcomings don't seem to matter so much
Your IQ is 20 points low and I'm no Six Foot Hot Look
All American Man

Sad to say I pushed you away
waiting for "Mrs. Right"

You never gave up

Devotion, waiting for me, you'll always be my girlfriend

I too am waiting for you, I'll always be your friend

I commend your stubbornness

without it we'd have never got this far

I am done with perfection

Chasing her leaves me with nothing but pain

Unlike you, she isn't true

She's got her own concerns

You never gave up

AUGUST 17

Just found out that we debuted at 170 on Billboard. That's pretty freakin' rad! I wonder how far this thing can go. I'm glad it's goin' good cuz the van's getting to all of us. N.C. tomorrow. Hopefully my face'll be kinda clear. And my sore throat will be kinda gone.

I thought about Mr. Holton today. He's not going to be around forever. I should get in touch with him.

AUGUST 28

I've gotten over that initial touring slump that killed my spirit. At least somewhat. There's still a lot of weird adjusting to do.

I bought Verdi's "Aida" and an intro book to opera. I read Homer's "Odyssey," and I'm about to start the "Iliad." Most awesomely, I wrote a 5-page article for Details.

LIFE IN THE FAST LANE

COCAINE. CHICKS. LIMOUSINES. FOR THE FOUR OF us who make up Weezer -- Pat, Matt, Brian, and I -- these adolescent dreams are finally coming true. Sort of.

Actually, there hasn't been much cocaine at all yet. Outside of Pat's occasional self-administration of Mylanta, our rock 'n' roll drug experiences have been pretty limited. This does not jibe with our understanding of record-business protocol. Where are the label reps bribing program directors and hyping the band with record-company drugs?

As for limos and private jets, we prefer a more realistic means of traveling great distances: a van. It would be no exaggeration to say that our van really, really sucks. The radio shuts itself off if we drive below twenty miles an hour. The sunroof leaks buckets in the rain. The air conditioning refuses to function and the solid black exterior serves as a giant solar panel, ensuring a minimum temperature of 115 degrees in the summer. (We're hoping the solar-panel effect will continue to keep us warm through the winter, since the heater also does not work.)

In spite of these minor criticisms, this van is our home and we've come to love it. At first we called it the Enforcer but after an essential part of the chassis fell out the very first time we tried to drive uphill, we felt that Betsy was a more appropriate name.

One day, in a random fit of malice, Matt shot Betsy in the radiator grille with a squirt gun. After fifteen seconds of ominous rumbling, a green bubbling froth was ejaculated from her grille.

So Betsy was rendered immobile -- again -- and we were stranded in exciting Winnemucca, Nevada, with nothing to do but gamble. Every day, we traveling rock musicians get something called a per diem, which is Latin for "twenty-dollar bill." This is what we use to buy food, magazines, and Mylanta. I had saved up a considerable portion of my per diems and was hoping to buy a pair of shoes upon returning to L.A. Unfortunately, I lost all my money that day to Winnemucca's slot machines. Matt, on the other hand, who'd gotten us stranded there in the first place, won roughly the same amount that I lost.

Gambling is only one of the many exciting pasttimes we enjoy as rock stars on the road. We also find ourselves playing more video games than was previously thought humanly possible. Video games are similar to slot machines in that you drop quarters into them, press little colored buttons and walk out four to six hours later with far less money than you came in with. Our current favorite video game is NBA Jam, which all four of us can play simultaneously, venting our van-related frustrations by utilizing the Turbo

Interviews, an essential activity for every rock star, are a total disappointment. As a thirteen year-old, I thought I would love talking to the press, giving my opinions and imparting some insight into my "artistic process" (if a thirteen-year-old can have such a thing). As it turns out, interviews basically consist of answering the questions: "What was it like working with Ric?" (our producer) and "Did you get to meet Paulina?" (our producer's wife).

This has been going on three times a day, every day, for the six months that our album has been out. Only the foreign interviews are any fun, because they take everything I say completely seriously. This can be dangerous. For example, when I say that my biggest influence is Mick Mars of Motley Crue. I mean that in a less than literal sense. Sometimes I wonder how confused the European masses will be when they read the results of my 5:00 AM phoner with Jorgen Van der Bloom of the Danish rock rag Super-Klang!

Photo shoots, on the other hand, can be a lot of fun if a) you don't have any fresh zits and (b) you enjoy being told to jump up and down on a bed or to press your face against a window or to stand on a phone book so you'll appear as tall as your band-mates.

One of the best things about touring with Weezer is getting to know all the strange and exciting parts of the country I'd normally avoid at all costs. Recently, for example, we passed through Ashland, Oregon, which for no apparent reason is the Shakespearean capital of the world. Here it is not uncommon to run into small groups of men wearing tights, playing lutes and singing "My mistress mine, where are you roaming?"

Oh yeah -- playing live rock shows is also part of being in a Touring Rock Band, albeit a small part. We've done it all, from playing the Berkeley Square in front of a grand total of zero (0) paying customers, to rocking huge festivals alongside such great bands as Kansas and Loverboy. These big concerts come close to matching my adolescent dream ideals: thousands of screaming fans, legions of mutant homicidal bouncers, and an impressive wall of Marshall stacks. There are however a lot of things thrown at us while we're performing: shoes, stuffed animals, sweaters. . . I haven't quite figured out of this is a sign of affection or a sign that we should stop playing and quickly leave.

Perhaps the single most remarkable day of the entire Weezer experience was when we shot the video for "undone-the sweater song." This was not a day we were looking forward to. Until they put our video into the Buzz Bin, we all hated MTV. It seems like a shame to confine a song to one interpretation. For example, I'll never hear Aerosmith's "Cryin'" again without thinking about that lame chick bungee-jumping off the bridge.

But our single was "shooting up the charts" and the record company thought it would be a "smash" if it had a video. We reluctantly assented under the condition that there not be one sweater, or anything resembling a sweater, anywhere in the video. The video department solicited "treatments" from at least twenty-five directors and sent us their ideas on a computer-printed scroll that stretched at least eight times around the considerable girth of Betsy. And every single idea featured - you guessed it - a sweater. Whether we were playing in a sweater factory, knitting a gigantic sweater, or blowing up a sweater with five megatons of TNT, every single director had his or her own vision of the great sweater. Nauseated, we almost gave up on doing a video - until we got a call from the messiah of videomaking, Spike Jonze. We hastily agreed upon a vague plan involving a blue room, a pack of dogs, and couple of guys hanging upside down from the ceiling.

The vague plan ended up costing us \$60,000. Somehow, Spike took a video with no editing, no cast, and no set to speak of, and gave it a budget I would have thought purchased major explosions, extraordinarily beautiful women, and hammer-like choreography. But no, we got an empty warehouse and a pack of dogs. Apparently \$60,000 is only an average price for a video these days.

When we started shooting, I had that terrible of feeling of regret that comes only when one sees dollar signs floating uncontrollably skyward. Everything was going wrong. First of all, in order to achieve the slow-motion effect that makes the video so dreamy, we had to perform the song twice as fast as normal. This also means we had to sing like the chipmunks. The cameraman had to run around the set twice as fast as it appears he did, while wearing this immense apparatus known as the steady-cam. Following him were a number of assistants, and behind them, Spike, yelling commands at the cameraman, the lighting guy, and me. The cameraman was yelling commands at the assistants, who were in turn yelling at each other. And then the dogs ran in. At double speed. Across the set from the dogs were the trainers, all yelling at the dogs: "Buddy! Scrappy! Here, Buffy! Good doggy!" The dogs got so confused by all the screaming and the monitors blasting the chipmunks version of "the sweater song" that they turned around and ran directly away from the band. The trainers, in an amazing display of ignorance, told us we had to turn down our instruments because we were "scaring Scrappy." So we pretended to turn down the instruments (which weren't even plugged in) and continued on.

Well, after playing "the sweater song" twenty times in a row at high speed, singing along in our best chipmunks voices, with the cameraman, Spike, the assistants and the dogs all running around us yelling and barking and charging us \$60,000, it started to get a little depressing. In an act of great symbolism, one of the cute little dogs sauntered up and took a crap on Pat's bass drum pedal. The dog's trainer apologized profusely, but something snapped inside us. A dog had crapped on our \$60,000 video.

From that point on, our lip-synching wasn't quite as accurate. Matt would take time out from playing the bass to snap his fingers or to sit down. Despite the importance everyone placed on it, we didn't care about our video anymore. We saw it not as a significant work of art depicting the anguish of Generation X, but as it truly is: a piece of dog shit.

As you can see, being a rock star is all we thought it would be as thirteen-year-olds and much, much more. Even so, I have a few closing words of advice to the young rock-star-to-be. Be prepared for a lot of Taco Bell. Mylanta figures big in your future. Buy a Walkman to block out the nonsensical ramblings of your brain-dead van-mates, and advise them to do the same. Get used to writing letters because you won't be able to afford phone calls when you get lonely. And you will get lonely. Sure, you'll meet two hundred people every night, but you'll talk to each of them for approximately thirty seconds, and the conversation will generally consist of you answering the question: "What was it like working with Ric?" And then you'll be alone in your motel room or on somebody's crusty floor with their crusty dog licking your face all night. Or you'll be in the van trying to kill the nine hours it takes to get to the next city, whichever city it is. This is life on the road. It's not all cocaine, chicks and limos.



[On tour, early summer 1994]



For making money
Wasting away What's wrong with me

G- C- D- G-
J J F | J = | J > | J = : |
Bb C D C Bb G

August 31, 1994

TO: Pat Magnarella
FR: Dennis Dennehy
RE: Weezer Press

Won't you let me go home
a → over T

cc: Bryn Bridenthal, Jennifer Graham, Todd Sullivan, All Dept.

Pat, here's what we need Weezer to get done this week if possible:

- 1) Tom Beaujour from Guitar World wants a phone interview with Rivers and Brian this week. This is for a "Tune-Up," a half-page feature on the band that will run in the November issue. Guitar World has a monthly circulation of 180,000. (212) 807-████, ext. 241.
- 2) Steven Chean wants to interview the band for Detour, the LA music and style magazine. His piece will run in the December issue. Detour has a circulation of 80,000, and it's published ten times a year. (310) 282-████
- 3) Sandy Massona will interview the band for a feature in Hits magazine, the weekly trade magazine. The rundate on this has yet to be determined. Sandy can be reached at (310) 451-████
- 4) We need to give Details an answer on what the band would like to write about. Gavin Edwards, the music editor, has been calling me every two days to see if I have heard from the band yet. If we need to, we can get a ghost writer to interview the band, just let me know. Details' monthly circulation is 465,000.

I'll be out of the office on vacation for the rest of the week -- I'm back on September 7. If you need the interviews conferenced, or anything else, give Jennifer Graham a call at (212) 841-████. Thanks.

5) Pollstar before Friday SUZANNE 1-800-344-████
between 9-5 Pacific Coast time



[Weezer's friend, Pat Finn's wedding reception]

SEPTEMBER 18

We had a band meeting today. We pretty much worked out some of the major problems. We're gettin' a tour bus. We gettin' a merch-deal.

It was good that we could talk everything out. I hope things will be smoother in the bus. Dude! We're 82 on billboard.

We've been havin' vocal rehearsals every day.

SEPTEMBER 29



[At the Buddy Holly video shoot]

SEPTEMBER 30

I cut my hair after the Buddy Holly video yesterday.
Thank God!

OCTOBER 2

[Scheduling my day]

Counterpoint
text — comp
45 min — 45 min

Literature
~~read~~ ~~write~~
1 hr

Language (Spanish or Italian) Write Article
read write listen
20 20 20
1 hr

ROAD WORRIERS: 24 HOURS WITH WEEZER

A couple of months ago, I thought it would be a good idea to write a description of a typical day in the life of Weezer. Unfortunately, it turned out to be one of the lamest days of my life.

8:00 A.M. The Allen Park Inn, Houston, Texas. I'm awakened by telephone. "It's 8 A.M.," says a soothing recorded voice. "Have a nice day!" It's one of those lovely computer wake-up calls. I wish it would say something less pleasant, like "I hate you. Get out of bed."

8:02 A.M. After a brief moment of reflection, I decide that it's much too early and go back to sleep.

8:20 A.M. The phone rings again. "Where are you?!" It's Karl, our roadie. "You should have been in the lobby five minutes ago." Slowly, through the thick haze of exhaustion, my senses return to me. We're flying to Seattle today. The most important radio station in Seattle has offered to fly us up for a heavily promoted free Weezer concert. This means I have to get up now, so I can pee and brush my teeth. I flip on Barney the Purple Guy for background music. Barney is singing about "dancing away the blues" while a racially balanced group of mutant children twitch arrhythmically behind him. And you wonder why rock stars throw TV sets from hotel-room windows.

9:30 A.M. The driver, a full hour late finally arrives to pick us up. At precisely the same moment, our plane, in a freak display of punctuality, takes off for Seattle. We drive to the airport anyway.

10:00 A.M. Yep. We've missed our flight.

10:20 A.M. "How many emotional outbursts are we allowed?" asks Pat, our drummer, on the shuttle to another terminal. I give him my estimation: one major irrational outburst per 250,000 records sold. Although this means we haven't even earned our first outburst yet, Pat says he's going to go ahead and freak out now. He throws his backpack on the ground repeatedly, screaming. We all join in, singing a rousing chorus from "The Sweater Song". This, by the way-as much as we truly love the song-is a form of self-punishment. Basically, we're very upset that (a) we missed our flight; (b) we have to wait four hours for the next flight; (c) there's a stopover in Denver; (d) we will most likely perish when the left engine inexplicably switches into reverse, causing the plane to dive sickeningly out of control until it slams with incredible force into the earth.

3:00 P.M. Minutes before our long-awaited departure, Pat follows through with his "irrational outburst" threat and leaves the airport to visit his wife and in-laws, who happen to live in Houston. Somewhat flustered, we abandon the idea of going to Seattle as we watch the plane take off with our luggage.

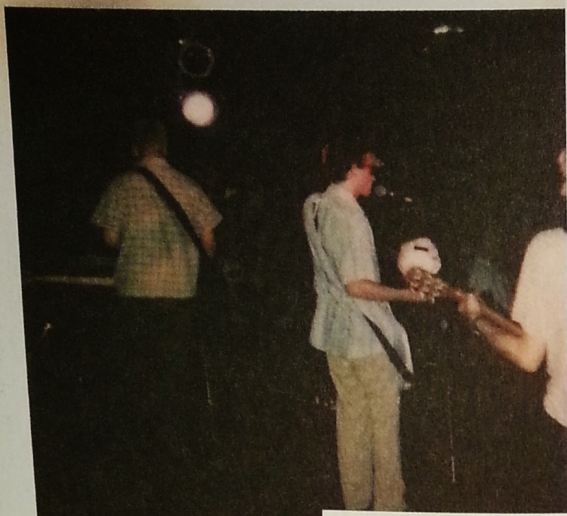
4:00 P.M. We're now on a plane bound for Albuquerque-except for Pat. Apparently we're going to have the night off. Unfortunately, now we're convinced that this plane is going to go down.

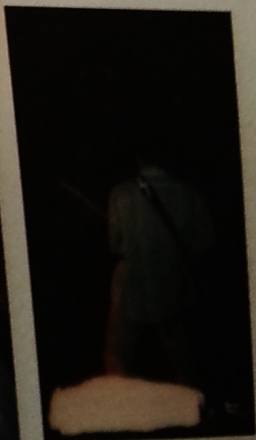
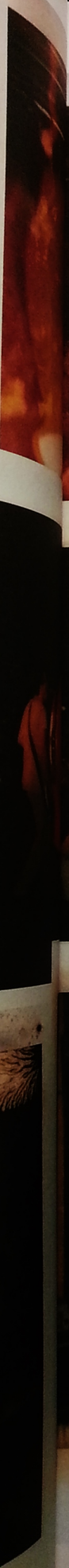
5:00 P.M. In mid-flight, I look across the aisle to discover Bobby, our new tour manager, talking on the Airfone. He looks extremely pale. This worries me because Bobby is black. Apparently he's been talking to our personal manager Magna, who, having just landed in Seattle, is a little upset. Whoops. Enjoy your stay in Seattle Magna.

9:00 P.M. We've been in Albuquerque for a few hours now. I would probably be having a lot more fun if my luggage weren't in Seattle. But perhaps this is some weird sort of consolation to the angry mob of Weezer fans: At least our toiletries are with them.

Midnight. I'm now certifiably insane. For the past hour I've been reading the Book of Leviticus. Before that, I attempted to watch Terminator 2, the movie that popularised the Spanish phrase "Hasta la vista, baby" At least Leviticus has more sex and violence. The Lord tells Moses, for example, that "if a woman approaches any animal and mates with it, you shall kill the woman and the animal." Cool. That's great, I'm going insane.

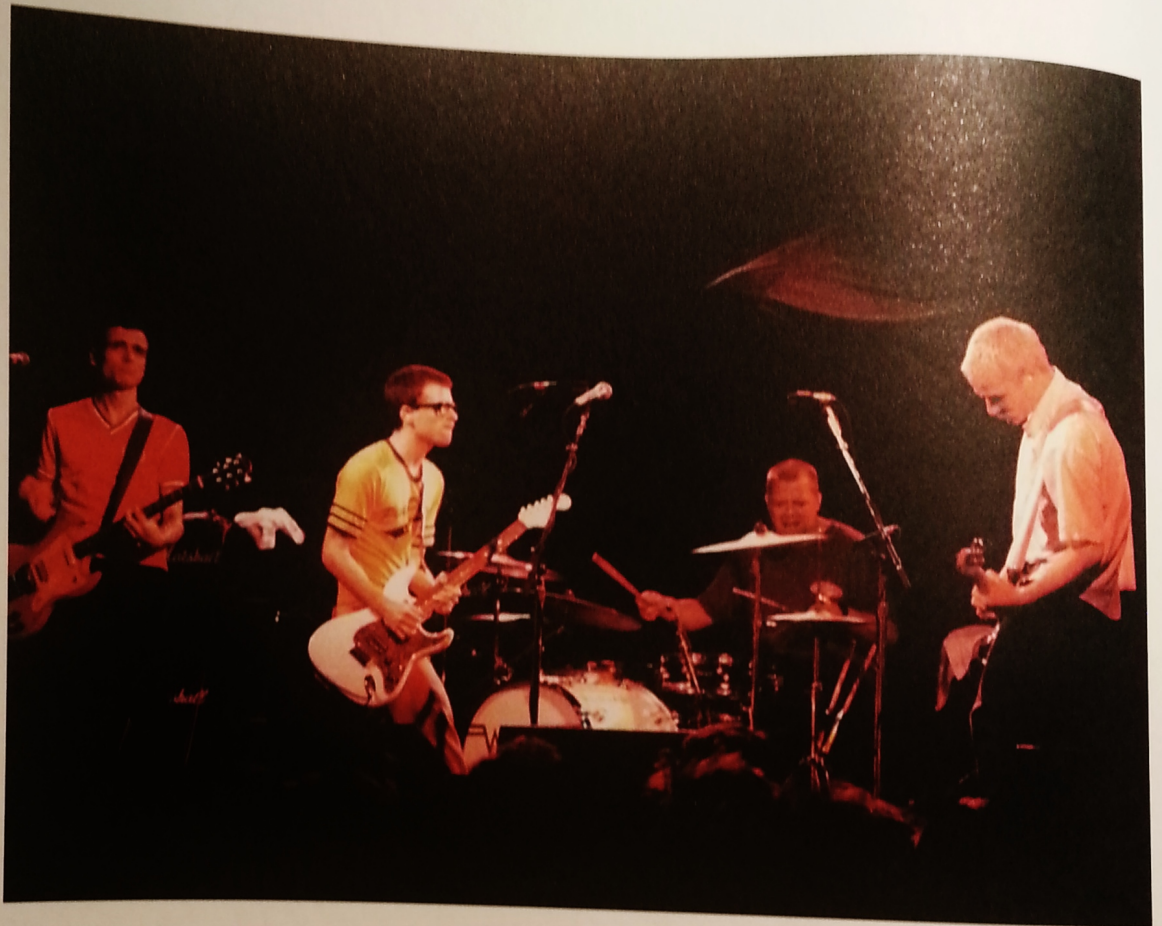
1:00 A.M. Brian and I practice French verb conjugations to kill time before Sleep, that fickle wench, condescends to rescue us. I wish I were an alcoholic.





1994

OCTOBER 16



[Weezer performing at First Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota]

andante pesante

March of the Pipettepedes

10/24/04

Handwritten musical score for "March of the Pipettepedes" in 3/4 time, marked "andante pesante". The score is written on ten staves, with five systems of two staves each. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, accidentals, and dynamic markings like "p" (piano). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-4. A repeat section is marked with "1." and "2." and concludes with a "Fine" instruction. The final system includes the instruction "D.C. al Fine".

1994

OCTOBER 28

Some peace has come to me with the resolution to go to school. I sent away for applications. In the back of my mind I've set the date: Fall '95. God knows, if I'll be able to go through with it. I'm studying as much as I can now. Studying Beethoven makes me realize that I'll never amount to much. But that doesn't bug me as much anymore. I'll be content to be around great music all my life and be part of it and try my best to write things I like. But I know I can't live my life away from the grindstone. Not much longer, anyway.



[At a signing after a free show at Blockbuster Music, Cerritos, CA]

TO GAVIN EDWARDS; 2 Nov 94

The shit you requested:

(1) "One of the best things about touring^{with Weezer} is getting to know all the strange and exciting parts of the country I'd normally avoid at all costs. Recently, ^{for example,} we passed through Ashland, Oregon, and learned that, for no apparent reason, this is the..."

(2) I no longer have the day-in-the-life section, so try and work the following in

(+)(4) as you see fit. Please fax it to me in the morning so I can review it before 9 PM.

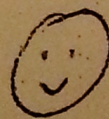
"The most important radio station in Seattle (name withheld for political reasons) offered to fly us up for a heavily promoted free Weezer concert. Shows like this give us and the radio station tons of exposure, which translates into big cash for everyone involved. So suffice it to say that this was about as important as a show could be for us."

(3) Substitute "my mom" for "the editor of this magazine" if it bothers you that much. Yeah, it's a lie, but she won't sue me.

Feel free to fax or call me to see if we can drag this thing out any more.

Love,

River



1994

NOVEMBER 4

I'm so stoked to go to school. Maybe Princeton! Maybe Columbia. Hopefully not Berkeley. Anyway, fall '95. I want a double-major. I want to study Lit. and languages as well as music. Damn! I'm freakin'!

I've got a full-on cold.

I've decided to write my application essay on Pop vs. Art music, and my path.

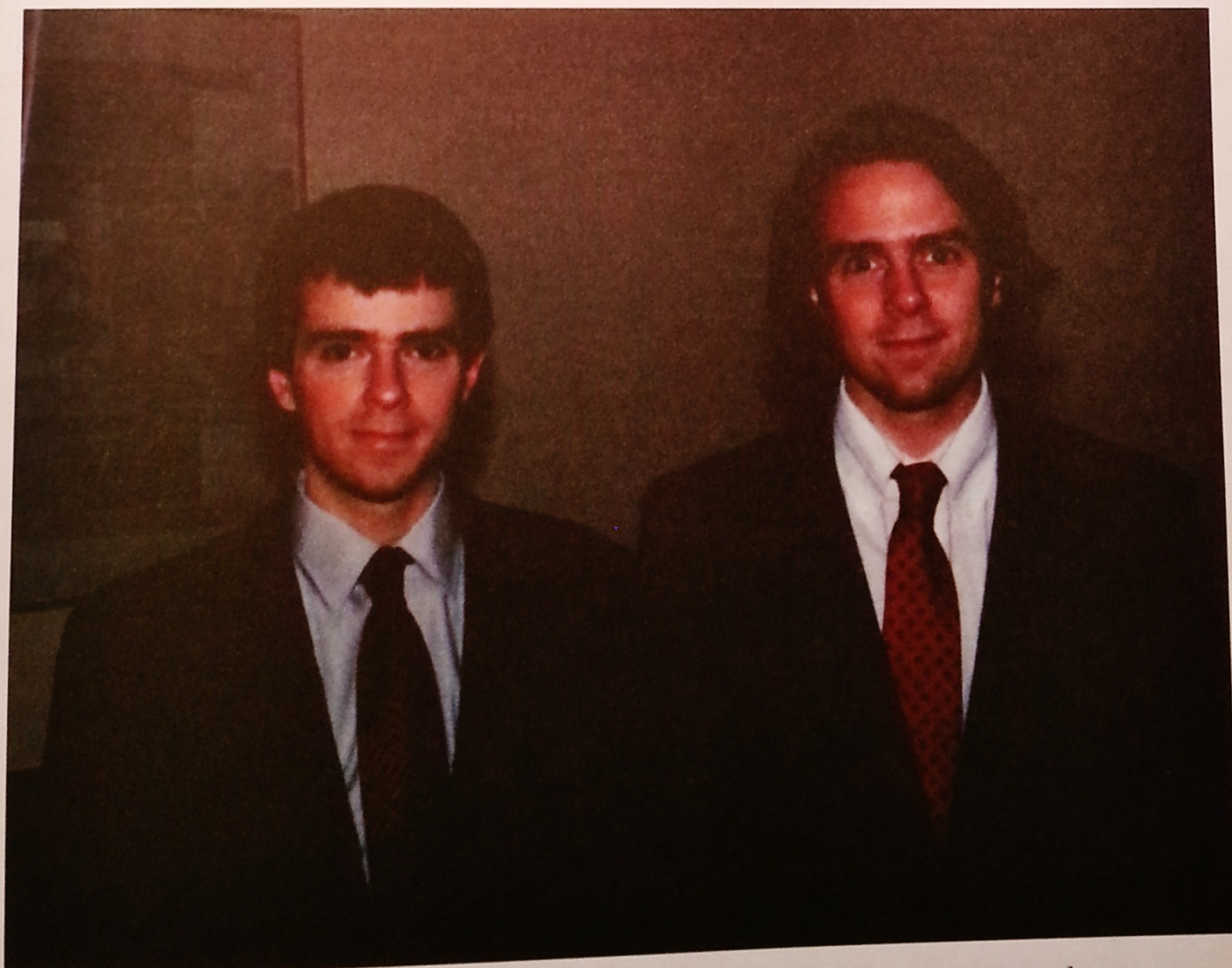
NOVEMBER 6

The big struggle now seems to be between creating what comes naturally and beautifully, that which carries feeling and emotion, and pushing beyond my inner ear towards something original. If left to my natural self, I write the most unoriginal garbage ever heard. It's good, but it's totally unoriginal. If I force myself to write something "new", it doesn't come from my heart. I pull it out of the sky, randomly. Everything is by chance. It sounds original, but bad. So, some of my work is original and some of my work is good, but unfortunately never at the same time. Oh. poo! I like Tchaikovsky, Beethoven, I like Puccini, Verdi, I like some Mahler, I like Schoenberg's "Transfigured Night". All these things are a hundred or two hundred years old.

NOVEMBER 8

[Trying to decide what language to study]

	chance of speaking it or hearing in the	for arts	present experience	desire	
Fr	1	3	1	2	7
Span	3	0	3	1	7
Ital	0	3	0	3	6
Ger	2	3	2	0	7



[Me and Leaves at mom's wedding to Norm with Norm's sons Ben & Tim]

11/28/94

Tired
Gutted
You gave your
Waiting
Why bother?
Not for one
Devil or
Long time on shore
Perfection
Counterpoint gtr.
New wave keys

MARIA

reality
sexual Ideal
rock / fun
sex / promiscuity
Rizzo / Jen
Rich
Parties
DONDO

Macho / Male Bravado
Don Juan
nihilist
nothing sacred

~~the Black Hole~~
~~in the year 2226~~
~~sets her pregnant~~

JONAS

WUAN (comic)

survive ideal
savior
~~oblivious to morals~~
oblivious to morals

Starts out inquisitive
but gains a definite
moral system

Intellectual Ideal
Moral Ideal
studious
Smart, cultured

highly moral
school / nose together
work productivity
family
wronggamy
poor
stays home
illusion

ACT I

I'm so drunk
I can't believe it
This is how you seduce
a girl (between the
two seducers)

SCENE I

One night, Jonas and Wuan are drinking and arguing about how to seduce a chick and eventually all three of them get drunk. Jonas is a sexy mama named Maria. Maria is his love for him.

SCENE II The next day he feels awful and confesses his love to Laura.

Why didn't I use
a condom

She asks then why do you run w the others? They argue trying to convince her. Will you marry me? She loves him too.

Maria comes in, Jonas treats her terribly, tries to kick her. She eventually screams that she's pregnant with his child. Now Jonas that he loves Laura, but she won't have him. No!

ACT II

you don't know
what you have until
you lose it

GENE I Jonas pleads what have I done? His friends come in and can't relate to him. He begs and pleads to take her with him spiritually. He leaves and she wonders if he is good, because she loves him so and it keeps her from him.

SCENE II Jonas sings "no other one" and goes to Maria planning to be a good husband.

Sings devotion + waltzes with her but then sees
 and father. ~~But he finds~~ + Juan ~~that's not better~~
 Don is in his underwear at her door.
 Don explains ~~that~~ that nothing is sacred, it's everyman for himself. ^{Don't have a relationship (or other)} just break your
 Maria freaks out knowing that she's lost him. Jonas is wild with
 rage, giving into nihilism he says he's leaving and will never see
 any of them again. ~~At the peak of his anger, Laura's voice is~~
~~heard, reminding him to be a man~~ ^{She's mine now and the baby too!}
~~with her original tune. He joins her singing I will remember.~~ ^{Maria turns on him too.}

I will resolve to make the best of my circumstance
 He ends up with nothing, but in the void his set of morals
 come into existence, He finds his path and it is alone

- | | | |
|---------------------|--------|-----------------------------------|
| Lando | Leia | - last song called the black hole |
| Chewbacca | Maria | |
| Buck | Laural | Lloral |
| Han Solo | | |
| Starbuck | | |
| Apollo | | |
| Jonas | | |
| Luke Skywalker | | |
| Dondo | | |
| Don Juan | | |

It is the year 2125. Los Angeles has a thriving underground
 music scene. The Spacedogs are finishing up their
 set at the Black Hole. Outside, the patrons travel
 pods can be seen parked

~~the [unclear]~~

BA	21
BABA	2121
BABE	2125
BACH	2138
BA	21
BA	21
BA	21
BA	21

Scene I In the Black Hole

ACT I

Jonas: I'm so sorry Wuan and Dondo'
~~I sang~~ ~~really~~ ~~bad tonight you knew~~
~~really~~ ~~really~~ ~~like shit tonight~~

I'm off to the corner of the room I don't wanna face another living soul
 Tell me when you wanna go, Wuan and Dondo'

Dondo: No way! That was a good one man.

Wuan: Yeah, we really rocked 'em hard tonight

Dondo: For that I deserve another shot of the stuff I was doing 'fore I went

Wuan: Or at least a pretty girl. So whaddaya say, Jonas?

Dondo: There's Maria and her little sister

Betcha won't have to work too hard to ~~get~~ ^{take} her home

Jonas: I don't know if I wanna lead on a woman, you know, I've done that before
 She's actually a good girl
 underneath it all.

1 and Maria you must do
2 cuz that's what a bitch is for
3 Maria Who you callin' a bitch?
4 (walkin' up)
5 Jonas Oh maria, they don't mean it
6 Don't listen to them
7 Maria They make me so mad
8 And you do nothing
9 ~~to stop them~~ nothing to stop them overlap
10 Jonas Please, maria, they mean nothing
Now you must ~~chill out~~ ~~chill out~~

Maria ~~that~~ ~~especially~~ Dondo
He acts like he knows ~~that~~
I despise him. I despise him I despise him.
Oh Jonas I miss you
Nobody else loves me like you do

~~Oh I'm alone~~ Oh Jonas I love you nobody else, nobody else loves me

JS Please remember I'm only a friend
maria A friend who fucks me?

JS ~~Please forgive me I'm only a man~~ You're too crazy to settle down with

Maria ~~Oh Jonas I miss you~~ ~~A man who fucks me~~ Then why

JS ~~you're too crazy~~ I don't love you but I can't

Maria I'll make you love me

JS Please, Maria, It won't ever be

mar I'll make you love me

JS It won't ever be
love me
~~it won't ever be~~

JS
Mr
3rd
vocalist
↑m

N
ecitatt

J

come to my ~~pod~~
~~there is no one there~~
 there's no one there; we'll be alone
~~we can talk~~
 and if you want to we'll get stoned
 and relax
 have ^{some} fun

~~in~~ my ~~pod~~

Js+
 (Mra
 3rd level)
~~in your pod~~

No one knows the things we do
~~we will get high~~
 and ~~if you want to we'll get stoned~~ if you want to we'll sniff glue
 and relax
 have some fun

~~in your pod~~

Mra Now that we're alone

(recitative) Put your arms around me
 touch me and kiss me and
 love me!

INSTRUMENTAL (starts w Maria's theme) ^{in minor?} from p → f ends w some theme from "Tired"

Js ohhhh!!! No,
 this is not for me
 I feel so empty
 I'm filled with remorse ~~I'm filled with remorse~~
 I've got to leave you

MRA No, don't go

Page 4

JS You'll feel ok in the morning
Maria I'm red with shame

There's no one to blame but myself

feedback

I know what is right

But I do what is wrong

I do what is wrong

~~JS~~ <feedback into TIRED O SEX> this theme is Jonas Shame and sneaking

MRA Oh Jonas, I miss you
Nobody else loves me like you do

Oh Jonas, If you knew
what I knew

you ~~be~~ wouldn't ^{be} so quick
to discard Maria

JONAS I'm tired, so tired

I'm tired of having sex

I'm spread so thin

I don't know who I am

Monday night I'm makin' Jen

Tuesday night I'm makin' Gwen

Wednesday night I'm makin' Cath

Oh why can't I be makin' love

I'm beat, beat red

Ashamed of what I said

I'm sorry, here I go

I know I'm A sinner but I can't

Thursday night I'm makin' Denise

Friday night I'm makin' Sharise

Saturday night I'm makin' Louise

Oh why can't I be makin' love come love

Tonight, I'm down on my knees, tonight I'm beggin' you please

Tonight, tonight, please oh why can't I be makin' love come love

A 3 $\frac{1111}{3}$

Page 5

Scene 2, Outside Laural's House

nas: Oh, I am living all wrong
 1 2 3 4 5
 3 2 3 4 5
 deceiving this girl

(just acoustic strummed?)

leading her on
 1 2 3 4 5 6

I tell her one thing
 1 2 3 4 5
 yet do something ~~else~~ else

I can't help myself

She set's me on fire

parallel minor

But I know someone else fire is bad
 1 2 3 4 5 6
 1 2 3 4 5 6
 someone purer by far it blinds my senses
 I know what is sensible But she lures me in

parallel major

I know what is right
 I know someone else

~~Someone purer by far~~

She lives all alone

doesn't go out

She sits home and reads

or does her homework

parallel minor

Oh she's totally broke but
 she'll make a good mom
 She'll make a good wife
 will you marry me, Laural?

relative major

Laural: No, I won't marry you!

You silly boy

~~playing~~ playing with me

I've seen you running around

with all the girls

~~leading them~~

leading them on
like a rock star!
Oh, you're living all wrong
deceiving yourself
You don't belong
up on your stage

Jonas: No, I'm smarter than that
I've changed my ways
stopped chasing that dream
~~Now~~ I'm ready to be a man
and change ^{8 7 6 5} over night
Give you ^{1 2 3} my hand
So you can lead me

still
A section
but different
melody →

together

~~Lavral~~ ~~Jonas~~: ~~Now I'm ready to be a man~~
~~Jonas~~ ~~I do like you~~
Probably too much for ~~my own good~~
for my own good
But I'm no fool
I'm no slave
to my emotion's

~~I have control~~
Jonas: ~~As~~ ^{Lavral} ~~it's~~ ^{yes} love
I've changed my ways
I'm ready ~~to be a man~~ for you
~~Jonas~~ ^{Lavral} ~~I~~ do something crazy
Let's get married
I'll get a job
let's have a family

Maria:
(from outside
behind pool)

Jonas:

Maria:
(at the door)

Jonas:
(opening the
door)

Maria:

Jonas

Maria

Jonas

Maria

Jonas

Lavral

Jonas

Maria

Jonas

Maria

Jonas

Maria

Lavral

Maria

Jonas

(1)

Maria: Oh Jonas, I hear you
(from outside)
(behind pod) I know that you're in there with Laural

Jonas: Maria!

Maria: Oh Jonas, please hear me
(at the door) I need to tell you something. Now ~~x~~open, open the door

Jonas: Oh, damn! Maria
(opens the door) How did you find me here?

Maria: I've something to say Jonas: Some other time!
Let me talk to you

Jonas: How did you find me?

Maria: I saw your pod { }

Jonas: You followed me

Maria: Coincidence.

Jonas: You psycho bitch

Laural: Please watch your tongue

Jonas: She followed me

Maria: I swear I didn't

Jonas: Then whaddya want

Maria: I want to speak to you

Jonas: get outta my life

Maria: you're such a creep

Laural: The both of you!

Maria: He's such a creep

Jonas: You're such a freak

Following me wherever I go

(1 1/2) Telling me you need to talk to me
When all along you have nothing to say

don't be so cruel

I do, I do

I'll say it then

There's a reason for me

* Breaking into tears at the slightest provocation
and then you wonder why I won't have you
~~you're psycho! you're psycho~~

↓ 1/2 Maria, I've had it up to here

True, you may be a good f...
~~how could I tell my mom that my wife does crystal~~

↑ 1/2 But ~~that's not enough to make me love you~~

I've found someone staler and pure
Get out you psycho bitch get out get out!
You're what?

Maria: Oh Jonas, I've told you
Now you know why I've been crazy

Jonas: Maria, I'm sorry

^{b3} I've kept this secret from you
~~I'll tell you here~~
^d cuz I didn't want to lose you
~~I'll tell you here~~
^d Now you leave me no choice but
tell you I'm having
² Baby! ~~having your baby~~
I'm having your Baby!

(sings door) C# F#
Oh she's a liar
She's just trying to trap me
Maria is nothing to me
Laural you're all that I want
Maybe you thought I was joking before
But now you must know that I'm not
Now I know for sure
I've changed my ways
I'm ready for you
I'll quit the band
I'll cut my hair
I'll get a job

You're the liar
God forgive you
Maria is all that you've got
Maybe you could have had me
Maybe you could have had me
if you'd grown up a little bit
and thought about your
but it's too late
You're much too late
pathetic man
despicable man
too late

Jones: Boy, I've ~~been~~ really done it this time

Now I finally see
what it is I want
and I want it so

— with all my heart

~~and~~ I sacrificed it all

for the momentary pleasures

I should have

I should have

Now I finally see

what it is I want

and I want it so

with all my heart ^{Mayor}

Wear: Dude! ^{guy} Dude! ^b Dude! ^e g#!

Dondo: Dude! ↓

Jones: What!

W+D: Dude! ~~Dude~~ --

Jones: What!

Wear: Good news! ^{b a g} Good news! Good news!

Jones: What!

W+D: Dude! ~~that's all~~ --

Wear: A record company —

Dondo: a guy from a record company —

Wear: he says he likes our shit —

Dondo: he gave us ^{his} business card —

W+D: Dude!

NOVEMBER 29

1994



[In Toronto]

NOVEMBER 30

[College Application Essay]

In the Spring of '93, I was stoked. I had received a letter of acceptance from UC Berkeley, finished all the requirements for transfer to the English department and was practically packing my bags for the trip north when something really, really strange happened, something that has completely and irrevocably changed my life.

About the same time that I was accepted to Berkeley, I started a band. (This is not uncommon in Los Angeles.) I named it "Weezer" after my childhood nickname. I did not have any hope - or desire - for success; I simply wanted a medium through which to express some of my stranger feelings and musical ideas. My plan - if I even had one - was to enjoy myself playing music around Los Angeles until I moved up to Berkeley in the Fall.

Then the "something strange" happened. I became a rock star.
Right now, as I am typing this essay, sitting in the executive center of the Hyatt

Regency Hotel in Chicago, Weezer is on tour, traveling around the world in support of its debut album. In a few hours, I will be singing in front of ten-thousand people. Next week, we will perform at Madison Square Garden. Next Spring, we will tour Europe, Australia, Japan and the Pacific Rim. Strangest of all, this morning I received a call from our manager saying that our record has just been certified gold and will probably be certified platinum by Easter.

I never planned on being a rock star and, sadly, now that I am one, all that I want to do is go back to school. The traditional trappings that seemed so appealing to me back when I was thirteen no longer hold any value for me. Cocaine? Chix? Limousines? I prefer a hot cup of tea, a good book, and a seat by the fireplace in my own living room.

The boredom of being a rock star is nearly unbearable: waiting to go on stage, waiting for the plane to take off, waiting for the bus or the train, waiting in the hotel. Life for the rock star is almost all waiting and very little doing. And the fact that I'm in a different city every time I wake up makes it very difficult for me to do any one thing for very long.

The worst part about being a rock star is that my emotional life has been put completely on hold. I have not had any substantial contact (or even insubstantial contact) with any female (or any person, for that matter) outside of my band-mates, for about 4 months, and band-mates get kind of stale (no offense, guys.) I rarely feel any emotion at all anymore. I am never sad, never happy, never even lonely. I am just numb. I miss the soap opera of settled life.

Fans ask me all the time what it is like to be a rock star. I can tell that they are dreaming, as I dreamed, when I was a kid, of someday ruling the world with a rock band. I tell them the same thing I would tell any young rock-star-to-be. Be prepared for a lot of Taco Bell. Be prepared for a lot of Subway. Mylanta figures big in your future. Buy a walkman to block out the nonsensical ramblings of your brain-dead band-mates and advise them to do the same. Get used to writing letters from the road because only the biggest stars can afford all the calls you make when you get lonely. And you will get lonely. You will meet two-hundred people every night, but each conversation will generally last approximately thirty seconds, and consist of you trying to convince them that no, you do not want their underwear. Then you will be alone again, in your motel room. Or you will be on your bus, in your little space, trying to kill the nine hours it takes to get to the next city, whichever city it is. This is the life of a rock star.

Wanda (you're my only love)

What's wrong with me
 I'm kind of funny
 I'm not a dummy
 but I'm all alone
 Nobody sees me, no one talks to me
 unless they're laughing, laughing at me
 Except for her, she was my true friend
 dancing with me, she was my girlfriend
 Somebody please, tell her for me
 Wanda, you're my only love
 You're so lucky, your family's normal
 my mom drives a big rig
 and my daddy's gay
 No matter to her, she was my true friend

Until the day, I threw you away
 Now I'm alone and I wish you were home

DECEMBER 5

...One positive thing is that I've learned to discipline myself under the craziest of circumstances. This past tour I read The Odyssey, The Iliad, and The Aeneid, on the tour bus, on which, at any given moment, naked people could be dancing down the narrow corridor, blasting extremely annoying music. (Perhaps this is not so different from college dorm life?)

...I've also taken advantage of my celebrity status to start up a second career; I'm now a full-fledged journalist. It's always been my habit to write essays, but now I actually get paid to do it, and large amounts of people read what I write. I've written

a number of articles for magazines and papers both in the U.S. and Canada, the most notable of which was an extensive description of life on the road, published in the December 1994 issue of *Details* magazine, which has a circulation of one million.

I do whatever I can to keep my brain from completely atrophying, but the rock star lifestyle is not conducive to even moderate amounts of thought. I've given this lifestyle a fair try and decided that it's not for me. I want to be in school. I want to push myself to meet my potential in music and writing. Playing the same fifteen songs every night is pushing me to someplace other than my potential. But I suppose that it won't be a bad summer job. It beats flipping burgers. By a slim margin.

[For Canadian magazine "The Chart"]

What the Devil is that Song About?

The question most frequently asked of Weezer - besides "What was it like working with Ric Ocasek?" - is definitely: "What the devil is that song about?", referring to either "the Sweater Song" or "Buddy Holly". This question isn't a problem for my bandmates: they're all magnificent liars. Each time a journalist gets the bright idea to ask it, they never fail to fabricate some totally original, imaginative and exciting story involving hot air balloons and high speed car chases explaining the origin of "ooo-wee-ooo I look just like Buddy Holly". Unfortunately, I wasn't blessed with this gift. To date, my sole response has been to shrug my shoulders and try and pass myself off as mentally retarded. This usually works remarkably well. After nine months dodging this most simple and sincere of questions, however, I'm beginning to wonder why I have such an aversion to answering it.

The most obvious explanation, and possibly the most truthful, is that I sound like a complete jerk when I talk about my own lyrics. Even now I sound like a jerk, and I haven't even started talking about them yet. You know why? It's because I call them "my" lyrics. That sounds awful. I suppose they are "my" lyrics, considering that I wrote them, but for me to actually come out and say "my lyrics" sounds awful. I sound like I'm wearing wire-rimmed glasses, sipping Chianti, and "composing" up in my loft. That's not me. I live in a garage and "compose" through a Marshall stack.

I'd hate to pick up a copy of some interview I've done and read my explanation of the sociopolitical ramifications of "the Sweater Song". The fact is, I write stupid pop songs. Unfortunately, they're not quite stupid enough that I can get away with calling them that unqualified. I have to admit they are, perhaps, a notch more involved than the songs of, say, Boys II Men. There is some metaphor, there is some unusual imagery, and, often, there is a deeper meaning, but for me to talk about those things makes me sound like Chianti-guy. Until someone figures out a way to talk about lyrics honestly and sincerely without sounding like a jerk, I'm going to keep my mouth shut. I expect that won't be for a long time.

There is another reason I don't like to talk about lyrics and although perhaps not

quite as obvious, it is even more important. good lyrics must be interpreted to be fully appreciated. And who more qualified to interpret a song than its writer, right? Wrong! True, the writer lived through the experience that inspired the song, but does he have the perspective necessary to fully understand it? Hopefully not. Hopefully, the writer is so consumed by inspiration that he has no perspective at all and no conscious knowledge of what he's doing. So when he tries to interpret his own song, first hand personal experience is just as likely to lead him to ridiculous bias as to privileged insight.

For example, I'm tempted to think that our song "The World Has Turned and Left Me Here" is about the day my girlfriend left me. I remember that sad day; I picked up my guitar and spilled tears of grief over those four sad chords. But if I think very carefully, I also remember that a week later I met this new girl named Sonia (who speaks Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) and forgot all about the first girl. But still, to this day, that song makes me sad, and it still rings true. So maybe it wasn't about what's-her-name after all. Maybe it's the sublimated tale of how my mom refused to suckle me one night in my infancy. Who am I to say?

As you see, well-written lyrics can have a myriad of meanings. Bite into a classic like "Cum on feel the Noize" or "We're not Gonna Take it" and you'll find as many different interpretations as there are spikes on Rob Halford's wristband. For the writer to give what he considers the one true interpretation of a song is to limit what could otherwise be poetry, or at least somewhat confusing. And the real crime is that the audience believes the writer unquestioningly because he wrote the damn thing.

Hopefully, the greater part of any writer's inspiration is subconscious. I hate to think of a song being written by a wholly conscious creator: "Yes, the melody should ascend here to underscore the protagonist's increased expectations at the appearance of his lover, and here, fall suddenly as disillusionment, shame, and saliva settle upon him." I've tried this and the results are sucky. Consciousness should be avoided at all costs.

Lastly, even if a writer could feel confident that he completely understood his own work, that he would take into account all of its sordid subconscious origins, and that he would not diminish its value or misrepresent it by speaking, the chances of him successfully communicating all of this to Stacy, ace-reporter for the Chelsea High school paper, are slim at best. Compound this with the fact that said songwriter has gotten four hours of sleep and has tried to explain "the Sweater Song" six times a day for the past nine months to reporters just like Stacy, and the results are downright gruesome.

The point is: when a writer talks about his songs, he only hurts that which he wracked his soul to create. Instead of opening up new avenues of understanding for his audience to explore, he limits their view to his own twisted, road-weary, and cynical Gospel. He leads them astray with his personal biases. He confuses them with his foggy, fatigued brain. Worst of all, he turns into Chianti-guy and makes a complete ass out of himself. This is a fate I would like to avoid. Let the songs be; there's no need to dissect them. If you like them as stupid pop songs, that's fine with me. If you want to go digging for a little more, that's cool too. All that being said, I think I'd better shut up.

[My responses to college application questionnaire]

I intend to concentrate on three areas of the music specialization:

- 1) Analysis: study of the compositional techniques in the standard repertory with an emphasis on opera.
- 2) Musicianship: intensive work on conducting, ear training, sight singing and dictation.
- 3) Performance: continued study of the piano, either at Harvard or privately.

I intend to supplement my study of music with further study of literature. If such a program exists, I would be interested in a double major (music/English). I have met the lower division requirements for both specializations.

I intend to continue my education through a doctorate program with a specialization in composition (music). Meanwhile, I will continue with my career as a pop singer/songwriter and hopefully mature into a composer of musical theater or even more serious forms, such as choral music or opera.

I do not read periodicals, but in the past few months I have read the following books (all un-required): *Mythology* (Edith Hamilton), *The Odyssey*, *The Iliad*, *The Aeneid*, Sophocles' *Oedipus Cycle*, four plays of George Bernard Shaw, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Huckleberry Finn*.

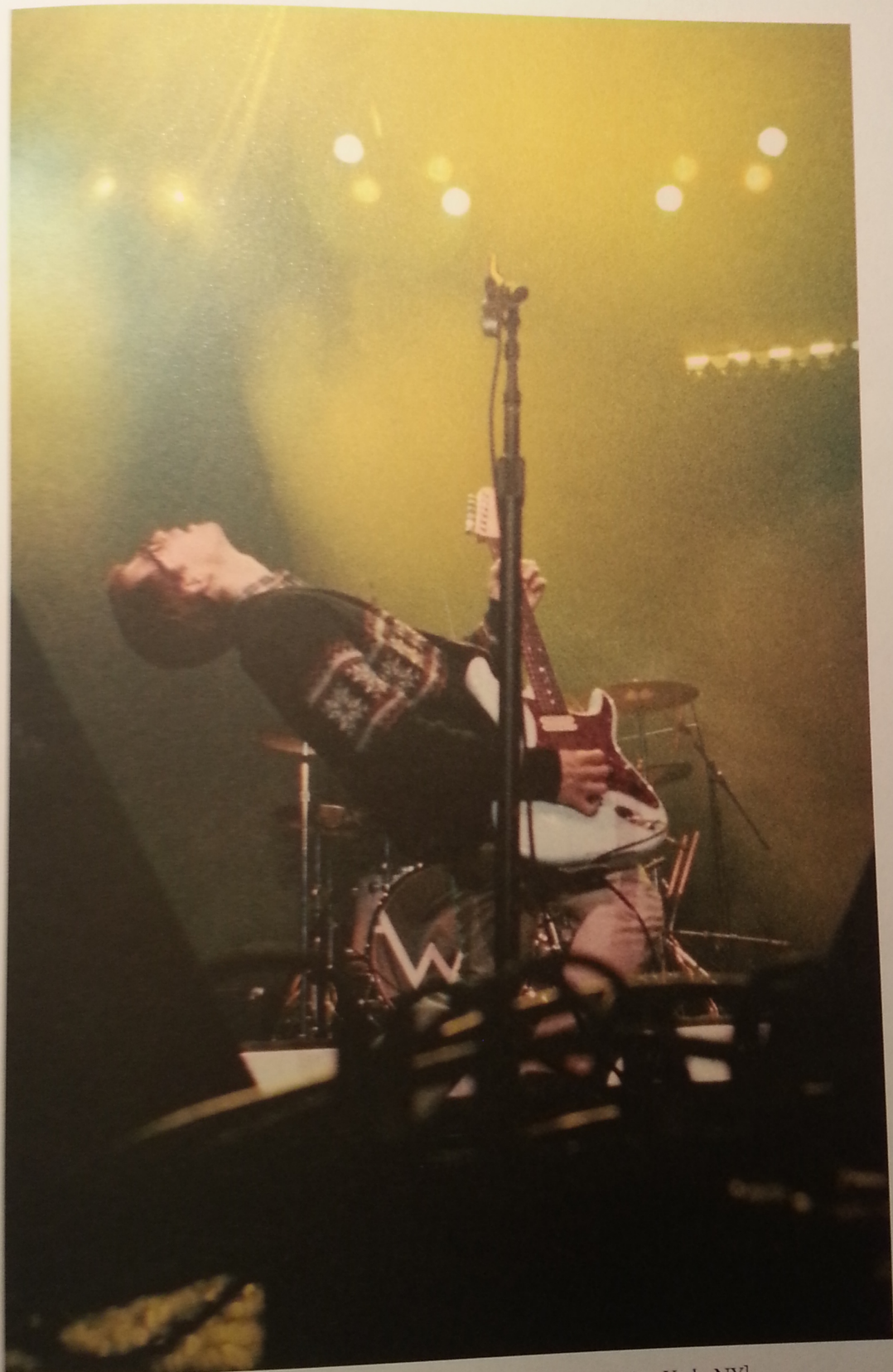
When I was 20, as is common, my system of values was crumbling, and Camus's *The Fall* did little to help it remain intact. Rather, it gave me something to relate to—or at least something to react to—as I came into the disillusion that is adulthood. All around me everyone appeared so sure in what they believed, whether they were self-righteous Christians, dedicated pre-med students, or anarchic punk rockers. Everyone had a sense of purpose; everyone had their own sense of right and wrong. I had nothing. I understood when Camus's narrator showed the reverse side of all virtue. I laughed in accord when he said he could take life seriously only when playing games. And I felt the guilt when he convicted everyone, even Jesus Christ, of a kind of murder. Although my outlook has poled into something not quite as grim, I am indebted to this iconoclast, who helped me to dismantle the worn out, superficial ethics I had inherited as a youth, and start afresh...

I first became interested in Columbia 2 summers ago when I was staying in Manhattan recording my first record. I was so impressed with the culture in NYC, especially my visits to Lincoln Center, that I thought it would be a good place to continue my education. I'm not interested in an education in music performance, like that offered at Julliard, so I investigated Columbia and found that it is very strong: music theory, history, and composition, as well as literature and the humanities. Also, Columbia's well known standard of excellence is what I need to be sufficiently challenged.

The Latino Literary Center where I was the B.D., organized literary conferences, published books, and most importantly served as forum for young Latino writers, offering them spiritual support and a chance to be heard.

DECEMBER 5

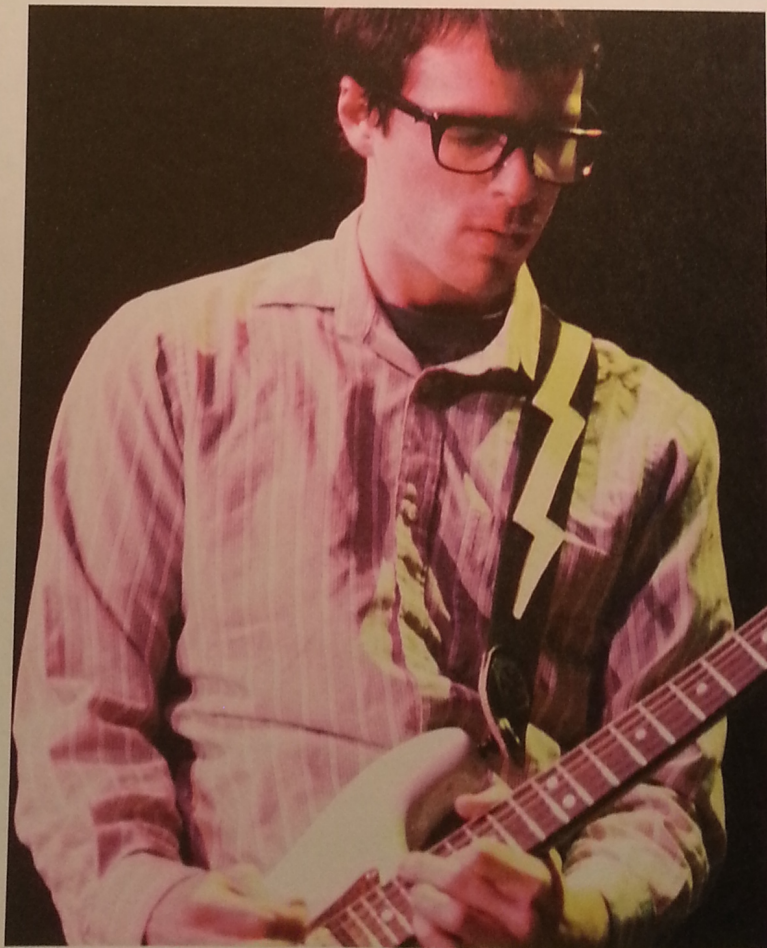
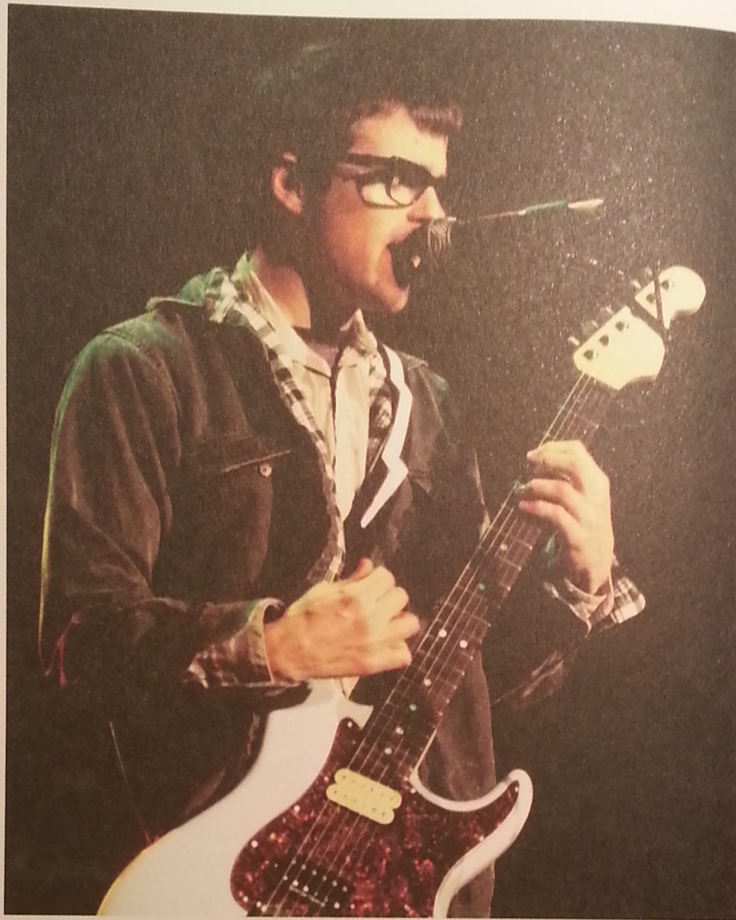
1994



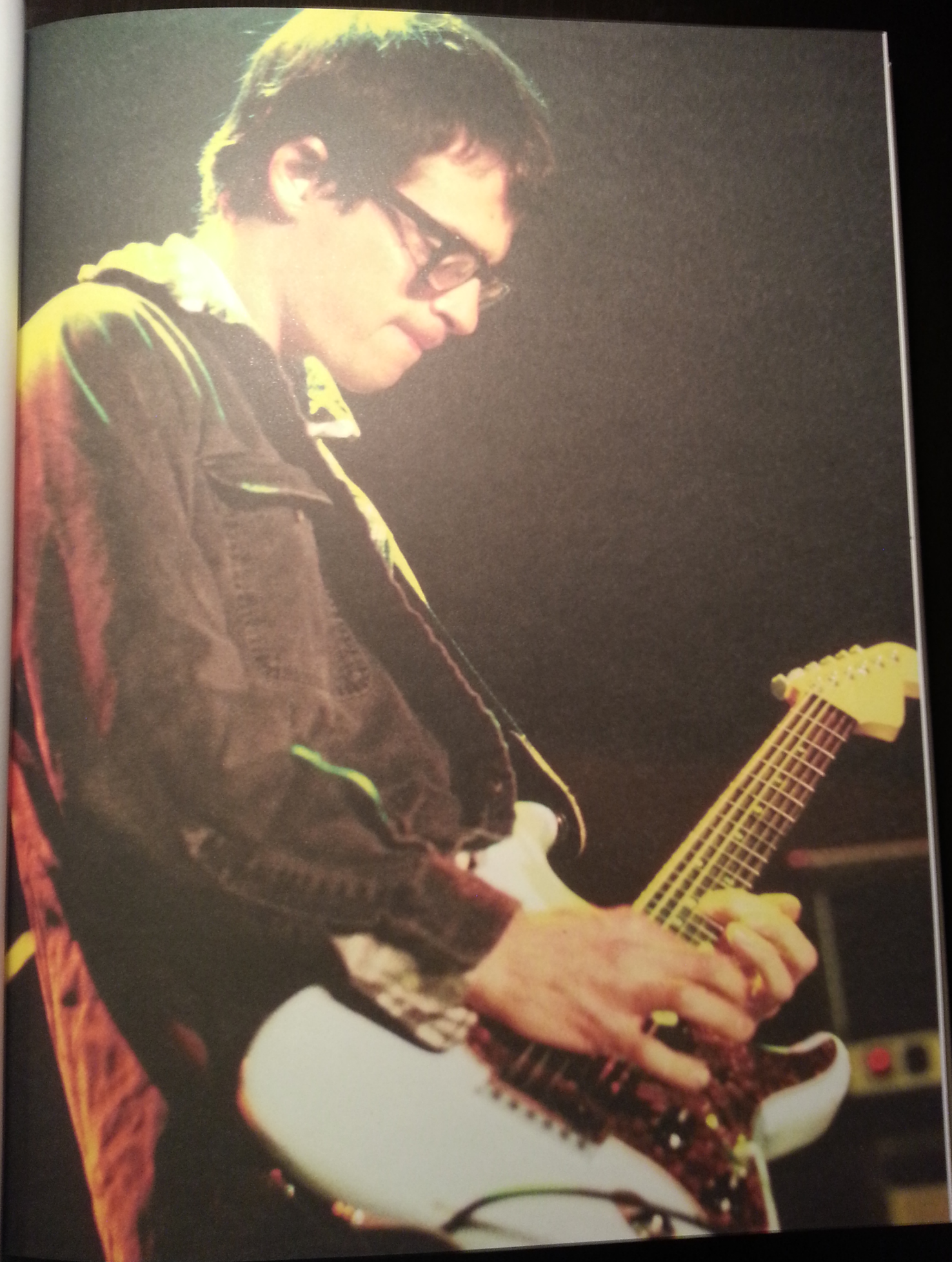
[Performing at radio show, Madison Square Garden, New York, NY]

1994

DECEMBER 8

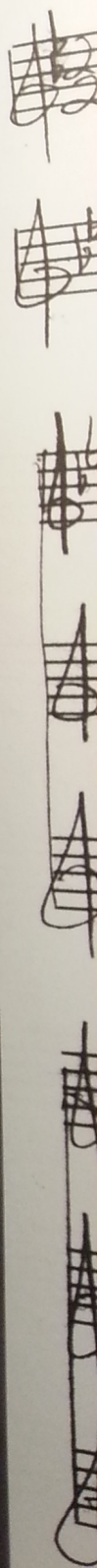


[Performing with Weezer in San Jose, California]





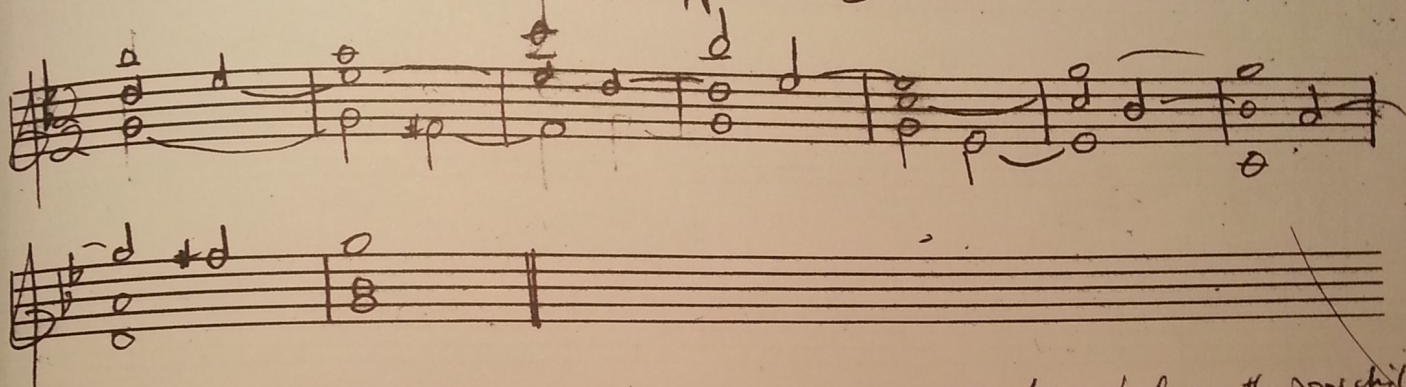
[Me and Leaves in Connecticut]



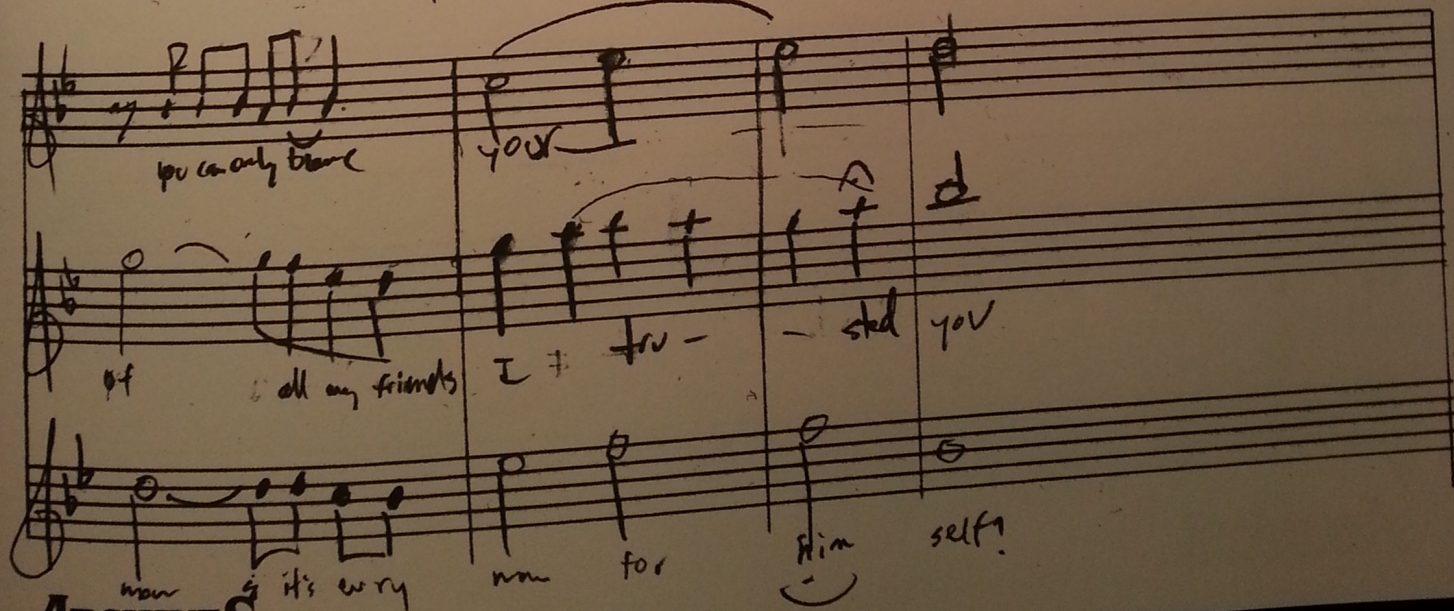
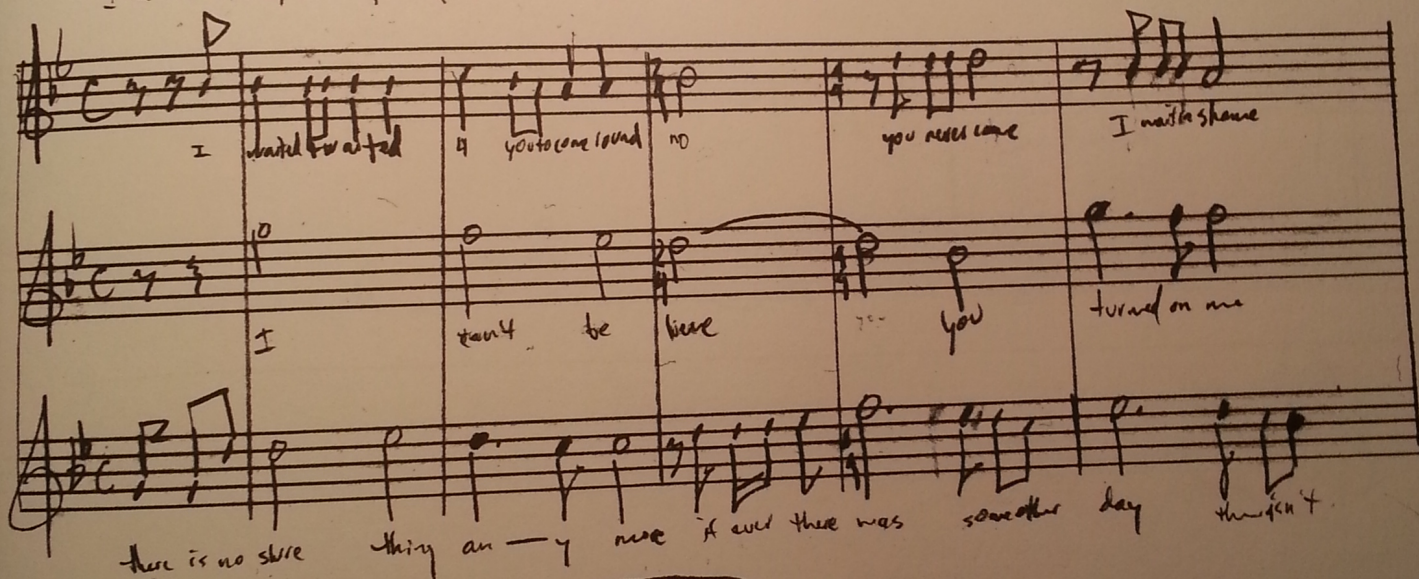
1995

Polyphonic Sketches

2 JAN 95



I'm so lonely I'm going to die / Why don't you ever listen / somebody save the poor child



Primal Seduction

3 Jm

voice + bass

mmmm! (ohh!, yeah!)

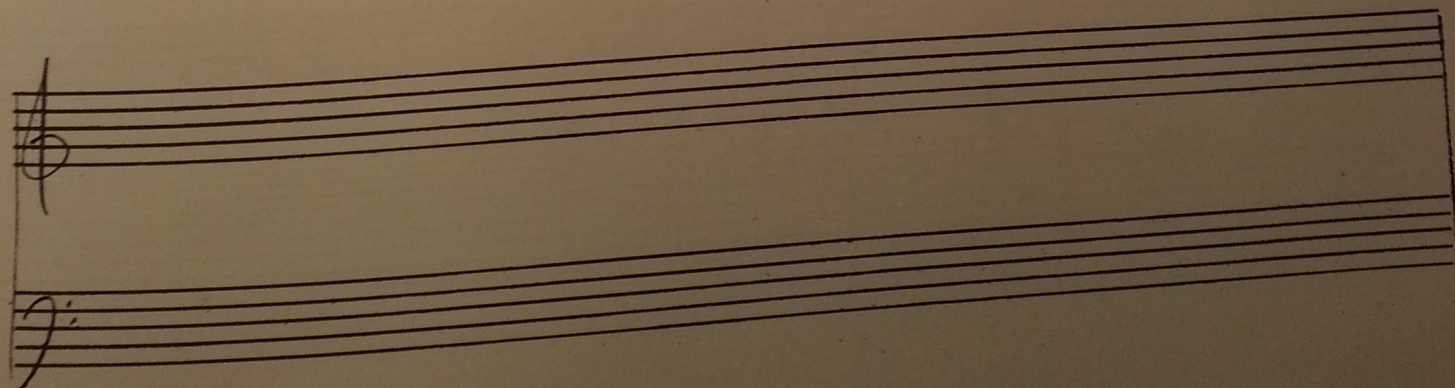
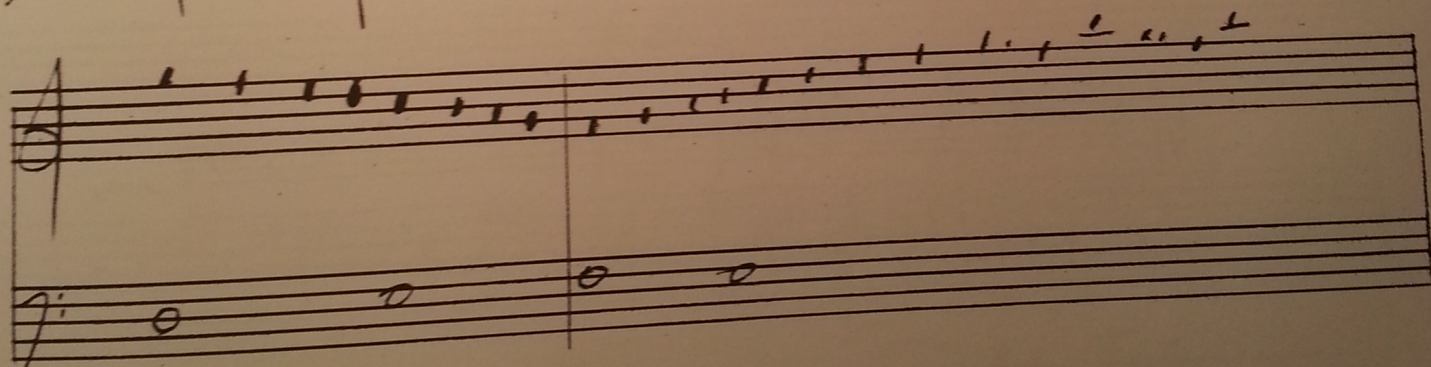
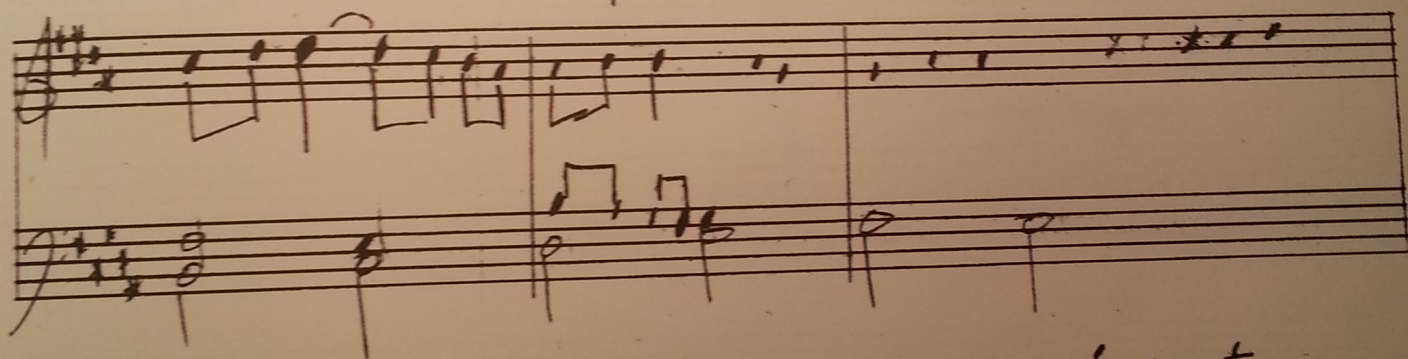
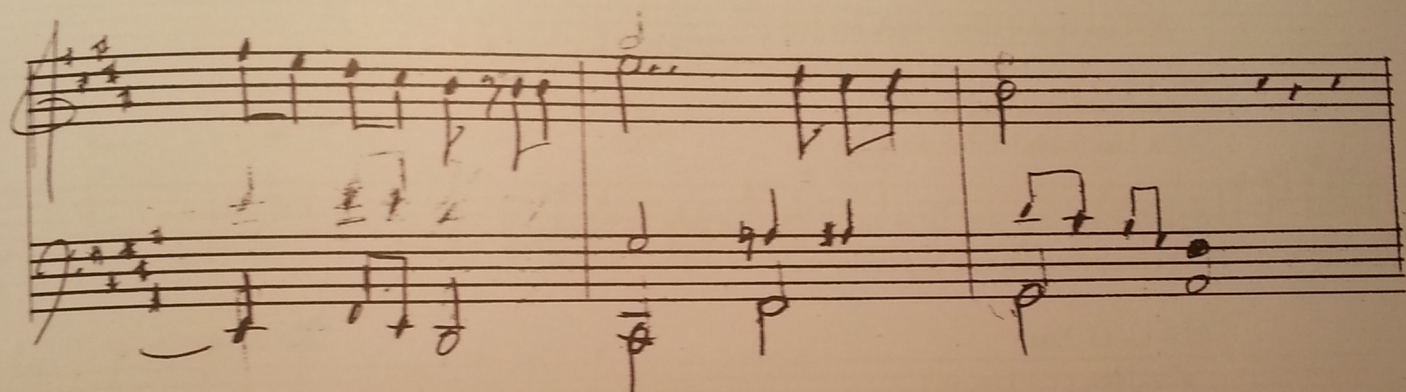
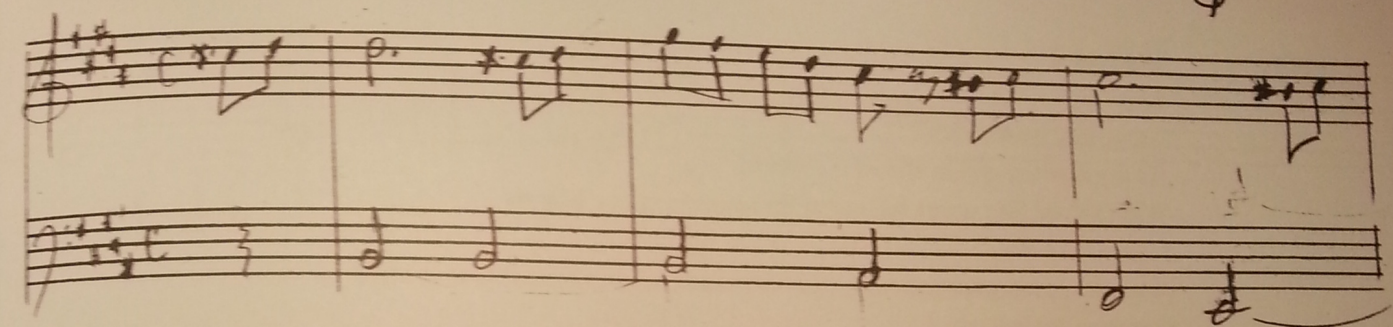
piano

opt.

(eventually change 1 note every chord)

drums

Seduction Sketches 3 JAN 98



Lisa

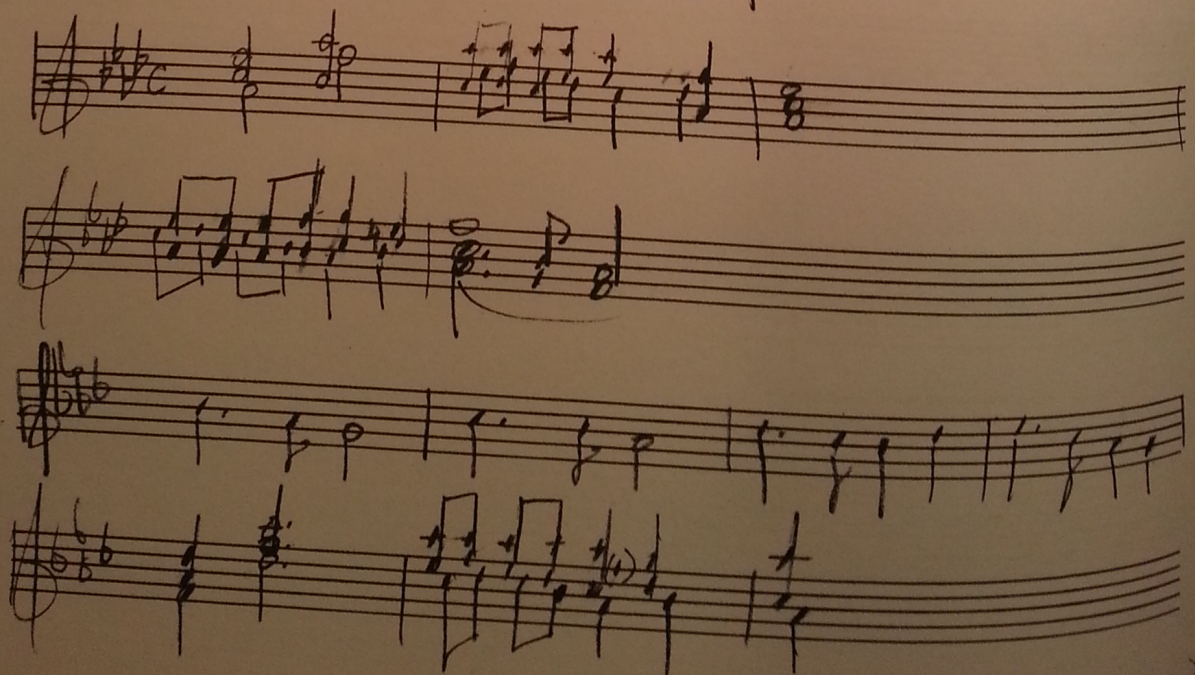
Ring ring, who's there?
 It's my favorite girl in the whole world
 What's that? She wants for me to do something for Magna
 Li- Li- Li- Lisa,
 plea, plea, plea, plea-suh
 Cut me a little slack
 Oh Lisa, wish I didn't work for you
 'Cause all we ever seem to do is business,
 Read and sign, and fax this
 Oh Lisa, wish I didn't work for you

Steve Perry and Seal, we're all in the same boat together
 We're slaves who row hopelessly in love with our master

Li- Li- Li- Lisa,
 plea, plea, plea, plea-suh
 Haven't we anything to say
 Besides the news of the day?
 Give me a little kiss

Oh, Bob, isn't there something you can do?
 After all, doesn't Lisa work for you?

LISA



1/12/75

[Early musical sketch for "I Just Threw Out the Love of My Dreams"]

My Dream Love

1/13/75

G B7 C7 a- e-D

B7 C

A-7

Love of my Dreams

I'm so tall, can't get over me
 I'm so low, can't get under me
 I must be a// these things
 for I just threw out the love of my dreams
 He's in my eyes, he is in my ears
 He's in my blood, he is in my tears
 I breathe love and see him every day
 Even though my love is a world away
 Oh, he's got me wondering
 My righteousness is crumbling
 Never before have I felt this way
 I know what is right, but want for him to stay
 I must be made of steel
 for I just threw out the love of my dreams

JANUARY 13

I started to write another song today.
 That will make two!

[Unpublished interview for "Rolling Stone" magazine]

1.) I can't conceive of our audience as a whole yet. I'm only aware of the individuals I meet, and they seem really cool – except for the occasional frat idiot, offering up his opinion in the form of some obscene gesture. We usually have to stop the show and point at least one of these guys out and make him feel like an asshole in front of his hairspray chick. Sometimes I actually resort to throwing dangerous projectiles at the offender's head.

For this I'm surprised at myself; I've always been the most mild-mannered guy. When the jocks in high school would push me around, grunting "Get a haircut!", I would simply turn the other cheek. Now the slightest provocation sets me on fire and I can't rest until I perform some violent act of retaliation. And the scary thing is that it feels great. The crowd loves it and cheers us on. They're apparently so bored with their own lives that any conflict, no matter how meaningless, drives them into a frenzy. They want us to act like pubescent morons. And we do! But that's not me, and that's not the example I want to set.

With regards to the song "Buddy Holly", I don't care if our audience doesn't know who Buddy Holly is. First of all, I don't even know who Buddy Holly is, apart from what Don McLean tells me. It's really just a song about my friend Kyung Hee. Second of all, my primary objective is to write stupid-ass pop music; if you want to dig a little deeper there's usually something there, but there's certainly no obligation to do so.

2.) When we were just four nobodies living at Olympic and Bundy, no one cared that I wrote the songs and retained the publishing. Our sudden success brought the sudden realization that I was going to make more money and earn more "respect" than the other guys. This was the source of a slight anti-Rivers sentiment that came to head the day of the Rolling Stone interview.

Luckily, the four of us have a remarkable ability to communicate and talk out all our problems. This particular problem (to what extent this is one-man's band) is still being worked out, and probably will be, as it is for many bands, throughout our career. However, it is safe to say that all of us have reached a state of relative peace with how things are and we're grateful for everything that's happening. I can also say that if the other guys split tomorrow, there would be no more Weezer and I would not do anything else on my own. If Matt and Brian insisted that this is Rivers's band, they probably meant it as a sincere, if overzealous, attempt to prevent any more of the negative vibes that journalists so love to propagate.

3.) For the most part, I'm very patient and understanding. However, my father was a true dictator and I'll always have to fight off this genetic influence towards megalomania. Full-on dictatorships make for crappy music. It's best for everyone to have the freedom to play what comes naturally, unless it involves double-bass or whammy bar techniques. I trust the other guys to come up with great ideas and they always do.

4.) I feel no kinship of any kind with any local or national scene or movement. I don't listen to new bands. I don't read magazines. I don't watch MTV. I don't know who these "slackers" are or even if I'm one of them. I've always felt like an anomaly or an anachronism. If I feel a special connection with anyone it's with Tchaikovsky or D.H. Lawrence or Brian Wilson. Or possibly Matthias Jabs. Or course, all these people have a zillion times the talent and vision that I have, but I feel that we have something in common, like we're somehow distantly related. Like I'm their severely retarded

1995

younger brother.

My favorite bands are Shufflepuck and Lunchbox, starring my long time idol Kevin Ridel. Kevin and I – and Justin and Adam from Shufflepuck – were all in bad metal bands in high school back in Connecticut.

5.) Ah, the Rolling Stone article. For all the controversy that surrounded this interview, I never actually got around to reading it. What I assume the writer meant with those ill-chosen words is something actually very valid.

When I started to write songs, I wanted to put all of my heart into the lyrics and say exactly what I felt. A noble pursuit, surely, but the result was a bunch of crap that sounded pretentious, overly-serious, and downright morose. My inner sense of self-deprecation and my emerging sense of humor joined forces to rebel against this “deeply personal” style. Utilizing strange metaphors and bizarre imagery, they managed to cloak my embarrassing message behind interesting and often annoying lyrics. The result, I think, is an even truer representation of what I wanted to say in the first place. It’s a kind of a your-chocolate-and-my-peanut-butter thing. I think that’s what the Rolling Stone lady meant.

Good News!

♩ = 66

Handwritten musical score for "Good News!" featuring multiple staves with lyrics and musical notation.

Staff 1 (Tenor): dute dute good news - good news - good news

Staff 2 (Soprano): dute good news good news good news

Staff 3 (Bass): non what? what's

Staff 4 (Tenor): now we're finally lan-ding M- I's started scanning for a posi-ble source of

Staff 5 (Soprano): now we're lan-ding M- I's scan-ning for the source - of

Staff 6 (Bass): so damn im-portant that you feel that it's necessary to interrupt me in -

Staff 7 (Tenor): the di-stress call we re-ceived now we're finally lan-ding now we're finally landing

Staff 8 (Soprano): the dis-tress call we re-ceived now we're finally lan-ding now we're finally landing

Staff 9 (Bass): pod finally landing now we're finally landing now we're finally

Good News! Page 3

Handwritten musical score for "Good News" (Page 1). The score is written on five staves. The first two staves are vocal parts with lyrics "news good news" and "news good news". The third staff is a bass line with notes labeled "a-" and "b-". The fourth and fifth staves are piano accompaniment, with the fourth staff marked with a "C" (C major) and the fifth staff marked with a "D/4" (D major, 4/4 time signature).

Now I finally see

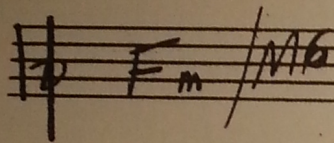
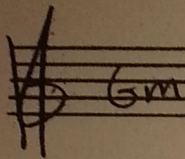
1/17/95

Now I finally see

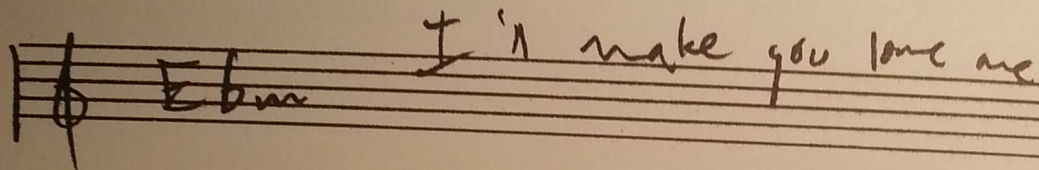
1/17/95

The image shows a handwritten musical score on four staves. The first staff is empty. The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 6/8. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Above the notes are the lyrics 'e-', 'a-', 'D', and 'c'. The third staff continues the melody with notes and rests, with lyrics 'a-', 'a-/c', 'a-', 'a-/c', 'b-', 'b/d', 'b-', and 'b-/d' written above. The fourth staff continues with notes and rests, with lyrics 'c', 'c/e', 'c', 'c/e', 'D', 'D/f#', 'D', and 'B' written above. The fifth staff begins with the lyrics 'and I want it' and shows a sequence of notes, with a '4' written below the first four notes and a '50' above the final note. The score is written in brown ink on aged paper.

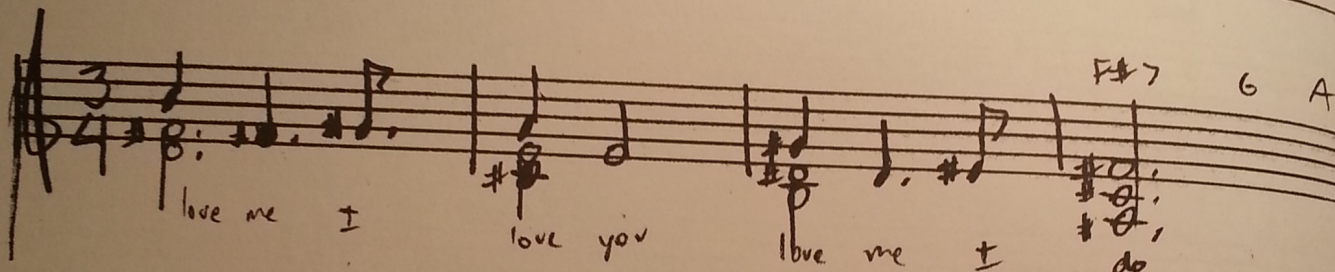
Please remember I'm only a friend



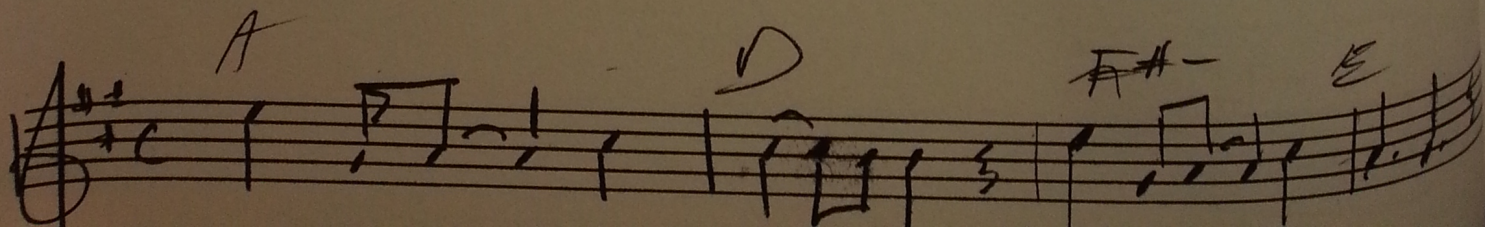
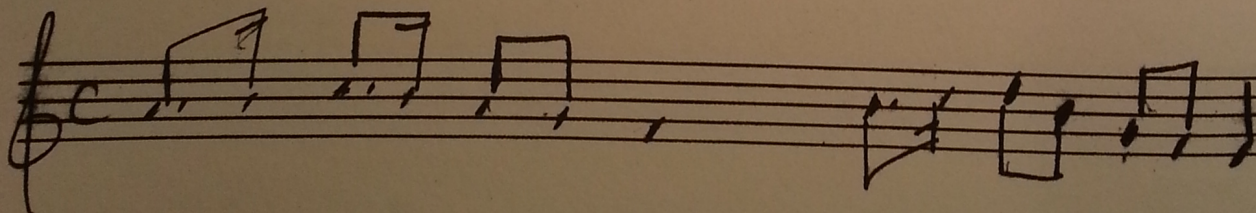
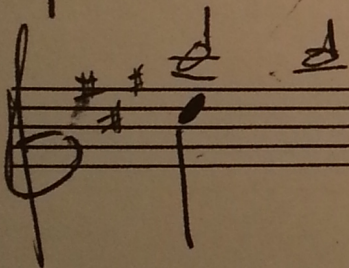
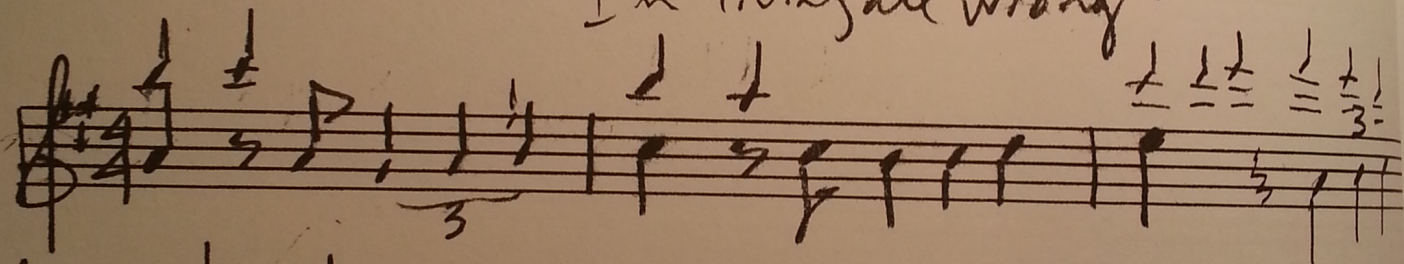
F#m



I'll make you love me



"I'm living all wrong"



Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves have a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). Chord symbols are written below the staves: E, A7, D, A/E, E, and A.

Handwritten names and a box:

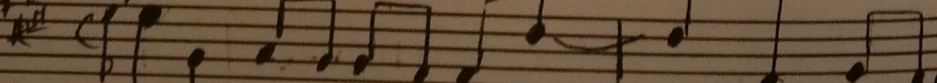
- Jesus
- Jonas
- Tamson
- Johnny
- Jobbie
- Jolo
- Jolas
- Jobe
- Jodi
- Joka
- Jemus
- Justin
- Judas
- Jeremiah
- Yanah
- Olysses
- Odyssens
- Jodyss
- Seamus
- Samus
- Lukas (in a box)
- Long name is Luke
- Lukas
- Luka

ARCHIVES

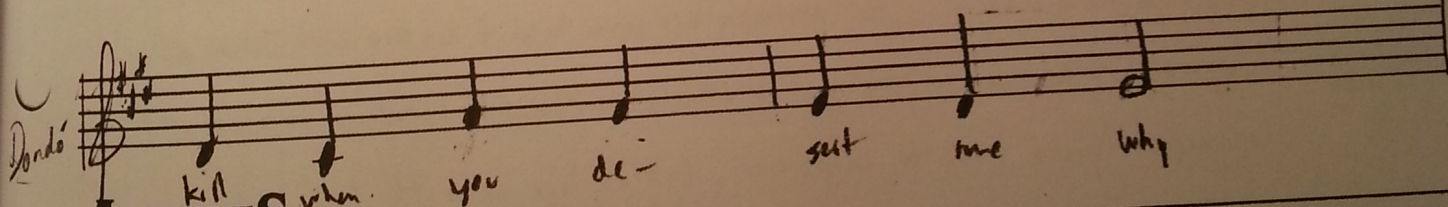
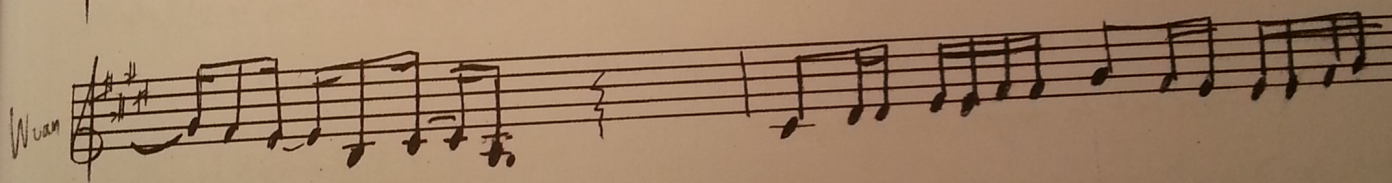
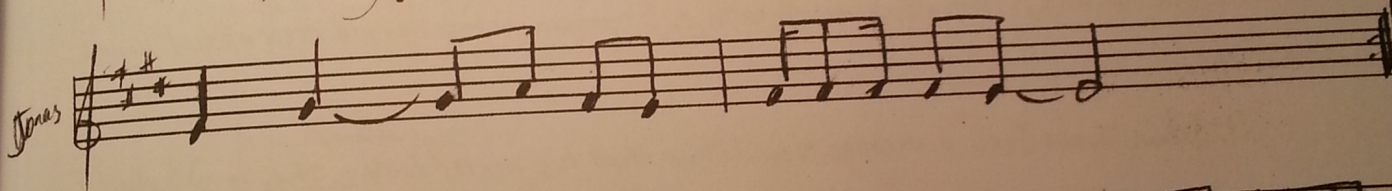
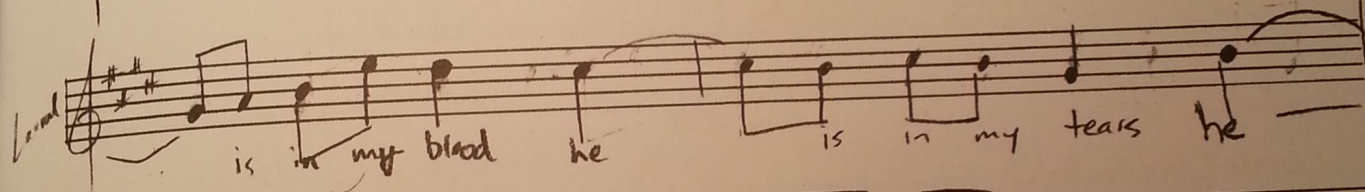
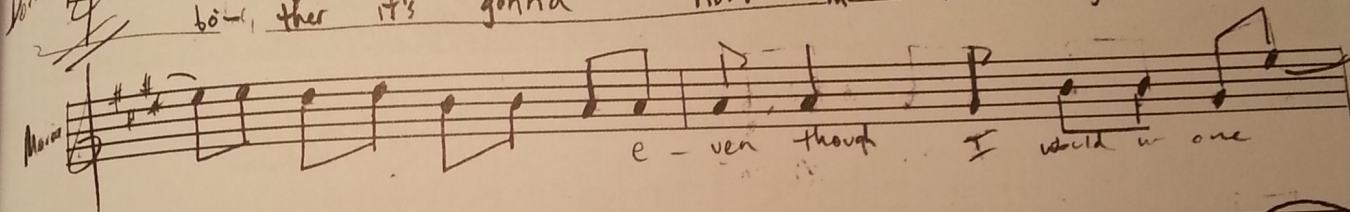
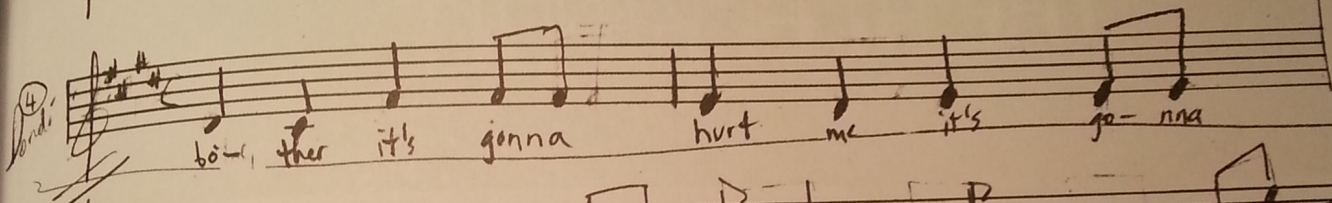
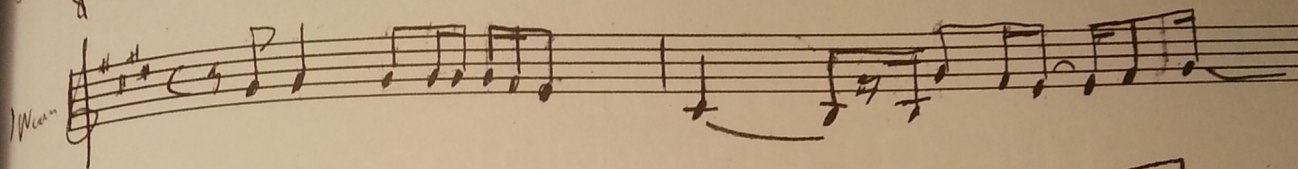
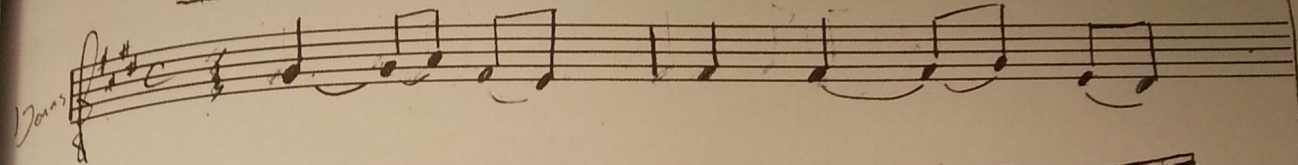
Page 2

Handwritten musical notation on three staves. The top staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves have a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various musical symbols, including a large wavy line across the top staff and a large '5' below the bottom staff.

Handwritten musical score for "The Sound of Silence" by Simon & Garfunkel. The score is written on ten staves. The first staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The third staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fifth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The sixth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The seventh staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The eighth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The ninth staff has a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tenth staff has a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score includes lyrics: "Hello, Hello", "Goodbye, Don", "Oh", "Oh I alone", "This is the end", "And the silence", "And the silence", "And the silence". The score is written in a handwritten style with various musical notations including notes, rests, and clefs.

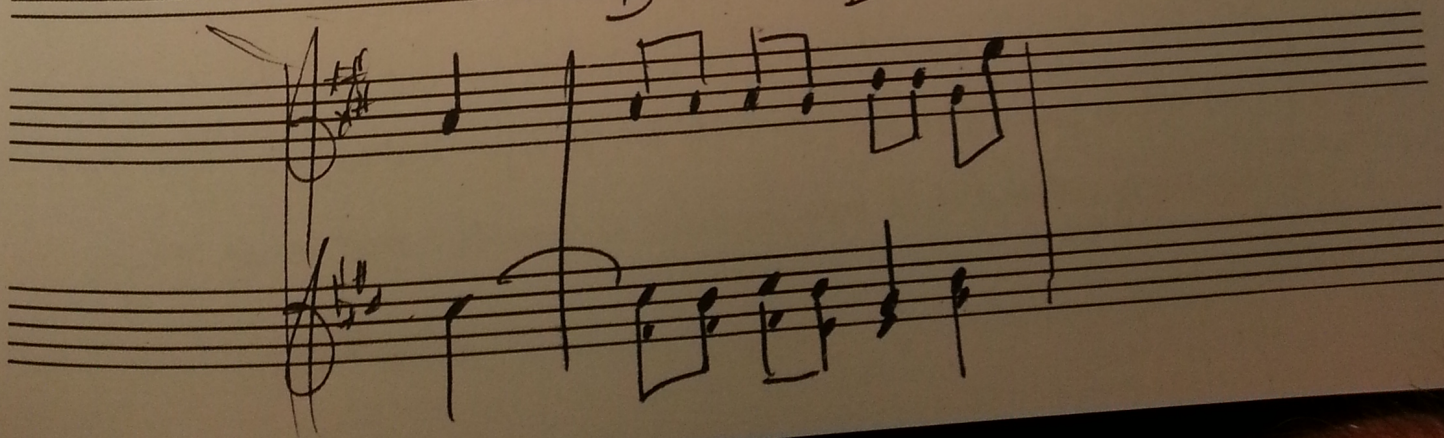
③ *Main* 

is in my eyes he is in my ears he



ARCHIVES

B E



SONGS FROM THE BLACK HOLE

The Black Hole

Synopsis

ACT I

10 May 1994

Scene I (the Main Deck): Betsy II blasts off with a 5-person 1-mechanoid crew aboard her

<Blast-off!> for

Captain Jonas feels a strange trepidation that his mates ^{Wuan and Bendo} don't. They're simply stoked to be on this ship partying, and to return heroes. Mechanoid M1 warns them not to forget the mission:

Don't Listen to them
this has to be a rocker
Ship Cook Maria walks in. She's obviously has some kind of history with Jonas. She suggests that he can still score with her. Maria overhears and explodes in anger at his language. Jonas tries to calm her, taking her into the hall. She says

<oh Jonas> she loves him. He insists that they can only be friends: She's much ^{healer} I'll make you love me mellow duet
<come to my pod> for him. She's says that she'll make him love her and brings him to her ^{<sex tune>}
<Tired of sex> and seduces him. After sex, he feels terrible regret and leaves in anger. He says to herself that if he knew her secret she wouldn't treat her so bad.

Scene II

Week 1

Songs from the Black Hole

E Blast-off!

A Jo Jo's Theme / Come to my Pod

G Tired of sex

A/E Super Tired

You gave your love to me soothly

bb I thought you should know

A Tragic girl - I beg you don't tell a soul - shall never know
Stay away from me 'n' I'll stay away from her

Week 37

Good News!

A Gatchoo

bb I just throw out the love of my dreams

A No other one

Touch-down!

E Devotion

What is this I find

E When Bother?
(Hustle & Flow)
(Special Thanks to [unclear] [unclear] [unclear])
(over credits intro)
I don't belong (amusement)

Pauli will
[unclear]
[unclear]
[unclear]

Goodbye James
Longest one Songtime

RANDOM NOTES

I must tell you
the critics aren't pleased
with how you've come along
but thanks for taking part in
our experiment
it's at least been entertaining
first rate television

but the show is a hit

This video Pod landed
here about a week ago

10 / Feb 95

turns out they've been ^{the stars} of this hit TV show
they've won cash prizes

melody
or
crackly
tape
w/
reverb
like
S. Youth

He, this is Mike Brightman from "Life in Space"

First I ~~want to~~ thank
each and every one of you
for participating in this season of our show
The critics aren't pleased
but it's been a smash success - our best season yet
Really first rate television

This should be
subliminal, acid-trip
with music in the background

you're good kids, really you are
Wum, that trick with the
the baseline, that's really great
- Hey, thanks

this would
avoid
another
after,
five,

read
by
Mike
Stanton
on
consuming
machine enough

I must warn you, although your mission was
that after your departure our men
discovered a black hole in the near vicinity of
is sucking up the planet
and sucking up the planet
Betsy II is ^{at risk} ~~supplied~~ with
emergency ~~personal~~ ^{light speed} transporters
for the whole crew
We suggest you use them right away
Don't worry about ~~personal~~ ^{light speed} nonsense, or Betsy II
Maybe you ~~noticed~~ ^{noticed}
We didn't even supply with
gas to make it back

a complete farce, the black hole is not

Our scientists that
We suggest you get out of there
life will be home (jiffy) away
M1's as mechanoid hell just for himself
"I will"

M1: I'm afraid our ship is trapped in the field along in the plane
we'll have to use the emergency personal light speed transporters
we'll be home in a jiffy

Wum, and as it turns out, stars, even though we bring back not

M1: Yes but, there's only 5 transporters, I will have to stay
Do-do: but you're a mechanoid I'll just turn you off. What do we do about a mechanoid?

M1: thanks for the ^{special} consideration but that's not what I mean
Jonas: No that's not what he meant
I'll stay behind
I don't belong



FEBRUARY 10

Writing this musical is insane. It's so difficult and the results are so lame. I hope I end up liking it. I've been working on it about 12 hours a day. And still, it sucks. At least the plot's coming together.

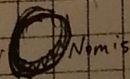
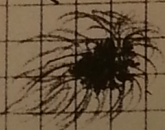
FEB 11

RANDOM NOTES

11 Feb. 95

Betsy II should look like
a giant Dodge Maxivan

black hole



trying to get something from

FEB 21 1995

SANTA MONICA COLLEGE
Santa Monica, California 90405

FEBRUARY 15, 1995

CUOMO RIVERS
Student Name
6/13/70
Birthdate
912-45637
Permanent Number

Page Number

Name	Description	Units Attempt	Units Compl	Grade	Note	Grade Points	GP Bal	GPA	Trans Code	CSU
<u>Summer 1991</u>										
NUTR	1 INTRO NUTRITION	3.0	3.0	A		12.0				
PSYCH	3 PERS DYNAM&DEV	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	
	Semester Total	6.0	6.0			24.0	12.0	4.00	UC CSU	
<u>Fall 1991</u>										
MUSIC	32 APPRECIATION	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	C1
PHY ED	11A BGN WT TRAINING	1.0	1.0	A		4.0			UC CSU	E1
PSYCH	2 PHYSIOLOGICAL	3.0	3.0	A	14	12.0			UC CSU	B2
SPAN	1 ELEMENTARY	5.0	5.0	A		20.0			UC CSU	C4
ENGL	56 EUROPEAN LIT	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	C2
	Semester Total	15.0	15.0			60.0	30.0	4.00		

Dean's Honor List

Spring 1992

ENGL	2 READ AND COMP 2	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	A3
MUSIC	60B ELEM PIANO-2	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	C1
SPAN	2 ELEMENTARY	5.0	5.0	A		20.0	10		UC CSU	C4
MUSIC	55 CONCERT CHORALE	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	
	Semester Total	12.0	12.0			48.0	24.0	4.00		

Dean's Honor List

Summer 1992

PHILOS	2 INTRODUCTION	3.0	3.0	A		12.0	6		UC CSU	C3
SPAN	8 CONVERSATION	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	C4
	Semester Total	5.0	5.0			20.0	10.0	4.00		

Fall 1992

SPAN	3 INTERMEDIATE	5.0	5.0	A		20.0			UC CSU	C4
ENGL	5 ENGLISH LIT	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	C2
MUSIC	55 CONCERT CHORALE	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	
MUSIC	60C ELEM PIANO-3	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	
	Semester Total	12.0	12.0			48.0	24.0	4.00		

Dean's Honor List

Spring 1993

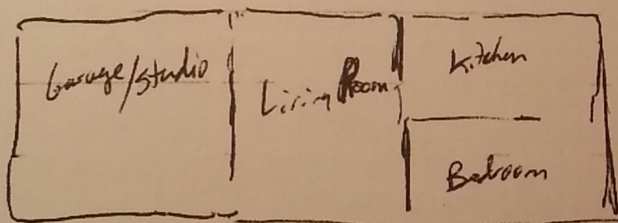
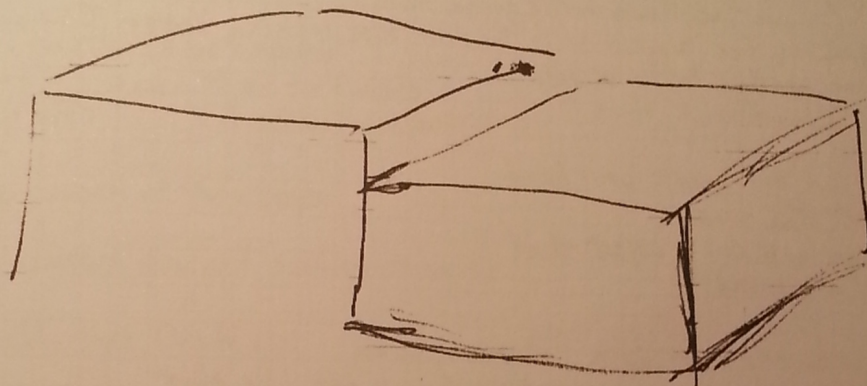
MUSIC	3 MUSICIANSHIP	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	
MUSIC	7 CHROMATIC HRMNY	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	
POL SC	1 AMERICAN GOVT**	3.0	3.0	A		12.0			UC CSU	E1
SPAN	4 INTERMEDIATE	5.0	5.0	A		20.0			UC CSU	C4
MUSIC	55 CONCERT CHORALE	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	
MUSIC	60D ELEM PIANO-4	2.0	2.0	A		8.0			UC CSU	
	Semester Total	17.0	17.0			68.0	34.0	4.00		

Dean's Honor List

Cumulative Total	67.0	67.0			268.0	134.0	4.00			
CSU Total	67.0	67.0			268.0	134.0	4.00			
UC Total	67.0	67.0			268.0	134.0	4.00			

Continued on page 2

I can't wait to go to school. I'm coming
out of my skin. Rent a house in Berkeley.
Keep an 8-track maybe buy?!



- ~~8~~ In the meantime I would like to
- A) take a correspondence course in math
 - B) master the clarinet

Songs from The Black Hole

["Songs from the Black Hole", draft 2]

ACT I

16 May 2126

Page 1

SCENE I The Cockpit

M1: 4, 3, 2, 1, ...

Jonas: Blast-off! Up to the stars we go
and leave behind everything I used to know
Somebody's givin' me a whole lotta money to do what I think I want to
So why am I still feelin' blue,
Oh, Wuan and Dondo?

Wuan and Dondo: Goddamn, get your head outta your hand
here's to all the times we're gonna have
Cooped up for a year with the two best looking babes I've seen all year
Wuan: Get me another bottle o' beer
Cuz' I'm feelin' fine!

Jonas: Go ahead and waste your head
We got the time
I hope you don't object that I
Speak my mind

Wuan: Sit back and light up a fat one, man
It's gonna be a long, cold trip if you act like that
Think of all the chicks and the money and the news crews waitin' back home

Jonas: Let me off the magic bus
I don't think I belong

Wuan: Go ahead and waste your life on silly fears
I hope you don't object if I
Crack another beer, yeah!

Jonas: I hesitate but it's too late
it's pullin' me in
I've no control anymore
it's pullin' me in
I don't know where I'll go
it's pullin' me in

M1: Just don't forget the purpose of the mission
And don't forget the message decoded by Computer 1
Each one of you is a top graduate of the Star Corps Academy
It's up to you to take it down
On the 11 dog's wide north

Jonas: I hesitate but it's too late
it's pullin' me in
I've no control anymore
it's pullin' me in
I don't know where I'll go
it's pullin' me in

Dondó: Hold on, who is it here that I see
wasn't she your favorite bitch in the Academy

Jonas: I don't know if I wanna lead on this woman
you know I've done that before
She's actually a good girl

Wvan: Or at least a cheap 'ho'

Maria: Who you callin' bitch?

Sonaz: don't listen to a word they say

Maria: but they make me so mad

Jonas: they don't matter to me anyway
chill out baby, stay with me for a while
but that don't mean I'll get with you tonight

Maria: I'm so pissed at those boys

Jonas: Let me comfort you and hold your hand

Maria: Especially that Dondó...

Jonas: acting like he knows he's got a big thing
I know his type, you're safe with me for a while
but that don't mean I'll get with you tonight
I want you so badly
too bad that you're too bad for me
You love me and I like you
but I've got to getchoo, getchoo

Maria: You know I love you so

Jonas: Please remember that I'm just a friend

Maria: A friend who's in my pants?

Jonas: Never more never ever again
You're too crazy for me to settle down with
So I won't let me lead you on with a kiss
I want you so badly
too bad that you're too bad for me
You love me and I like you
But I've got to getchoo, getchoo
It hurts you so badly
I'm sorry, you can't have me
I won't let me get with you tonight

Jo-Jo:
in A Oh, Jonas I've missed you
nobody else loves me like you do
Oh, Jonas I need you
nobody else, nobody else loves me like you do

in G come to my pod
there's no one there we'll be alone
we can talk
and if you want to we'll get stoned
and relax
have fun
in my pod

Jonas: in your pod
no one knows the things we do
we'll get high
and if you want to we'll sniff glue
and relax
have fun
in your pod

Jonas: in my pod
and no one knows the things we do
Jo-Jo we'll get high
in Bb and make love the whole night through
and relax
cool out
in your pod

Maria: Now that we're left all alone
touch me and kiss me and love me

Jonas: I'm tired, so tired
I'm tired of having sex
I'm spread so thin
I don't know who I am
Monday night I'm makin' Jen
Tuesday night I'm makin' Gwen
Wednesday night I'm makin' Catherine
Oh, why can't I be makin' love come true?
I'm beat, beet red
ashamed of what I said
I'm sorry, here I go
I know I'm a sinner but I can't say no
Thursday night I'm makin' Denise
Friday night I'm makin' Sharise
Saturday night I'm makin' Louise
Oh, why can't I be makin' Love come true?
Tonight I'm down on my knees
Tonight I'm beggin' you please
Tonight, tonight please!
Why can't I be makin' love come true?

SCENE II

Jonas:

Laural:

Jonas:

Laural:

Both:

What
Think
Know
I tell
then

What
Lead
I know
deep
Now

Pain
come
Cuz I
a sup

I'll
and this
shame
I never
but

Don
Save
You
Now
and

Pain
can
Cuz
A

Con

11:30

SCENE II

Jones:

What the hell am I doing?
Thinking with my willie
knowing I don't love her
I tell her no
then kiss her toes

Laural:

What the heck are you doing?
Leading on that poor girl
I know there's something better
deep in you
Now let it through

Jones:

Pain, pain go away
come again another day
'Cause I've got a friend tonight
a super friend to make things right

I'll turn away from darkness
and turn to go to the light
show me how to live right
I never noticed you
but now I worship you

Laural:

Don't be talking silly
Save the sweets for your girls
You can talk to me
Now close your eyes
and leave the kids

Both:

Pain, Pain go away
come again another day
'Cause I've got a friend tonight
A super friend to make things right

Come to me

have I, sing
he is in my eyes
he is in my eyes
Good
Jens
(both ("you, all"))

Jo-Jo:

Now you're happy as can be
Here's your dramatic irony
I hate to burst your bubble
looks like we're both in trouble
I'm afraid I'm late about two weeks

Page 6

I hate to burst your bubble
Looks like we're both in trouble
One thing that I know for sure it's you
I thought you should know
Here's a little clue

You did this to me
So what are you gonna do?
No matter to me
I love you more
I want you to know
Why oh why do I hang on
Knowing you'll never turn round
I just can't help myself
I want you and no one else
So why isn't that enough for you?

I want you so bad
Your touch is magic

I love you so much
You sad sad girl
You're just killin' yourself
and I can't be a partner to that
You dear, dear girl
Vulnerable helpless soul

You're lost to me
You're so beautiful
When you're drunk and pukin'
I want to care for you
you dear lost soul
lipstick smeared across your face
your breath is tart
I've got to let you go

But you're a 1000 times alive
a 1000 times the girl
You're just killing yourself
and I can't go with you
I can't ~~trust~~ myself to that
I have to let you go
and watch you sink before my eyes
I can't bring myself to say the words
but you know... you know
You're falling apart before my eyes

I can't go ^{on} with you

You're a tragic girl
You lead a tragic life

I'm just meant to be

You're latest tragedy

Goodbye tragic girl

Goodbye tragic life

I need to be alone

and live inside myself

You make me want to cry
You make me want to run
to or away from
that I never know

You're so beautiful when you're dying

I just can't do it

I'm your sober boy

Things that seem like

baby needs more

Dondó needs more

Marta doing drugs when pregnant

SCENE I

Jones:

Wuan:

Dondó:

Wuan:

Jonas:

Wuan and Dondó:

Jonas:

Wuan:
and Dondó

Jonas:

M2:

SCENE I Jonas's Pod

ACT II

327 days later

Jonas: She's had a girl
sweetchild of mine
Her blood's my blood
Her eyes, my eyes
I can't believe
She belongs to me
I belong to her
forever
Now I finally see
what it is I want
Only I'm too late
Surrender! she has won

"the 1st child born in space"

Wuan: Dude!

Dondo: Dude!

Wuan: Dude!

Jonas: What?

Wuan and Dondo: Good news! Good News! Good news!

Jonas:

What's...

Wuan:
and Dondo: Now we're finally landing
M1's started scanning
for a possible source
of the distress call we received
Now! we're finally landing
Now! we're finally landing
Get your stuff together
Lv2 now we're finally gonna land

so damn important that you
feel that it's necessary to
interrupt me in
my pod

Good news, good news, good news
good news, good news, good news
good news, good news, good news

so who gives a damn, now?

Jonas: Now I finally see
what it is I want
And I won't concede
surrender to her love
Now I finally see
what it is I want

<Siren?

M1: Prepare for landing

Jonas: This is beginning to hurt
This is beginning to be serious
It used to be a game, now it's a crying shame
Cuz you don't wanna play around no more
I used to run around
Sometimes I fell and skinned my knee
I never meant to do, all that I've done it's true
Please, baby, say it's not too late
to Getchoo, uh-huh
Getchoo, uh-huh
Getchoo, uh-huh
Getchoo, Getchoo, Getchoo, uh-huh
Ya know this is breakin' me up
you think that I'm some kind of freak
But if you'd come back to me then you would surely see
that I'm just foolin' around
to Getchoo, uh-huh
getchoo, uh-huh
getchoo, getchoo, getchoo
I can't believe
What you've done to me
What I did to her
You've done to me

This is beginning

Now I know what I must do

SCENE II Outside Maria's Pod

Jonas: My girl's on fire
But I'll stand beside her
She's all I've got and I don't want to be alone
My girl don't see me
When she's with my friends
She's all I've got and I don't want to be alone
No there is no other one
No there is no other one
I can't have any other one
though I would, now I never could with one
All of the drugs she does
Scare me real good
She's got a tattoo
and two pet snakes
But nobody knows me like her
Nobody knows her like me
We're all we've got and
we don't want to be alone
No there is no other one
No there is no other one
I can't have any other one
though I would, now I never could with one

Wuan: Touch down, there's no sign of life anywhere
I don't understand what the hell we're doing here
Travel for a year and drink a lot of beer is my idea of fun
But where's the prize we should have won?

MI: Chill out
I think I've found some sort of anomaly
we're gonna go out to the surface of the planet and take a quick look around

Jonas: Go ahead and look around
I'll stay behind
It's time for me to settle down
and set things right

Dondó: Hold on, who is that ring you got for

Jonas:

Suddenly our shortcomings
don't seem to matter that much
your IQ is 20 points low
and I'm no 6 foot hot-look all-american man
Sad to say I pushed you away
waiting for Mrs. Right
But you never gave up
Devotion, waiting for me
You'll always be my girlfriend
I too am waiting for you
I'll always be your friend
I commend your stubbornness
Without it we'd never got this far
I am done with perfection
chasing her leaves me with nothing but pain
Unlike you she isn't true
She's got her own concerns
But you never gave up
Devotion, waiting for me
You'll always be my girlfriend
I too am waiting for you
I'll always be your friend

Jonas and
Jo-Jo:

Now that we're left all alone
Touch me and kiss me and love me

Jonas:

What is this I find
under your behind?
extra-huge
and it's used
I wonder which 2 of us
best of friends opened and used it

Jo-Jo:

Jones, you know I waited
waited till I couldn't take it
I was alone, he called on the phone
and gave me the love you wouldn't

Oh, I threw away
your loving kindness
I took you for granted
I'm all alone

Jonas:

The only man I know
who fits is our Dondo
extra-huge
and it's used
I know which 2 of us
Best of friends opened and used it
Now I finally see
What you're all about
too late too late

Jo-Jo: think of the times we loved
think of the child we have
love would come true
if I could undo
what you -
you made me do
No, no, No there is no other one
No, no, No there is no other one

(Maria fva)
and "ohh"

Maria:

Jonas

Maria

Jon

Mar

Jon

Maria: Oh Jonas, I hear you
I know that you're in there with Laurel

Jonas: Damn.

Maria: Oh Jonas, please hear me
I need to tell you something
Now open, open the door

Why haven't you called me
did you forget me
I need to know
When were you intending
to break the silence
and let me know
mine is the loneliest of numbers
and now is the loneliest of times
I'm 19 days late
but still I sit and wait
Waiting and waiting
Waiting and waiting
Waiting and waiting
Waiting on you
Who have you been seeing
That made you forget me
I bet you call her
Where, where does she come from
I bet it's New England
I bet she's just a friend

I asked you if you had a good heart

Jonas: I answered "Yes I'll never do you harm"

Maria: Oh Jonas, I've told you
Now you know why I've been crazy

in D

Jonas: Maria, I'm sorry
I promise to give you a ring
as soon as I get the chance

in F

Oh! She's a liar
She's just trying to trap me
Maria is nothing to me
Laurel you're all that I want
Maybe you thought I was joking before
But now you must know that I'm not
Now I know for sure
I've changed my ways
I'm ready for you

Laurel:
Maria is all that you've got
Maybe you could have had me
Maybe you could have had me
if you grown up a little bit sooner and
thought - about your life

Jonas: I knew I shouldn't trust in you
Ya got a look that made me think you're cool
But it's just sexual attraction
Not somethin' real so I'd rather keep wackin'
Why bother?
It's gonna hurt me
It's gonna kill when you desert me
This happened to me twice before
It won't happen to me anymore
I've known a lot of girls before
What's the harm in knowin' one more?
Maybe we could even get together
Yeah, maybe you could break my heart next summer
Why Bother?
It's gonna hurt me
It's gonna kill when you desert me
This happened to me twice before
It won't happen to me anymore
It's a cryin' shame I'm all alone
Not with you, not her, nor anyone
won't you knock me on my head
Crack it open let me outta here now
Don't bother
It's gonna hurt me
It's gonna kill when you desert me

Why bother? It's gonna hurt me
Why bother? It's gonna hurt me

Laural: I'm so tall, can't get over me
I'm so low, can't get under me
I must be all these things
For I just threw out the love of my dreams
he's in my eyes
he is in my ears
he's in my blood
he is in my tears
I breathe love and see him every day
Even though my love is a world away
Oh he's got me wonderin'
My righteousness is crumblin'
Never before have I felt this
Know what is right but want for him to stay
I must be made of steel
For I just threw out the love of my dreams
We are an alien race
Our world is in grave danger

MARCH 5

Today was church day in Germany. My father preached on the subject of submission to the pastor. And tonight we had Bible study with the kids in which he described heaven (from Revelations). He was talking about flying drum sets and thumb sucking blankets that never get dirty.

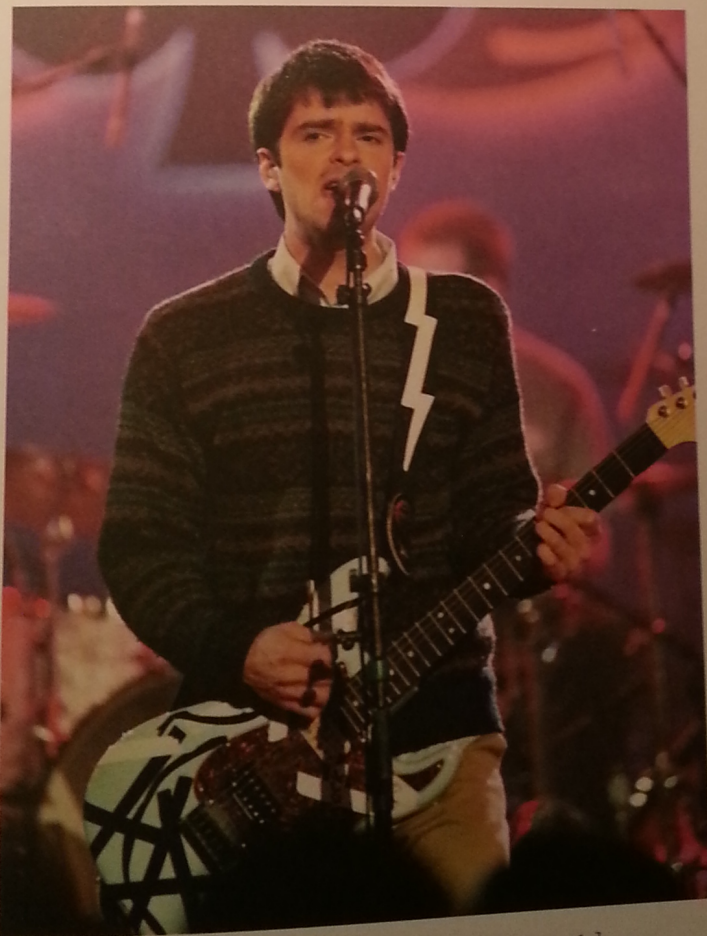
Also, I love my sister Gina. She is so beautiful and clever. She plays the piano so well. I just want to hug and kiss her all the time. I love Gabe, too.

MARCH 6

At Gabriel's practice today, dad told me that he had asked God about Gabe's outstanding soccer skill. "Are you involved?" he had asked. "Give me a sign." That same week Gabe's coach told Frank that he thinks Gabe will go pro; no doubt in his mind. Dad turned to me and said, "This is a special family."

"I know it," I replied, with the voice of experience.

MARCH 10

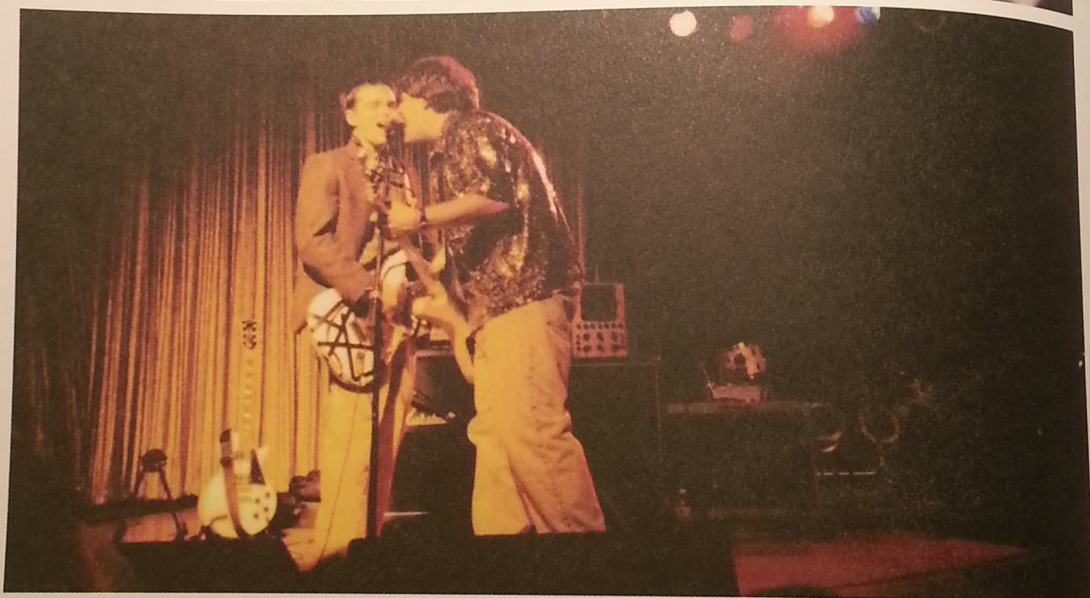


[Performing with Weezer in Las Vegas, Nevada]

1995

1995

APRIL 8



[Performing with Adam Orth of opening band Shuflepuck, at Weezer's Hollywood Palladium show]

APRIL 9

1995

Ironically I'm finally starting to feel some sense of attachment as I'm leaving. We just did the video for "Say it Ain't So" and finished the tour. It went by slow.

Now to lengthen my leg and take two months off. Then the summer hell and then: my new life.

I'm gonna miss these guys. NHL Hockey '95 with Pat and all the crazy-ass times.



[Jen, Shelly, Karl, Chiba and me in the Amherst House for the "Say It Ain't So" video shoot]



[In the kitchen of the Amherst House during the "Say It Ain't So" video shoot]

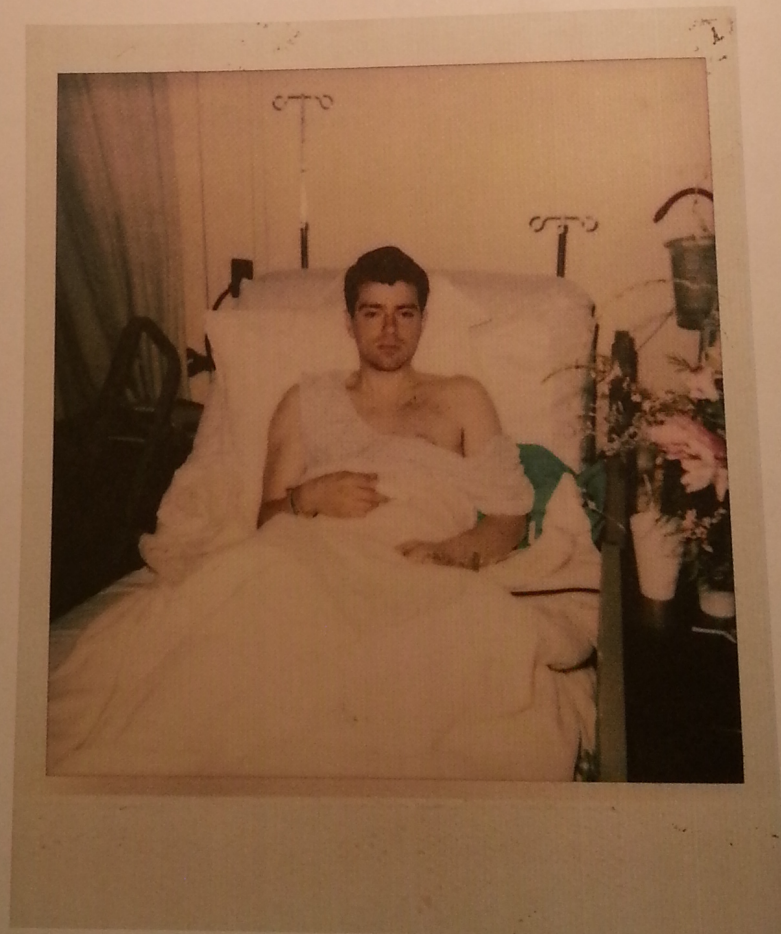
1995

APRIL 13

On the eve of my broken leg. Goodbye leg. Goodbye smooth skin. A part of me all my life. You're going to change. That reminds me of what a sad thing puberty was. It was sad to see my body, my only body, changed forever. The inexorable march. Tomorrow it continues.

APRIL 14

On April 14th, 1995, I underwent an operation to correct a congenital short leg. The recovery was a long, difficult, and challenging process. Here are some of the thoughts I recorded along the way



[In bed after my leg operation in the
Newington Children's Hospital]

DAY 1 - APRIL 14

3:55 PM Morphine. Thank God for Morphine. Incredible sense of well being.
No pain, just chillin' out wit da Morphine.

8:00 PM They wouldn't let me drink anything for 12 hrs before the operation. I got so damn thirsty. The nurse finally gave me a pitcher of grape juice and I downed it, immediately. She then told me that one of the more annoying side effects of anesthesia is the complete inability to urinate.

10:00 PM I tried so hard to go on my own, believe me, I tried. I had them turn on the faucet, I visualized Niagara Falls, I multiplied numbers in my head—nothing doing. There was a pitcher of grape juice in my bladder and I simply didn't have the muscle power to get it into the toilet. I finally succumbed to the nurse's suggestion. I could tell she was as uncomfortable as I was as she greased up a long, not-thin-enough, red tube and approached my nether region. I grimaced and turned away. What a terrible fate. For the next 10 minutes I heard the slow "tinkle" of ex-grape juice hitting the Tupperware she had placed between my legs. The price of relief.

DAY 2 - APRIL 15

"It's 5:30 on the 15th, the day after my operation. Um, I'm eating saltines, drinking juice. I actually peed...for the first time...on my own. It was a glorious moment. It was truly glorious. Now I'm going to try to set up some music to listen to. Good-bye."

I signed some autographs in the hospital today. Cynical-me never thought much of this act but today I learned to appreciate it. One little guy stumbled in all messed from a car accident and couldn't believe it was me, the singer of Weezer, lying there in the same hospital, messed up just like him. A little girl was wheeled in—I don't even know what terrible affliction she had—bearing a gift and the words "This is for you, because you have given me and so many others so much joy." Do I deserve this? I ended up signing a stack of pictures for all the kids who wanted them, and cheering myself up in the process. It's so easy to make these suffering kids a little happier.

The hospital I am in is a Children's Hospital. I'm an old man compared to most of the patients here but because they are used to dealing with kids, they treat me like one, offering me puffy stickers if I behave well. I chose this hospital because this is where I first got the bad news that I have a short leg. I was 10 years old. It's also one of the few hospitals in the

1995

U.S. that performs this procedure. It's also only a few blocks from my mom's house in Connecticut where I'll spend the next 2 months.

DAY 3 - APRIL 16

First day of physical therapy today: Pain. Extreme, wild pain, the likes of which I've never known.

She came in, a bubbly cheery blonde, and immediately grabbed my leg—which I hadn't moved an inch in 48 hours—and began violently twisting and bending it into the most excruciating positions. I flailed frantically at the Patient-Controlled Morphine Button but I was already gushing tears. It was all I could do to keep from screaming like a baby. There are eight metal pins screwed into my right thigh, through the skin, muscle, and bone. My thigh bone is broken clean in two. The muscles of the leg have all cramped up hard as steel in reaction to the trauma of being pierced. My leg does not want to move. Doctor Bob says that over the 6 months that I'll wear the frame, my thigh will atrophy to a thin little stick and PT is essential to minimize this condition. OK, but God, it hurts.

DAY 4 - Apr. 17

I'm back home today, my mom's house that is. I tried to make it down to the piano in the basement but after 15 minutes I was so beat I had to come back upstairs to bed. My leg hurts and I feel sick. I miss Morphine, but I've got a virtual pharmacopeia on my night stand: Demerol (an opiate, but not as strong as I'd like it to be), Tums (for the calcium), Sominex, a pee bottle, and—oh, the shame—suppositories (to combat the constipatory effects of the pain-killer). I'm like an old, old man.

My mom brings me my meals in bed. I watch TV. I pee in a bottle.

DAY 5 - APRIL 18

Today I got to start cranking my leg. Yay! Each day I will turn the four cranks four times, separating the two halves of my broken femur by a millimeter causing my leg to "grow" a millimeter each day. In 44 days my right leg will be 44 millimeters—nearly 2"—longer and finally, equal in length to my left leg. In 6 months the bone will have grown to fill in that 2" gap and I'll have a normal leg, good as new. Supposedly. That will be a happy day.

~~I've had this bum leg all my life.~~

I will go ice skating, skiing, snowboarding, bowling, hiking. I'll buy a pair of normal shoes. I'll go dancing. I'll do all the things I haven't been able to do all my life. Except rollerblading. I won't go rollerblading. Come to think of it, is all this pain worth it so that I can go bowling? Yeah, it is.

1995

DAY 8

Every morning and evening I do what's called "Pin-Care." This is the ritual cleansing of the eight lovely wounds around where the pins enter my flesh. After dipping a jumbo-size Q-tip in peroxide I swirl it around on the exposed flesh killing any bacteria--that may be plotting to give me leprosy--and causing me extreme pain. The whole process reminds me of the game we played when we were kids called "Operation," because if the swab accidentally touches the metal frame on the way into the pin site, you have to start over 'cuz it's no longer sterile.

After pin-care comes P.T. It is difficult to exaggerate how painful this really is. My mom helps me through a series of about 8 exercises and stretches. It's so painful. I'm constantly moaning and sometimes I even yell: "Ahhh!!!" I cry tears every session. Today I hyperventilated from the pain and nearly passed out. I was so scared. I had to lie completely still for 10 minutes. I couldn't even talk to my mom. Luckily she understood what was happening.

I'm surprised that I'm still in so much pain. I thought I would be feeling a little better by now. I'm not.

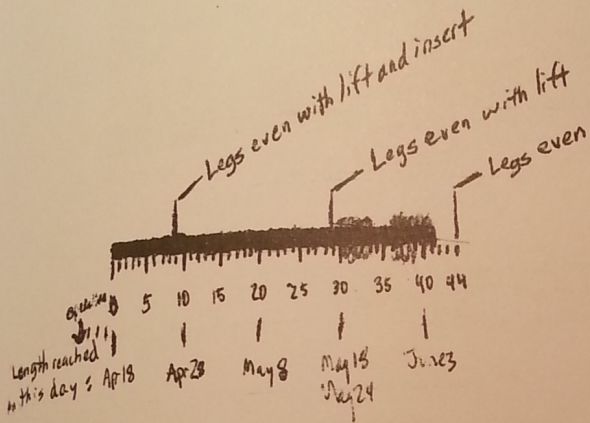
DAY 10

Today I went in for "Clinic", which is basically a check-up with Dr. Bob and his assistant Wayne. They're both really cool but Dr. Bob is way too young. He looks like somebody you'd go to a Dinosaur Jr. concert with, not somebody who could have already made it through medical school and gotten enough practice operating on other people to be operating on me. Doctors should be old.

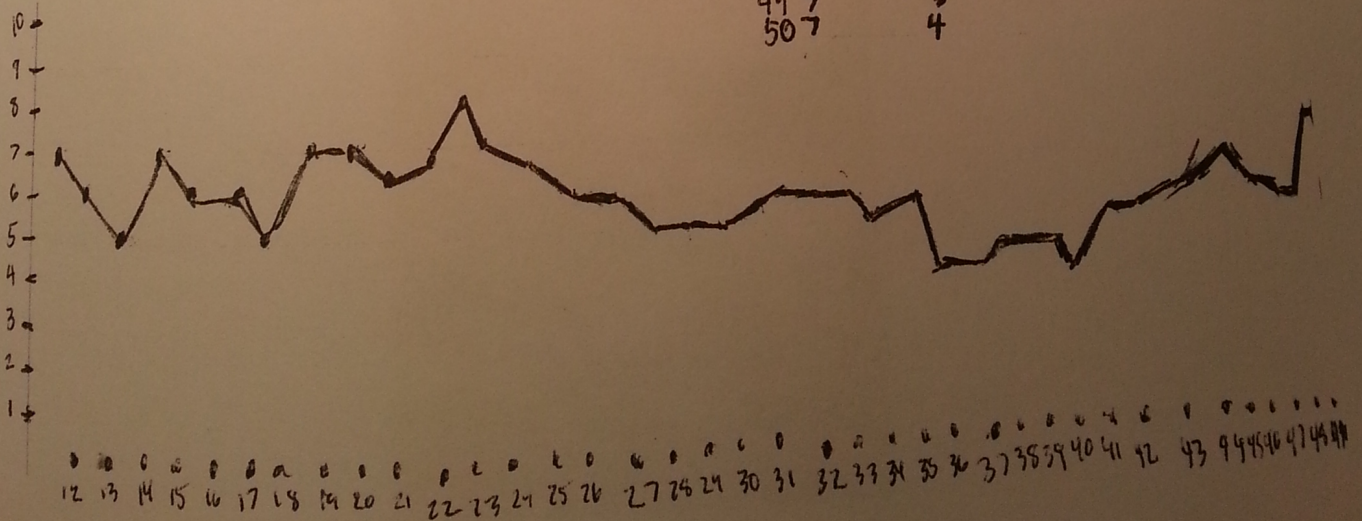
Today they took my x-ray and asked me how I'm doing. I said my leg hurts. They asked me if it hurts a lot. I said yes. It hurts a lot. I added that I would appreciate anything they could recommend for the pain. They advised me to "drink plenty of fluids." Hold on, Dr. Bob. I have a leg broken clean in half with eight metal rods sticking through it and all

they can do for me is advise that I "drink plenty of fluids." I was hoping for some narcotics, maybe, but I got orange juice.

If there's one thing a visit to the hospital's good for, it's a sense of perspective. There's always someone far worse off than you to make you not pity yourself so much. As I was waiting to be seen by the doctors, an 11-yr old boy was wheeled up next to me. He had two Ilizarovs on-one on each thigh. He is a dwarf and is going to have the whole Ilizarov procedure repeated twice on his thighs and then twice on his shins, just so that he can approach normal height. He's just 11. I asked his dad, "How's he doing?" He waited a moment and then replied in a voice bitter with the frustration of watching his son suffer, "Just look at his face." The boy looked to be in shock, pale as a ghost and not at all present. As I was leaving the hospital that day I found out why. As I crutched my way to my mom's car, I noticed the boy and his father in the driveway ahead of my mom. The father was lifting the boy from his wheelchair and laying him in the backseat of their station wagon. The boy's entire body, his entire being, was concentrated in the most terrible scream. His young face was contracted into an expression of complete pain. All his father could do was silence his own crying heart and continue loading the hopeless boy into the car. I continued towards my mom's car but my eyes teared up and I thought about how difficult the boy's life must be as I heard him crying with all his soul.

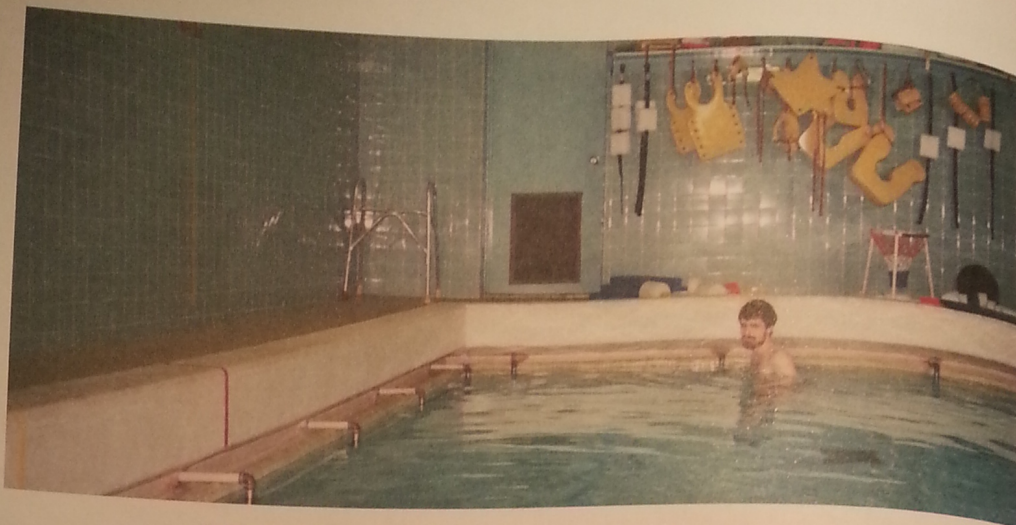


	Pain	Misery	Machine
12	7	8	
13	6	7	
14	5	6	
15	7	7	
16	8 1/4	4	10
17	6	6.5	20
18	5	5	25
19	7	5	25
20	7	4	25
21	6	3	30
22	6.5	5	15
23	8	3 1/8	—
24	7	7	15
25	6.5	5	15
26	6	5	15
27	6	5	17.5
28	5.5	5	17.5
29	5.5	5	20
30	5.5	5	17.5
31	5.5	4	20
32	5.5	5	30
33	5.5	5.5	22
34	5	4	26
35	5.5	4.5	22
36	4	3	26
37	4	4	33
38	4.5	3	24
39	4.5	5.5	26
40	4	4	—
41	5	4	—
42	5	3	
43	5.5	3.5	
44	6.5	3	
45	6	4	
46	5.5	6	
47	5.5	4	
48	5	4	
49	7	3	
50	7	4	



1995

JUNE 2



[Physical therapy in teh pool at Newington Children's Hospital]

~~per~~ Steve went to Denmark cuz I didn't like the U.S.
when the Brits were up the coast doing ourselves
does that exist in our generation
do we have a social conscience?
not bullshit programming like recycling
but a genuine feeling for anything besides ourselves

Dream of Handicapped kid
feeling of sadness and care for the handicapped
can I help?



[Dreamland Studios, Bearsville/Hurley, NY near Woodstock]

JUNE 4

I think I'm just about ready to start climbing out of this hole.

1995

- Read
- Italian
- Write article
- Practice Piano
- write and record music
- Learn new operas

Most importantly: no more TV!

JUNE 12

I think I'm truly, finally, getting better. I leave tomorrow. Performing's going to be grim but I can't wait to get out of this room. And live.

A lot's happened in the two years since I started this journal.

Wow!

14 Jun 95

Forms I want to investigate:

"Back in forth 3X" : Tommy "do you think it's all right?"
Turandot "l'enigma sono tre"

"the epic" : "scenes from an Italian restaurant"
Bohemian Rhapsody

"slow'n steady development of theme or two" : only in dreams

blast-off

"the conversation" : Stephen Sondheim

"the aria"

longtime sundine "recapitulation"

Les Miz

Jonas

Wuan

Dondó

Jo-Jo

Laural

M1

1995

JUNE 19

Leeds, England. 1:00 AM. My spirit is giving out. My leg has hurt unbelievably the past four days. The misery. Tonight was our first show.

...

puke, pain

I try and think of my family

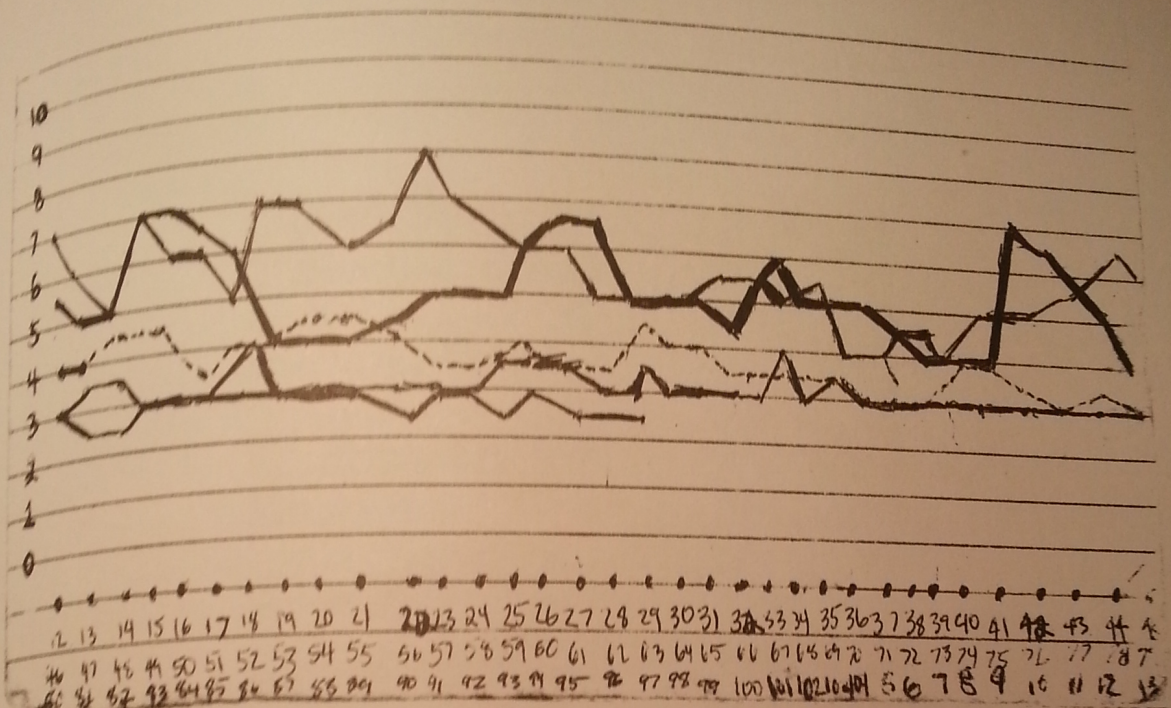
the mantra that loves me

om shanti om shanti

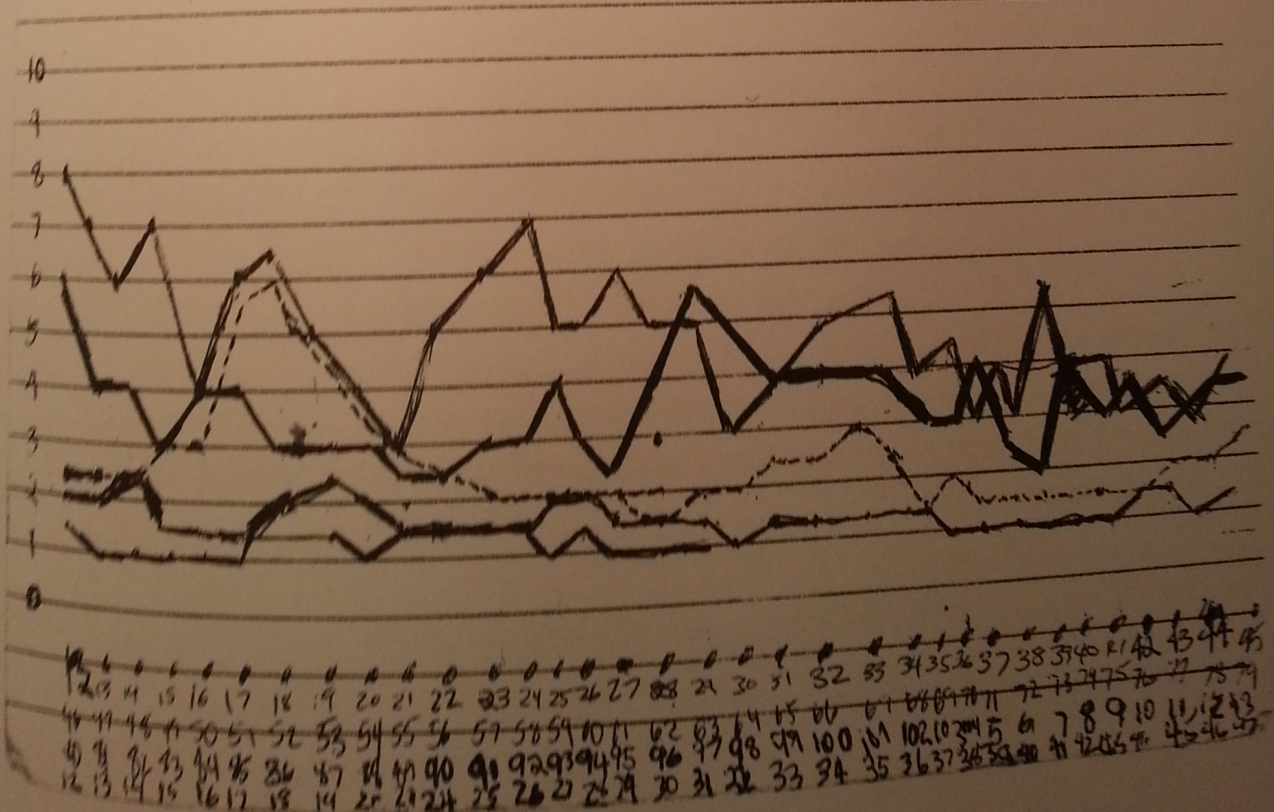
swirling codeine

pattern hallucinations of the petty wars in my mind

PAIN



MISERY



1995



[Karl takes a Polaroid of me in bed at the hotel]

AUGUST 4

Letterman today. I'm feelin' much better leg-wise, but my brain's still on hold. I feel very stupid, unimaginative, and uncreative these days. I don't do anything.

AUGUST 6

The [REDACTED] Place Hotel

1995

I was participating in a Hospital
Olympics. The ~~event~~ ^{event} was baseball.
I was perturbed because I
was the pitcher and I could
see there were no umpire. How
could we tell the balls from the strikes?
I tried to explain this to one of the
base umps, - he was Japanese
and didn't understand me easily.
He said there would be no ump, no balls
just three pitches and three ^{strikes}.

A MEMBER OF THE [REDACTED] PLACE GRANDE HOTELS GROUP

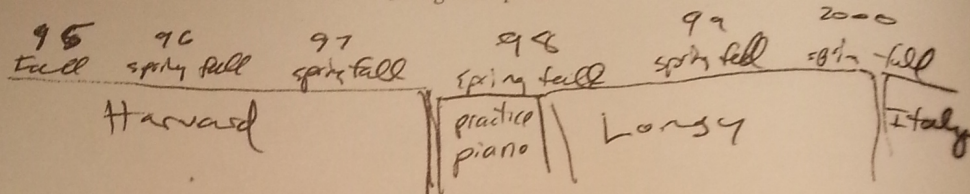
BAY STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M5S 2A2
TEL: (416) 924-[REDACTED] FAX: (416) 924-[REDACTED]

chances to hit. I didn't see how
that would work, because I could
throw wild pitches all day and no one
would ever hit. I wanted an umpire
there to prove what a good pitcher I
was. He said the point was to give
the ball to the batter so he could hit it,
they were already challenged enough.
"Here help him..." With a sibling
feeling I helped a young boy grip the
bat, his little hands were almost useless
his muscles afflicted by a degenerative
disease. The ball came and the contact
was an explosion of grief. ^{and pain} the bat fell
from the pathetic hands and I awoke
hating my selfish life. I am increasingly
worried by a lack of social conscience from
myself, those around me, and my generation.
Now I can I keep my motivations pure

1995

AUGUST 7

[Long-term plan]



AUGUST 19

My leg's gettin' better. My face is gettin' better. Tour's over.

School's a month away.

Frightening stuff.

AUGUST 21

[Short-term plan]

- Aug 22 Clinic / record / pack / send expo to Harvard
 23 dentist / record / pack
 24 go to N.Y. and shop
 25 Record
 sat. 26
 27
 28
 29
 30
 31
 SEPT. 1
 sat. 2
 3
 4
 5
 6
 7
 8
 sat. 9 10 AM orientation
 10
 11 Registration 6 PM Dinner
 12 Math Exam 9 AM
 13 9 AM QRR Exam 3:30 Music Exam
 14
 15
 + 16
 17
 18 Classes begin





[19 Corporal Burns Road in Cambridge, Massachusetts. This was my first house. I moved into it just as my first semester at Harvard started. Most of Pinkerton was conceived here.]



from the desk of
Rivers Cuomo
fax #: 617-I Yawn, U.K.

1995

Expos 17
10/1/95

Profile of Self as Writer

Hmmm... where to begin? Me and writing: oil and water; errr, I mean: fire and water. Or fire and ice. Something like that.

I almost never put pen to paper anymore. I'm too scared to try. I'm afraid of writing line after line of crap until finally I'm forced to admit that I have absolutely nothing to say. My grammar's good, my arguments are solid, and I can be clever, but my purest, most honest response to a blank piece of paper is to drop it and run. When I do write, it's only because there's a gun pointed at my head - most often by myself. I perform this ritual torture because I've always assumed that I was supposed to be a writer.

When I was a child I loved to write. At least, I loved the attention I got for writing. My first "success" was thirty pages of a smart-ass seven-year-old's idea of humor. I read my story aloud to the class, which laughed, enjoying it so much, I had to read it again the next day. I was at the peak of my confidence with my newfound power. I was "brilliant", "creative", and "probably going to be a great writer."

I continued in this "write for praise" mode until sometime in high school when it became apparent to all of us young adults that when writing you're actually supposed to be saying something, not just entertaining or showing how you've mastered a certain literary technique. This didn't seem like a problem, for I recently had discovered that I had many opinions. I was a proud nonconformist, a pensive existentialist, and a radical environmentalist, among many other ist's. I was right and they were wrong and I had the facts to prove it. My writing was strong, confident, and incredibly annoying. Well, at some point between then and now, I lost it. My spirit gave out. My constructs of right and wrong crumbled. Now I have the hardest time forming an opinion about what type of cereal I want for breakfast, much less what to do about the crisis in the Middle East. And because writing never came natural to me, never became a habit, I don't even have the tools, or desire, to write about my confusion. I've always kept a journal, but it's pathetic. I kept it only because I thought I was supposed to keep it. I just assumed I was the journal-writer-type. But it's crap, really it is. One page in a hundred says something interesting and the rest are all crap. I can go weeks without

writing and be perfectly happy until the guilty thought occurs to me: "I'm supposed to be writing this shit down!" Then I force myself to write. I force myself to have some scrap of insight. I force myself to be sensitive and reflective and poetic. Because I am a writer. And now, here I sit, forcing some more out.

If you must know my particular difficulties (aside from my problems with existential pitfalls) here are a few gems: I'm lazy. I never bother to plan out what I'm going to write. I just dive in and hope that a) I can swim to the other side; and b) I don't get stuck in the middle of some ridiculous metaphor about diving and swimming. Difficulty Number Two: I'm a slow reader. This one has always puzzled me. It may have something to do with all the horse tranquilizers I took in junior high. Oh yeah, that reminds me of Difficulty Number Three: general lack of interest in anything and overall retardation of all mental facilities. This is due entirely to the fact that 187 days ago I had a really nasty operation on my leg and was on high-powered opiates for two months after. I haven't felt or thought anything except pain and misery in the past five months. I'm only just now beginning to show the first glimmer of spiritual recovery, although I'm still perpetually in a bad mood.

My writing habits? I'm a relentless editor. What you're now reading may seem like the effortless gesture of a great mind, but is actually the result of much nail-biting, pacing, and erasing what I had previously thought was brilliant. I write in brief spurts, rarely longer than a paragraph, and then nothing for an hour or two, or a day or six months. I often read over what I've written - like a pole-vaulter sprinting down the runway - trying to build up enough momentum to clear whatever barrier stopped my last spurt.

What I would like from this class - more than any specific technical help - is a jump start. I just want to get my brain going again after two years on the road with my band and five months of painful post-op rehabilitation. Ultimately, I'd like to develop a habit of writing, so it's something I do every day without much fear or anxiety. I'd like to be able to express my thoughts and feelings accurately so that others can read them. I'd like to keep a journal.

What's all this I'm saying? Sure enough, once again I raise the gun to my head: I'd like to be a writer.

Rivers Cuomo
Expos 17
Naomi Stephen
10/9/95

Thinking About "Thinking About Earthworms"

...[Quammen] never actually says that "the conscious unity of souls" is always unhealthy. He only says that "Too much 'conscious unity of souls' is unhealthy" (40). And the evidence backs up the idea that his perfect world would allow for and require

both unity and disunity. We have seen that he himself is a product both of his own intellectual meanderings and of the culture of which we're all a product. We have seen that he can and still does operate comfortably within the realm of the whole, on its terms and in its language. Most telling of all, his proposal itself is a far cry from a complete dismantling of our commonalities of thought. Although his goal—to loosen the connections between all of our brains—is rather lofty, he never lapses into unrealistic idealism. He's the first to admit that his battle is "hopeless" and "quixotic" (40), and so prescribes only moderate measures and does so in a language that the masses can relate to. He never asks us all to quit our jobs, abandon our family and friends, and go on some great spiritual pilgrimage in search of higher truth and/or the essence of life. He doesn't even ask us to unplug our cable television. He simply asks for "a day or an hour each month" in which we should "wander off mentally" (41). That's not asking a heck of lot. [...]

Then I stopped for a moment, took a deep breath, and remembered that I don't have to think like a frothy-mouthed sixteen-year-old anymore. I realized I had completely missed Quammen's point. After a good deal of struggling with myself, I now think that it is exactly this passage (the proposal), with its compromising and paradoxical nature, that makes "Thinking About Earthworms" a truly realistic, healthy, and workable approach to the problem of the "homogenization" of our minds. It is this passage, while not the call to arms I had originally anticipated, that brings to light the other implied half of Quammen's argument: it is important to be connected to the whole, just as it is important to be able to disconnect from it. [...]

With a hum-dinger of a closing line, the worms do an admirable job of illustrating the possible benefits of the disunity of thinking. Yet it is here that one can't help but notice the return of the Quammenian paradox: although these worms are used—and used effectively—as a symbol of individuality, it is also difficult to think of a better symbol of mindless conformity than the billions of blind worms silently, uniformly turning dirt into vegetable-mould.

Rivers Cuomo

Expos 17

Naomi Stephen

10/18/95

Exercise 2.1

On June 13th of this year, coincidentally my 25th birthday, I finally summoned up enough strength and courage to get out of bed. This at first may not seem impressive, but you must realize that at this point, I had been in bed for two months straight. My mom brought me my meals in bed. I watched a lot of TV in bed. I peed in a bottle in bed. I was—and still am—recovering from an operation to make my right leg 2" longer. My femur is broken clean in half and supported by a titanium frame affixed to

my thigh by eight metal pins. On June 13th I had been nearly immobile and heavily sedated for two months. So when I finally managed to get out of bed, it was a giant, painful step.

And where did I go first when I got out of bed? To a friend's house? To the park? To 7-11 to get some ice-cream? No. I flew to Germany to commence a tour of Europe with my band. Every night for two months I crutched onto the stage, crying for pain, singing for dear life, and praying I wouldn't be toppled by some adolescent Norwegian stage-diver. The experience was hell on Earth, and I won't dwell on it.

However, this tour was also the occasion of my reunion with my father, who lives in Germany and whom I hadn't seen since I was sixteen. This experience alone could supply enough weird moments for the Sequence #2 essays of the whole of Expos '95, but there was one moment of them all that struck me as outstandingly weird.

Without boring you with a list of the differences between my father and me, suffice it to say that he is a minister of the Newborn Apostolic Church and I'm not. Perhaps, as I write on, more elaboration will be required, but I think that sums it up quite nicely for now.

Rivers Cuomo

Expos 17

10/19/95

Naomi Stephen

Exercise 3.1

I could use examples from literature, art, music, etc. to illustrate and compare this struggle to that of Dillard's and Gould's. I could also use "Only in Dreams," a song I wrote which is basically an essay on this exact topic: the stalking of inspiration.

Dillard says that "The very act of trying to see fish makes them almost impossible to see." I am familiar with this difficulty. The nucleus of a great song—the melodic germ—is just as elusive as the fish. It is impossible to force my way into the discovery of a good melody. Such a discovery is nearly always serendipitous, like the night Dillard discovered the home of the muskrats when stopping "just on the off chance."

Yet such discoveries are not pure serendipity: Dillard made herself available to her discoveries, as Darwin did to his, as I do to mine. We make ourselves available by following the "old, classic rule", "Stop often and set frequent." Dillard sat in bushes etc. Darwin observed nature and studied diverse sources etc. I strum my guitar every day "on the off chance" something nice will happen.

Dillard says, "There is a risk" in this "fishing." After all the effort expended, one may still come away with nothing. Sylvia Plath says, "there is a charge" for her art, and that is that she must suffer to create.

Dillard says sometimes she discovers things other than what she sets out to find. All discoveries require the intellectual, empirical follow-through to develop the inspiration

into something useful.
The initial discovery is made in an unlearned fashion, and only afterwards does the discoverer turn to books. Darwin "I have no books . . ." and after: "He read philosophers . . ." Dillard turns to William H. Amos to explain her discovery: "I read that..." Knowledge of music theory is useful only in developing an idea, never in actually coming up with it.
Gould says that doubt is the midwife of all creativity. Hmm . . .

1995

Rivers Cuomo
Expos 17
Naomi Stephen
10/19/95

Structure and Resonance In Dillard's "Stalking" and Gould's "Middle Road"

Hold on, I'll be right back . . . Sorry about that. Writing that awkward, ugly title seems to have inspired a demonic little tune, which I had to jot down before continuing. That always happens: tunes come when I've just sat down to do something else. They almost never come when I ask them to. The ideas for essays, too, come when I'm unprepared. Sometimes an idea will introduce itself and I'll have to turn it away: "No, Idea, I can't think about you right now. The lights are out and I'm trying to sleep and I don't have a pencil or paper." Sometimes the idea rushes in anyway and I have to stumble to the study and write down what it has to say. Once the idea starts to talk, there is no turning back: it won't shut up until it's tired itself out. And once we've established a relationship, it is very difficult to go back and change anything about that relationship. That's why I sometimes choose to turn the idea away at the door, telling it to come back when I feel like writing, when I'm better prepared to follow the idea wherever it wants to take me.

With essays I am somewhat willing to let ideas come and go like this. Not so with tunes. I've lost too many of them by saying "that's a catchy tune, I'll surely remember it later. . ." I can't afford to lose any more tunes like this; they are my life's work. Whatever I'm doing, be it hurrying to class ten minutes late, scarfing down a last-minute meal, or attempting to sleep, I stop, find a pencil and paper, and record my precious new discovery. Most often the gem-in-the-rough turns into a song about bananas when polished, but no matter, each speck of inspiration is vital to me, and I revere them as if they were lint balls fallen from God's wool sweater. For once in a very great while, one of these lint balls blossoms, explodes into something sublime, into something which speaks more truth than I can speak in a year, something that I look at and barely recognize as born of me.

I am a songwriter. These little tunes are my life. Every day I search for them, desperately. I search books, I search nature, I search substances, I search the hair and eyes of girls everywhere. I spot tracks, wild, nonsensical, I follow them. I think

I'm nearly onto one—but no! I'm back where I started, empty-handed. The season for tune-hunting is heartbreakingly short, and rotates randomly on a schedule posted nowhere I've yet discovered. Tunes come for no apparent reason. They come when they want, which is only the tiniest fraction from never. I wait, I listen, I despair and grow weary. Of nowhere, one appears, plants a kiss full on my mouth, and is gone. I awake, blessed, not understanding, yet full of gifts.

Twice every three seconds
 My brain yells "Feed Me!" and
 My heart jumps to obey.
 When this strange couple fails to cooperate,
 Both halves and I
 Will wither and die.

Every day I try. I am like a carpenter, strapping on my tool belt, going to work with coffee. Yet I receive no daily reward for my craftsmanship. A carpenter sees each day his house further raised, the walls go up, the windows are put in, the marvelous details in woodwork come alive under his proud hand. I receive nothing but my own insults and shame in impotency. A carpenter works with friends, and when the day is done, they all set work aside and enjoy each other in the company of beer. I work alone, and there is no time when I feel I can retire. A carpenter's efforts see his skill increase. I see no increase in my creative abilities, instead, always I wonder if I've "lost it"; the harder I try simply means the more likely I will end up with sore thumbs, hammered by the poor aim of an iron will.

A more successful approach is stealth. Farmer's cats are known to shut their eyes, believing that as they can't see, neither can they be seen, stalking the cow's milk pail. Every day I try this. I casually enter the garage, stroll as if without purpose in the direction of my guitar, and at the last moment, pounce, and strum furiously, and sing and hope I've caught a tune unawares. Most often they've seen me coming, and fly off laughing. But not always, and this is the reason I keep trying. Once I had dinner with my friends and a girl I was feverish for. The girl was charmed not by me, but by my funny friends. She laughed and laughed and couldn't hear me for her laughing. I came home, red and jealous, and fell straight to my guitar and sang ["No One Else."] Sometimes I come at them from another angle. Sometimes I try the piano, or the bass, or the drums, or even just my imagination. Sometimes I try an unusual key, one that won't call up all the old patterns called up by G major, E major, A major. Sometimes I try B major or F# major. These intellectual tricks never work. I've never written a decent song outside of my few home keys. Sometimes I try unusual or "inspiring" settings, Joshua Tree state park, the peak at Griffith Park, the back of an RTD bus—anything to startle a tune out of hiding. But if I look back on all the songs I've written, I see that the best ones have all come out of my garage. The garage with stinky brown rugs on the walls, rugs that I put up with hammer and nail. The garage in

which I've toiled countless, mostly fruitless, hours. The garage with one pale light bulb and a washing machine/dryer combo in the corner. I think of Brian Wilson's "In my Room."

1995

There's a world where I can go and
Tell my secrets to
In my room, in my room.
In this world I lock out all my
Worries and my fears
In my room, in my room.

Tune-hunters don't come any better than Brian Wilson and his contemporaries John Lennon and Paul McCartney. Their records are the Gospel of my religion, and I've done all I can to soak up the essence of their tunes and their methods of hunting. In his autobiography, Brian Wilson describes songwriting as a way of life: "My whole life, since I discovered music, has been about only one thing: about experiencing the sheer, pure, unencumbered, liberating happiness of the creative moment." (389) "If I don't write a song or play the piano at least once a day, I don't feel right." (365) Yet even for him, arguably one of the greatest songwriters ever, "Inspiration is fleeting. It comes and it goes and you hope to God you're paying attention whenever it comes knocking." (367) He adds these words that, to me, are greatly reassuring: "For me, the most difficult part of songwriting has always been the first ten minutes. It's a time of utter anxiety. Will anything come? Am I dried up?" (133)

John Lennon and Paul McCartney are traditionally understood to be songwriters of directly opposing styles, and the study of these styles offers further elucidation of the hunt. "A [Beatles] song would be John's aggression held in check by Paul's decorum; it would be Paul's occasionally cloying sentiment cut back by John's unmerciful cynicism." (257) "What Paul and John had in common was their passion for guitars. They began [in 1957] to spend hours in each other's company, practicing." (45) They wrote constantly, as a way of life, amassing their entire catalog in a career which spanned only ten years. "Collaboration was dictated by close confinement in tour buses, dressing rooms, and, later, aircraft; the pressure of songwriting to order in spaces cleared among newspapers, tea cups and the debris of the road." (257)

Of all the writers in the history of popular music, it is perhaps Paul McCartney who was blessed with the most and the brightest sparks of tune. In 1966, he received one of these sparks in the form of a song he called "Scrambled Eggs." Paul's brain was not content to leave this spark as it first appeared, and so for months struggled with it, tampered with it, adulterated it. Eventually, the song emerged in its final form, much different from the original, "scored, like real music, for accompaniment by a string quartet." (258) He had also reworked the lyrics and found a new title, "Yesterday." This example illustrates that, although it may help to be blind and stupid when trapping a tune, it is usually best if the writer has the craft of experience and smarts to take his or

her tune beyond the realm of "Scrambled Eggs."

Another of my heroes, the oft-maligned Giacomo Puccini, has his own "Scrambled Eggs" story, from the opera *La Bohème*:

Puccini thought of the tune of the Waltz Song before any words had been written for it. He advised his librettists that he wanted a lyric to fit the rhythm of "cocolico—cocolico—bistecca"—which can be paraphrased as "cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo, and beefsteak." (66)

Despite the idiocy of these lyrics, Puccini had trapped a gorgeous tune, and it was now up to his brain, and the brains of his librettists, to tame it.

Dispensing only the smallest drops of nourishment,
My heart keeps my brain hungry.
If my brain, complacent,
ever failed to bark the order,
my stupid heart would forget to feed even itself,
and the estranged couple and I
would wither and die.

In all of my practicing and studies, I've never learned anything that's helped me trap a single tune. Learning is not for trapping, but for taming. My most important practice is to listen, to absorb the techniques of the best: how are the harmonies built? How is the melody supported? How are the different sections contrasted? I gather the answers to these questions and boil them down to instinct. This instinct is called craftsmanship, and as Einstein said, takes care of ninety-nine percent of the work. I often visualize this craft as sculpting. The tune is wild stone, and I, the sculptor, slowly, carefully chip away at its surface to find the form, already in existence, hidden within. This process takes weeks, if not months. I carry the tune with me wherever I go, occasionally pulling it out of the "to do" file in my brain. As I walk from class to class, as I eat my lunch, as I ride the bus, I sing the tune under my breath. As I sing, I listen carefully. Do I hear the melody wanting to go somewhere new? Do I hear another melody wanting to join in? Do I hear the supporting music wanting to play a certain figure? I listen, always searching for that perfect essence within the stone, and almost always, I obey what I hear. Einstein's breakdown is misleading: if the essence isn't perfect to begin with, if the stone is cracked or flawed, the ninety-nine percent of craftsmanship isn't worth a damn. The most colorful harmonies, the most original supporting music, and the most interesting production can't save an uninspired melody. There is the danger, especially in popular music, of sculpting too much and ruining the essence of the stone. This is the danger of thinking too much, of being too self-conscious. The fact that I'm writing this essay, and thinking the whole process through, makes me want to vomit if I stop and think about it. Certain rock critics, if they read

this essay, would also vomit, and then write an article called "Rock and Roll is Dead." What could be less rock and roll than a thought-out essay? Ignoring the overwhelming urge to do so, for one thing. The best essays and the best songs both are born of an overwhelming urge to understand something. They both start with a spark, a tune, a hook, and then require an awful lot of brain sweat to give them sense and direction. They both run the risk, in this process of development and refinement, of having their original flame snuffed by an overzealous brain.

These critics would say that Paul McCartney's salvation of "Scrambled Eggs" was artificial and insincere. And yet as "Yesterday", it became the most-performed song of all time, touching the hearts of millions of people. "Scrambled Eggs", the original un-tampered-with version, would probably have fallen flat, and probably no one except a few short-order cooks would find in it anything they could relate to.

So to the critics I give my most sarcastic apology for writing this essay, for trying to understand what my life is about, and for, in general, thinking too much. I point out that if they had more inspiration themselves, then perhaps they wouldn't demand that their messiahs be brainless fires of pure rock and roll inspiration. I remind them that the heart is no good without the head, as the head is no good without the heart. When either gives in, or either takes over, both head and heart, and I, will wither and die.¹

I love making demos. It's part of the writing process for me. Discovering new things, hidden gems, startling new combinations of colors, opening presents.

1995

Rivers Cuomo
Music 97r
Take-home Essay
10/23/95

... In both traditions [Gregorian and Vedic], chant was considered a powerful, direct link to the divine—not merely a form of entertainment. The practitioners of both were immersed in chant for life. The transmitters of the Vedic tradition were drawn as young boys from the highest class, the Brahmins, and only members of the three highest classes were allowed to hear the chant. The chants would accompany great rituals, lasting as long as twelve days, and were thought to be causal, whether to summon rain, or in the case of the fire ritual, to insure a seat for the sponsor in heaven. The Gregorian chants were an integral part of the lives of medieval monks. Each day and much of each night were filled with the prayers and chants of the Office, so their practitioners would not be caught sleeping on Judgment Day. On grand, festive, or solemn occasions such as Christmas or Easter, the chants of the Mass would glorify and give life to the liturgy in the way that only music can do. The Vedic and Gregorian chant traditions served both as the first stepping stones in their respective musical traditions and also as great musical achievements in their own right.

Pink Triangle

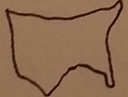
When I'm stable long enough
I start to look around for love
See a sweet in floral print
my mind begins the arrangements
but when I start to feel that pull
turns out I just pulled myself
she would never go with me
were I the last girl on Earth
I'm dumb, she's a lesbian
I thought I had found the one
we were good as married in my mind
but married in my mind's no good
a Pink Triangle on her sleeve
let me know the truth, let me know the truth
Might have smoked a few in my time
but never thought it was a crime
knew the day would surely come
when I'd chill and settle down
when I think I found a good old-fashioned girl
then she put me in my place
if everyone's a little queer
can't she be a little straight?

Dear N.C.,

I'm going nuts. My mom has all her new-age friends over and they're all being fruity, listening to flute music, lighting candles, reading lame poetry etc. My mom's becoming weird. She's all faux-domestic. It's really annoying. She's even regaining the southern accent she lost 25 years ago. Promise me, if we get married, you won't turn into a domestic cliché at 45. Il tuo seno è come dei meloni toscani.

I'm in Connecticut for Thanksgiving. Bored. My leg hurts. I don't have your letters here so I can't answer your questions, if you had any. School's pretty great. My brain's finally coming back. Unfortunately, I couldn't take Italian and probably won't be able to. I just have too many requirements to meet in the next 2 years. C'est la vie.

Why am I double spacing?

Are you coming back to  for Christmas? You should visit me if you get a chance. My house is ruling.

Mi manchi molto – Caramente,

Rivers

[Homework for Music 154]

M. 154

Rivers Cuomo
11/95

very nice! Good melody.
Perhaps you could work out a little more the right hand on the third system.

[Homework for Music 154. This piece became the musical basis of El Scorcho]

M. 154

Rivers Cuomo
12/95

The image shows a handwritten musical score on a single page. The score is written on four systems of two staves each. The top staff of each system uses a treble clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#). The notation includes various note values, rests, and bar lines. The score is titled "Rivers Cuomo" and dated "12/95". The page number "M. 154" is written above the first system. The text "[Homework for Music 154. This piece became the musical basis of El Scorcho]" is written at the top of the page.

El Scorcho

Goddamn you half-Japanese girls
do it to me every time
oh, the redhead said you shred the cello
and I'm jello, baby
but you won't talk, won't look, won't think of me
I'm the epitome of Public Enemy
Why you wanna go and do me like that?
Come down on the street and dance with me
I'm a lot like you so please Hello, I'm here, I'm waiting
I think I'd be good for you and you'd be good for me
I asked you to go to the Green Day Concert
You said you never heard of them
How cool is that? —
So I went to your room and read your diary:
"watching Grunge leg-drop New York through a pusstable... and then my
"listening to Cio-Cio San fall in love all over again." heart stopped:
I wish I could get my head out of the sand
'cuz I think we'd make a good team
and you would keep my fingernails clean
but that's just a stupid dream that I won't realize
'cuz I can't even look in your eyes without shakin', and I ain't fakin'
I'll bring home the turkey if you bring home the bacon

Largo

[Homework for Music 154]

Legato e cantando

hard to resolve to A^b
either here or here (it connects nicely B^b and G^b)

very mu!

Over

(-2)

ARCHIVES

this measure is they don't mean I^b over the whole bar
not my fault (as was mentioned in class)

M. 51 Rivers Wono

adagio cantabile

Handwritten musical notation on a staff, including the markings *tr* (trill) and *rubato* (rhythmically flexible), and *dim.* (diminuendo).

1995

Rivers Cuomo
Poetry Essay #3
John Stinneford
12/20/95

Darkling I Listen: The Distinguishing Ear of John Keats

*The lovely voices in ardor appealing over the water
made me crave to listen, and I tried to say
'Untie me!' to the crew, jerking my brows;
but they bent steady to the oars. Then Perimedes
got to his feet, he and Eurylokhos,
and passed more line about, to hold me still.
So all rowed on, until the Sirens
dropped under the sea rim, and their singing
dwindled away.*

The Odyssey, Book 12, lines 246-254

... The more formless the sound (for example, the chirping of a bird or the trickling of a stream), the more likely this sound represents a connection to physical reality; the more the sound is consciously organized into music (for example, a faery's song or a lute ditty), the more likely this sound represents a break from reality and a retreat from consciousness. ...

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery's song."
(21-24)

Here, Keats sees music as seductive, addictive, and directly opposed to simple-sound: Music led the Knight from the world of consciousness and severed his connection with physical reality. ...

Scrooge
Hello, Con + the
cubine

12/24

Come deep inside girl
Get out the weather
I'll hold you in the light
for to see you ^{glitter} better
breathin' deep inside ya

A
B
C
B

Feel Alright

On my knees behind you
girl you know I love you v -

1 3 1)

so wanna love

1 3 3

eloquent eyes
with the arches high

A

lips o' flaming red

B

the inscrutable smile

A

pulsing all around me

on your back below me

girl I know you love my e -

nough! I'm cloying.

Stop me if I'm boring

you, I'm sorry

please just give me one more scr-

ooge" is what you call me

heart of ice and snow

with a kiss you melt me

and my passion flows

flowing up inside you

shooting up in rivulets

girl, I want to give you a child

chorus
intro, first ↓
then ←

I don't want
wait, to
make you feel
alright

jingles, or tamb.

Strings



[Self portrait in my basement studio in Cambridge, Massachusetts]

1996

My Music Theory Book

Preface

Music theory teachers are a notoriously meek lot. Afraid of stifling the young student's creative instincts, they often offer up the basic principles of four-part writing as mere suggestions.

When I first took a class in music theory, my teacher was so willing to be overcome by my youthful "creative impulses", that I passed the class without actually being able to... What I had spent the semester composing was atonal garbage and when I got to college, I discovered that I didn't know the first thing about writing in the common practice style.

In this volume, I present the common practices as a set of "rules", in a somewhat authoritarian tone, with the understanding that this is how a very specific style of music was composed.

In the same way Strunk and White's Elements of Style present the basics of English grammar in a somewhat dictatorial fashion. ...

This volume is meant to be a reference book, not an instruction book. It should sit atop your piano, waiting for the moment you've forgotten how to resolve the V7 chord properly and don't feel like wading through a lengthy text to find the simple solution. Eventually this volume should be abandoned altogether, as after looking up the rules so many times they've become memorized. And ideally, the rules themselves will be forgotten, absorbed into your instinct, as they were for the composers from whose works we've extracted the rules...

Rivers Cuomo

Music 97r

Carol Babiracki

1/12/96

Monteverdi: Making Music Mean More

... Chafe identifies the "primary source of the expansive vitality of seventeenth-century thought [as] a new confidence in human rationality" (1). This interest in rationality manifests itself in Monteverdi's music in a number of ways: patterns; sequences; regularity of meter; specified dynamics, tempi, and instrumentation; and a variety of techniques whose purpose it is to enhance the meaning of the text being set. The overall effect of

this rationality is a sense of what Leonard Bernstein calls "inevitability"; the sense that the notes are not unfolding willy-nilly, without pattern or purpose, as it seems they do in most of the music before Monteverdi's time. It is this tendency toward rationality that we see develop both in Monteverdi, from "Cruda Amarilli" to "Hor che'l ciel e la terra," and in Western art music in general, in the transition from the Renaissance to the Baroque style.

Already with the composition of "Cruda Amarilli" and the fifth book of madrigals, Monteverdi was taking steps to make his music more "inevitable," less incidental. The lighter canzonet style is completely absent from the fifth book—a first for a Monteverdi collection. Instead, these madrigals are mainly settings of lover's laments from Guarini's *Il pastor fido*, more emotionally intense and less merely charming (Arnold, 64). This emotionalism is expressed in the music by a stronger and freer use of dissonance. "Cruda Amarilli" is a well known example of this dissonance for it was towards this madrigal that Giovanni Maria Artusi directed his attack in 1600 (Tomlinson, 75). Measure thirteen he found particularly objectionable, in which the soprano's dissonant note does not resolve properly, in his opinion, with respect to the bass. In addition, on the second beat of this measure, the five voices sing F, G, A, C, and D simultaneously. Artusi honestly believed that innovations such as these "corrupted a pure, noble and learned art" (Palisca, 128). That Artusi and Monteverdi were at such loggerheads is not surprising considering that while Monteverdi saw certain parts of the text as justification for dissonance, Artusi, a generation older, failed to even consider the text part of the argument. In the musical examples of Artusi's polemics, he omits the text, thinking them besides the point (Palisca, 129). For Monteverdi, the text not only justified, but demanded, dissonance. In his desire to make music more "inevitable," he set the words "Cruda Amarilli . . . ahi, lasso" so that they would sound like what they described—the pain and bitterness of love—and this required the bitterness of dissonance. If he had followed the rules of Artusi and Zarlino strictly, he would have narrowed the scope of his expression; sorrow could not sound that dissimilar from gaiety, nor anger from love. Monteverdi, and other composers of his generation, sought to make music mean something, and if that meant abandoning the pedantic rules of a generation past, that was a small price to pay for the new world of expressive capabilities that now lay before them.

Monteverdi called this new approach to composition *seconda prattica* (in opposition to the strict counterpoint of the Palestrina style, which was called *prima prattica*). Monteverdi's central point was that the music should follow the sense of the text. Besides the freer use of dissonance, he achieves this in a number of other ways. For one, he alters the texture of the composition to enhance the meaning of the text. In the example of "Cruda Amarilli," the first line is set primarily homophonically, in order to clearly declaim the text. However, in the second line, when the text breaks down into the nonsensical exclamation "ahi lasso," the homophony breaks down as well, and all five voices split up and echo each other in a series of wild, rapid, mellismatic figures (mm. 12-13) that can arguably be called the musical equivalent of the sentiment

behind such an exclamation. ...

1996

Monteverdi:

[In music] I have indeed found examples of the 'soft' and the 'moderate', but never of the 'agitated', a genus nevertheless described by Plato in the third book of his *Rhetoric* in these words: 'Take that harmony that would fittingly imitate the utterances and the accents of a brave man who is engaged in warfare' . . . I have applied myself with no small diligence and toil to rediscover this genus.

...To accomplish this, he relies, of course, on reason, almost to the point of creating music by mathematical formula:

After reflecting that according to all the best philosophers the fast pyrrhic measure was used for lively and warlike dances, and the slow spondaic measure for their opposites, I considered the semibreve, and proposed that a single semibreve should correspond to one spondaic beat; when this was reduced to sixteen semiquavers struck one after the other and combined with words expressing anger and disdain, I recognized in this brief sample a resemblance to the passion which I sought . . . (Arnold, 87)

So we see in Monteverdi's own words a desire to view music as a venture of reason, measurable like mathematics, explainable by philosophers, and subordinate to the laws of nature. In composing, he makes every attempt to approximate these ideals. ...

There are countless other examples of this apparent contradiction of *seconda prattica* in Monteverdi's music. Why, in "Cruda Amarilli," does "e piu fugace" get special melodic, rhythmic, and dynamic treatment, but "e piu fera" gets no special treatment at all? Because two extraordinary phrases in a row would be too disruptive to the natural flow of the music. Why, in the introduction to "Hor che'l ciel e la terra," is the circling chariot of the Night not musically depicted as such? Because such a description would distract from the gist of the introduction. In composing, Monteverdi is constantly weighing out the different factors—the textual, the melodic, the rhythmic, the dramatic—to find the proper balance which gives the final product the greatest sense of "inevitability." This is most successful, of course, when all the various factors dictate the same choice, but often, one element or more must be neglected in the interest of the whole. The fact that Monteverdi, or any other composer, is not always successful at accommodating the requests of all of these elements, is not the point. The point is, rather, that Monteverdi is considering these elements at all, and that he is, perhaps, the first composer ever to do this: to create a music which could be appreciated not only on the terms of the musician, but on the terms of the mathematician, the philosopher, and the man of passion; a music which could be appreciated for being as "inevitable" as the laws of nature.²

1996

You thought I was gone
clean forgotten
but I took the name you gave me
and made of it a demon

The Cat built up a temple in his own name
and like every good fascist
he passed out the punch
shook the snakes
and put 'em head first in the lakes

The Mouse was supposed to be dead, buried and gone
but he raised up his head and said:
"you do not do, you do not do, you do not do"

All this time
I never thought to cry

I refuse to die.

JANUARY 15

Finally finished that goddamn Monteverdi paper - now I'm watching the smoke curl out of my lungs... gonna lay back, read some Cerebus, mellow out for 3 hours then get up, go to school and turn this shit in. Alright...

Today I queried - "Why is it that I never draw women? I always sketch men's faces, heads and bodies... why not women? I figured it was cuz I learned to draw superheroes first + superheroes were usually men.

should be in parallel major
Trio

Rivers Cuomo
Final Project
Music 154
1/16/96

3

The musical score consists of six systems of staves. The notation includes various chords and melodic lines. Key annotations include:

- System 1:** Chords labeled $C: I$, ii , I_6 , IV , V_4 , and 5_3 . A triplet of eighth notes is marked with a '3'.
- System 2:** Chords labeled I_6 , IV , and ii_3 . A note is circled with the annotation "F is missing".
- System 3:** Chords labeled I_6 , IV_4 , and $i_4 = e: iv_4$. A circled chord is annotated with "you can't do this. It's still a cadential 6 in C-major".
- System 4:** Chords labeled I , IV_4 , $i_4 = e: iv_4$, $e: (V_4 - 3)$, $i = C: iii$, and IV_2 . Annotations include "B is diss. 4th resolution of the B" and "E is diss. 7th". A circled note is annotated with "you need vi in C major here: should go to F minor not E minor".
- System 5:** Chords labeled I_6 , IV_5 , and I . A circled note is annotated with "vi".
- System 6:** Chords labeled I_6 and vi_6 .

too many leaps in the same direction
in all voices!

JANUARY 17

I just had the most amazing dream that I believed until the moment I woke up (before I went to sleep I took my Vicodin).

I was at the Mondrian with Chiba, waiting for my mom to get there. The room was ornately decorated. We were listening to NWA. I couldn't find the lights, but I was in bed with Chiba. It seemed like we were having catastrophic earthquakes. The building would tip to one side, hold, and then tip to the other. It seemed that the floors were giving way below us. But I wasn't sure. I asked Chiba. I think she said that it was just a minor quake. I asked her if we should run out. She said "yes" and we ran out. But she was quickly ahead of me. I couldn't run because of my leg. I was under a parking structure and I couldn't see the end.

Next thing I knew I was watching some sort of TV. The news man made some terrible joke about "I was gonna say that this baby suffered burns," [and you could see that he had] "but he's not burned--cuz he's dead" Then I saw a brain and I heard them explaining an involved procedure that culminated in a needle being injected into the brain, injecting something to calm its swelling. As I saw the needle injecting I felt a pain on the right side of my head. I asked the doctor "Is that my brain." He said "yes." I asked what had happened to me. He said that I had some kind of common illness (like "Scarlet Fever") and also that I had been crushed in the earthquake and my brain had swollen an inch-and-a-half in a very short time and had stayed like that for 10 minutes before they rescued me.

The doctor was now Sylvester Stallone. I asked him if I had brain damage. He said "yes" and struggled to find the right description of how my intellect would be. "Like Rocky Balboa?" I asked. "Yes," he said. I was proud of my wit. "But more like..." and he talked about some other character in another movie he had played that I didn't know.

I cried to the doctor about how smart I had been and how much potential I had had. I told him that I had written music in school and made other non-Weezer accomplishments. I squeezed his hand.

The doctor said that there had been serious blood up in my nasal passages (throughout the interaction I was talking with a plugged nose--and I did feel very hazy).

My mom was there. She said she thought the last thing I wanted around was her as a nurse again. I started crying and said, "How can you say that?"

Soon I was in some kind of donut shop or somethin' on Sunset Boulevard and all my friends were there. Chiba, Justin. Matt, I think. Magna was across the street. I was trying to get Magna's attention to tell him that I didn't want to stay in L.A. unless I could stay in a one-story place (of course, I knew my Weezer career was over because of the brain damage). I

was so sad with my friends but still being witty I said I love Sound City. That session was so fun. Justin talked about his old band in the workshop and their system of songs (I was afraid it was going to involve drinking alcohol, but it was something innocent).

1996

In the dream, I kept trying to recollect the evening of the earthquake (I think it was two nights before, dream-time). I reconstructed it with Chiba and observed that I had asked her if we should run and she had said yes.

I still wasn't sure if it was a huge quake. "No," I was told.

"But we were only 4 floors above the ground!" I said.

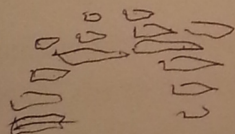
"That's the floor we were staying on."

"Then how come I pressed '10' whenever I got in the elevator?"

I was drinking a beer and talking. So sad that I was going to be dumb, but so happy to be with my friends. My brother was there. I tried to reconstruct the last moments before the column had struck me. I had seen two foreign (Scandinavian?) young teenage girls (our sisters?). He knew them.

And bang that was it. My beer toppled, flowing over the table. Soon I was outdoors on a small grassy bank. I saw a boy carrying a leaf. I started to say that "I like that..." when suddenly he changed his angle and I realized that he was a one-and-a-half-foot long walking-stick bug, carrying some kind of chunks of gigantic pea-pod and arranging them on an adjacent bank into a stunning pattern that looked like the front of some great miniature edifice.

I heard Karl half-angry - "Who took my (blah-blah)" (meaning pea-pod chunks). "I had just prepared it and was about to do something with it." We said "Karl c'mere and look." He came in, loudly complaining. We told him to shush. The bug scuttled in again. The pattern looked something like this:



I awoke. Quickly debated whether I should write this

My left leg had been bent upright and was sore. I was so glad to be smart again - to have a brain -- and so needful of my loved ones. I wrote the date and realized, amazed, that it was the two-year anniversary of the big Northridge quake.

Now I feel like being good to all my friends. Instead of trying to win and keep them by impressing them, I want to keep them by being good to them.

Then I went into the other room and started digging through old music

1996

and I found this from the last Weezer tour. And just yesterday I was walking through the bus station thinking it's high time I start living for other people--everywhere I look. How is it done? The artistic life is a selfish life. And yet I give so much. How can I live for other people?

JANUARY 22

I'm approaching critical mass here. Its 11:30 PM, I've got my last final tomorrow, and I'm incredibly unprepared. Today I found out that in four days they're going to carve out a chunk of my hip, grind it to powder and sprinkle it in the gap in my leg bone. God save me. How will I make it through the next 17 hours?

JANUARY 23

.....by perseverance, discipline

Regarding my imminent post-op trials in the light of the myth of Sisyphus, I had the thought today that Sisyphus' triumph was fine and good, but the real trick is to achieve that same state of mind as Prometheus. Meaninglessness is one thing; pain is quite another.

How many times have I said I hope I never have to go through something like this again. Why would I? If I only knew. Grim resignation. Last time there was a little fear, excitement, happiness. Now grim resignation of a deep suffering I'll soon be all-consumed by -- and I understand Maria Callas a little better.

Is there anything I wanted to do last time that I didn't? Or anything I did do that I wish I hadn't? Documentation? No matter. It seems I'm already lost in the abyss.

How to crawl out again. How to crawl back out of this goddam hellhole. The first check-up after this spiel is going to be one nerve-wracking day--the anxiety as the x-ray develops. "Is this hell that I'm living through--that I will continue to live through for the next 8 weeks--worth it? **Is my bone growing?**" The x-ray technician hands me the folder--"You're all set." Am I?--See you next month.

284 days today. 284 days.

How many more to go? Will I go to 400? 500? 600? Will I die with the Ilizarov intact?

FEBRUARY 5

1996

Yo,
I'm hungry. I just got home from school and I've got nothing but frozen dinners in the fridge, and I'm sick to death of frozen dinners. I'm twenty-five years old and I still have no idea how to cook. I guess I'll have some Cheerios.

But first:

Mykel and Carli asked me to write something for the Weezine because they're running out of interesting things to tell you guys, probably due to the fact that we haven't done anything remotely interesting in the past nine months. So here are a few random facts that may or may not be of any interest to you:

- 1) My leg is doing much better! I'm not feeling too much pain anymore and the metal frame should be taken off by July. This whole experience turned out to be much more than I bargained for: the frame was supposed to be taken off last fall, but still I'm limping around with two pounds of metal screwed into my leg. When it's all over I'll be as good as new. I can't wait; this year really sucked.
- 2) School is going great. I'm taking mostly music classes but last semester I also took expository writing and poetry and this semester I'm also taking astronomy. Nobody here recognizes me. I see other students wearing Weezer shirts and hats and they don't even recognize me! They all think I'm just some weird crippled guy. Which is true. It's nice to be a nobody again, but on the other hand, I'm getting lonely. If you happen to be in Boston and you see me limping home from school, don't be afraid to say "hi."
- 3) I've got about eight new songs now, but I still need to write at least two more before we can put out the next album. Please be patient—I want it to come out as badly as you do. I just want to make sure it's great. It's taken me a long time to come up with these songs because I don't have a girl in my life making me miserable. Actually, I don't have any meaningful relationships here at school and, unfortunately, relationships are the only thing I know how to write about. So we must wait and hope.

Thanks for all the fan mail; I read every letter. I feel like I know some of you pretty well now. I'm going to eat some Cheerios.

5000 G

I discovered Pet Sounds at the ripe old age of twenty when I went to the local used CD store with the intention of buying a "classic" album by a "classic" band that I had not yet gotten into. Two CDs I found fit that description: Pet Sounds and Led Zeppelin I (don't ask me how I managed to avoid Led Zeppelin through my teenage years, but I did). Unfortunately,

1996

even after pawning my Mercyful Fate CDs, I could afford only one of the two. After much musing, I decided on Pet Sounds, primarily because the cover was so weird. It's impossible to exaggerate the effect this decision has had on my life. Thank you Brian Wilson.

the
the
sion

Subj: back in the race
Date: 96-02-05 02:45:41 EST
From: wepeel@msn.com (rivers cuomo)
To: @aol.com (ma)

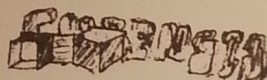
hey ma,
jennifer left today. She did an incredible job of taking care of me. She cooked enough food to keep me well-fed for the next week. The transition into school went pretty smoothly. I got all my classes and I'm able to do all my work. A van picks me up every day at my door and brings me right to classes, three of which are in the same building; the other is in the building next door. That class is called "Matter in the Universe" (astronomy with a little bit of physics). It is intended for non-science people so it should have lots of extra-science applications.

Here are some of my conclusions regarding my second convalescence. These are not meant to be criticisms--merely observations that I thought you might be interested in if (god forbid) you ever have to take care of me again. Perhaps they would be useful in caring for someone else as well--that is, if I'm not a unique patient with unusual needs. I'll certainly remember these observations if I ever have to care for someone else.

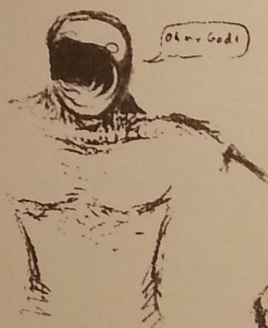
I need space to express fear, pain, and self-pity and hear nothing back except sympathy and consolation in the most general sense. For example, with Jennifer, I went on an irrational trip about my fear of becoming addicted to the percocet (if you remember, I went on the same trip with you, last year, regarding the demerol); I went on for fifteen minutes in detail explaining every reason why I was sure I would become addicted. She responded simply by patting me on the back and saying that everything would be fine, and she did this for the duration of my outbreak. This response worked much better than if she had said, "omigod! you might be right", adding her own fears to the pot. This also worked better than if she had tried simply to argue with me, which is not really a supportive act. In fact, I was just looking for an ear in which to express my fear, a shoulder on which to cry, in a difficult time. I think this is a valuable lesson for me: if a patient is irrational with fear, do not get sucked into his fear, nor try to reason with him, but rather supply him with "motherly" love and let him tell of his fear to a sympathetic ear.

Also, there are many occasions when I want to be extremely negative about my leg and say things like "it will never heal" or similar statements of doom. I think these feelings are natural and that it's important for me to be able to say them without having to protect the nerves of those close to me, those that are supporting me. I need to be able to shed my darkest, most irrational, thoughts, without the fear that my support crew will join me in these thoughts! Perhaps the problem is that my doomsaying is convincing enough to be addictive. Oftentimes my blackest statements are countered with "nagging-mother" advice on how to avoid that which I'm fearing. I don't need advice. I know what to do, and I do my best always. What I need is someone I can be weak with. I'm strong nine-tenths of the day--I have to be, just to survive--and then I need a chance to unload all the garbage thoughts that have piled up while I've been at work. Once again, all I need is some generic love, support, and consolation. A simple pat on the back and the words "everything will be all right". Someone to be strong in the face of my inner black hole, someone to show me that one need not be sucked in.

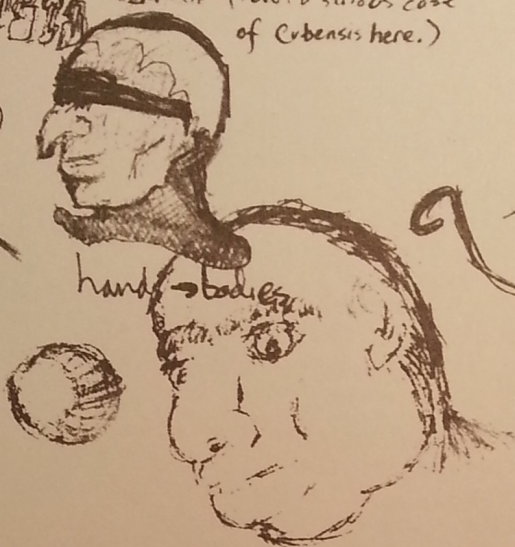
All this being said, let me say again how grateful I am for the care you've given me, and that your support is one of the main reasons I've recovered from this last operation as quickly as I have. Also, here is my essay on Annie Dillard's "Stalking" from Pilgrim at Tinker Creek. Remember you can space it and print it up as you see fit.



(I'm talking about a serious case
of Curbensis here.)



20AU's



hand → body

Rachel

solo F d- Bb g- Eb c- a'0
chorus (quiet/slow)
end on D
and then gtr intro riff

2/22

If Rachel can do it -
I can do it
I don't see the problem with that
She is my other
a sister to a brother
and look at the thing that she's done
She looks like she's havin' fun
and I don't see the problem with that
She's shavin' her legs and she's feelin' all right
She's puttin' on jeans of the type that are tight
She's gettin' herself ready to take on the night
If I feel my heart is gettin' watered down
If I feel my heart is

She wants it
and she's not
afraid to ask

Man if you had seen this girl about 2 years ago
seen her then and seen her now I swear you'd never know
that who you was seein' was the same sweet lovin' gal



[Early drafts of "Tragic Girl"]

Cry and Cry

When you kiss me and say you love me
it makes me feel so good

I wanna break down and give in to you
I wanna believe that you're the one
But I told you a hundred times

I don't want to go on with you like this

I try my darndest to be a bastard

I want you to think that I don't care

But I feel sorry and you're so pretty
you start to cry and I kiss your mouth

But I told you a hundred times

I don't want to go on with you like th

Chorus
Cry and cry and let it out

We have to face that it's over now

Even as I anoint your door

I'm looking up for something more I've got

this title doesn't
sun up the
tragedy
of losing out
on the
good feeling.

saw other girl
for last quiet
verse

I don't know
if she's real
or just a
ghost in my mind

you will
on me

My body says it feels so good

It's hard to do the moral thing
when you're so perfectly willing

Little Misses
Little Mrs.

I don't want the world to see
that I am a...

<tease a couple times and then
I'd want to know

goodbye to rock
now I must go
on pilgrimage

When you kiss me

and say you love me

makes me want to cry ^(as you) feel alright

when you hug me

and say "good-bye"

I start to thinkin' ^{that}

love doll, love doll

you make me feel so damn good

so you better get up, get out of my life, get out of my bed + leave me alone

I try my darndest

to be a bastard

I want you to think that I don't care

but I feel sorry

and you're so pretty

you start to cry and I kiss your mouth

cuz I see a woman
flying in the meadows

you're real and you're
afraid but I feel

the urge to chase

a magic-butterfly

so I must leave you

and all phys. relations

but somethin's begg'in me
+ I can't shake it

(there is something
better something)

3rd verse purer

You're good for all the
physical things that I

can touch but I need so

much more ^{fully express}
the sexual story

you make me feel good

so get out of my life (bitch) and leave me alone

Why do I always fall for
girls who are sick?

there's nothing ^(more pretty)
prettier than a
crying kitty.

so sexy

I'm not sure you're

the 1 to be the mother

of my kids

I tell you to ^{don't touch your}
toes - and you do!

you give me my pills
and I feel good

2nd verse

3rd
verse

(she smells like
clean laundry
she's far away across the sea)

It don't matter how many times I tell you
I'm a jerk, baby, you could do better
get out while you can

afraid of ^{or} embarrassed by my masculinity
I'm afraid of my penis

but I've told you a hundred times
I don't wanna go on with you like this
Cry and cry and let it out it feels so good
You have to face that it's over now

you taste so ~~good~~ good to me
here cold where no one can find me

you give me ~~ecstasy~~ ecstasy

you make my body feel good

you give me pleasure

you make me come

you are pleasure

you could never be the mommy of my children

but I don't like you

I'll never respect you

I don't think I can deal on you anymore

coz it hurts you too much

So I'm going inside my head

(and I can ^{see} feel that you're sick and dirty

I've got to leave you
coz you're too weak to save yourself
Honesty is not enough

and I have got to leave you (now)
coz you don't have the strength
to save yourself

babies

I don't want you teaching me
cuz you could never be a mommy to my baby
Sweet regret

your poison tastes so good

although it feels good

although you're willing

how come you're so willing to be used?

although you're willing
and your taste so good (divine)

I don't want your poison

cuz it's killing me
and it's killing you

your taste so good
you make me feel good
I wish that I could

I don't want to see
you anymore

Cry and cry and let it out

We have to face that it's over now

Even though it feels so good

I must believe there's something more

Cry and cry it's over now

Every time I shower you with love

I break and shoot you up

Even as I blow my load

I don't want my man to know

that I been a dirty boy

even as I anoint your deer

I'm looking ^{up} for something ^{higher} more

Cry + Cry I'm crying too
cuz no one touches me like you do

I don't want you teaching me
cuz you could never be a mommy to my baby
Sweet regret

your poison tastes so good

although it feels good
although you're willing

how come you're so willing to be used?

although you're willing
and you taste so good (divine)
I don't want your poison
cuz it's killing me
and it's killing you

you taste so good
you make me feel good
I wish that I could

I don't want to see
you anywhere

Cry and cry and let it out

We have to face that it's over now

Even though it feels so good

I must believe there's something more

Cry and cry it's over now

Every time I shower you with love

I break and shoot you up

Even as I blow my load

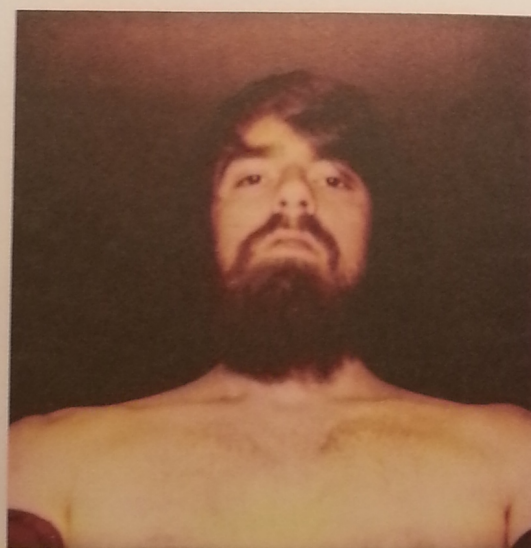
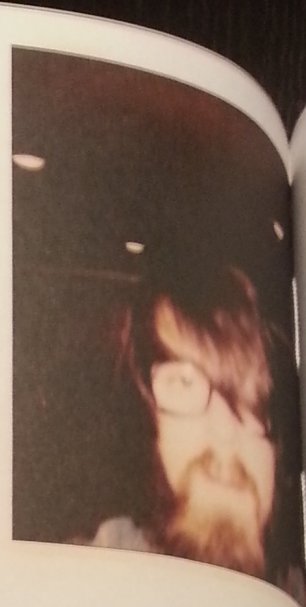
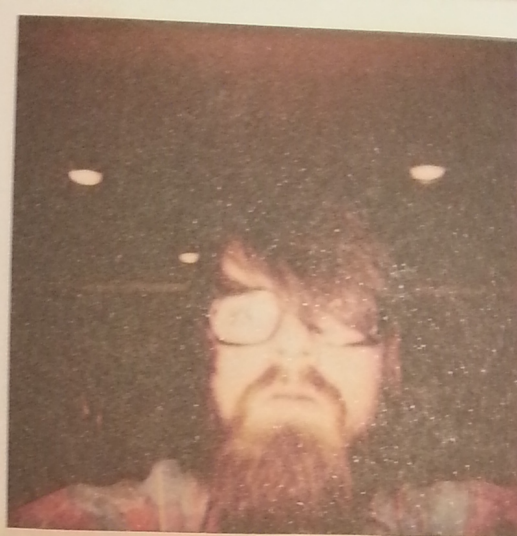
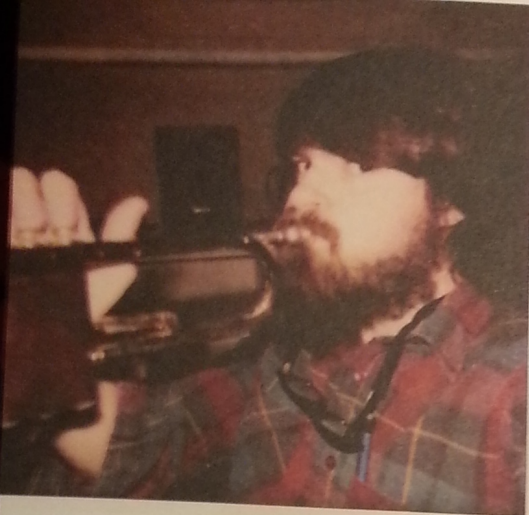
I don't want my man to know

that I been a dirty boy

even as I anoint your deer

I'm looking ^{up} for something ^{higher} more

Cry + Cry I'm crying too
cuz no one touches me like you do



[Taking Polaroids of myself in my basement studio in Cambridge, Massachusetts]

MARCH 12

Let the dog out

There appears to be some sort of brewing here—with regards to men's self-image. Our natural tendencies were repressed by the peace and love crap of my parents' generation; these tendencies were perverted and relieved in maladjusted ways. In the past 10 years, several voices—Howard Stern, Joe Matt—have had the courage to uncover these tendencies—and found large audiences of sympathizing men. These individuals are struggling to uncover and assimilate their urges in a way that does them justice. There is a large element of shame and self-deprecation in uncovering these urges. But always an unflinching desire to know the self. Who am I? Who is man? What is man? What am I?

You wanted to know

These men are getting at something. What are we finding?

Goddamn I can't change one whit for these girls.

I would never want a girl who'd want a guy like that.

But I'd never want a girl who'd want a guy like me.

it sucks to be crippled

~~Introducing the~~

Across the Sea

(bring melody back in last verse?)
get a recorder or flute

I sniff your letter (envelope)
and fall to pieces

B? You are 18 year old girl
Who live in small city of Japan
and you heard me
A? on the radio
about one year ago
B? and you're wanting to know (BB)
all about me

A? and my hobbies

my favorite food

A? and my birthday

Why are you so far away from me?

I need help and you're way across the sea

I could never touch you

did you think I could hear
you screaming
from halfway around the
world

your love is drowning
(somewhere)
in the pacific

I think it would be ^{As of 4-3} wrong
but I've got your letter
and you've got my song

but you can never know
I can never know you

I run as far as the shore
but can't go ~~any more~~ any more
It's like 10'000 spaces when all I need is a
note

Your love is lost down
in the sea

I can't reach you all the way out

10⁴ miles, all the way
across the sea

A1 They don't make stationery
like this where I'm from
so fragile, so refined

B2
A3 so I sniff and I lick your envelope
and fall to little pieces every time

A4 I wonder what clothes you wear to school

B5 I wonder how you decorate your room

B6 I wonder how you touch yourself and curse myself

B7 for being across the sea
B8

Personal data is hard to come by
You want me to give myself
to the magazines that
understand why I refuse

I wonder what
clothes you wear
how you decorate
your room
how you cut your
hair

I don't know a thing
about you, about the details

MARCH 15

Weezer

This is a story about a guy who...

1996

Tired of Sex—is tired of the purely physical; wants an emotional relationship. Ashamed of sex and being a womanizer.

Why bother?—doesn't see the point in trying to talk to women because relationships are doomed and it's probably just sexual attraction. Yet going crazy living only in head. Resolves to be alone.

Getchoo—feels tremendous pain in not possessing a particular girl (he's getting a little payback) but knows if she consented, he wouldn't care about her anymore

No Other One—gets the girl but she isn't the paragon of purity he's been searching for—she has a tattoo and does drugs. He half-heartedly accepts what "Fate" offers him rather than work for what he really wants.

Across the Sea—laments being alone, living only in his mind, and not having physical, real love

El Scorcho—tries to overcome shyness and ask girl out, but can only put it in song

Pink Triangle—tries again but is stymied by the not being as compatible as she seemed

The good life—

This is the story of a man who grew a very long beard but eventually shaved it and accepted his face for what it is.

IDEERS

I love my friends, life ain't nothing without my friends

I want a family, a wife and children

I just want to be tamed

Life ain't nuttin' but bitches and money

Fly girl.

Love me (I want to feel the crowds love, jumpin')

Awkward silence

Let it snow

I'm just sittin' here watchin' the wheels go round n round

It's so quiet in this house

Too much blood in my sugar

I'm going to have to go to a whore and buy some magazines proudly

Do the wrong thing cuz it feels so right

Spring fever/mating season

So now what am I supposed to do with my new friend, Pinkerton?

1996

Sunshine O Sunshine

Sunshine O Sunshine

Rain Down on Me

I've been a bad boy

So give your love to me

And every hour of every day

I wanna do the things that you do and say

And every night as you fade

I feel the moon, the wicked moon, the wicked way

And every time she run and hide

The day is dark and in the dark I disobey

And every time she run and hide

The day is cold and in the cold I start to shake

~~Gimme baby~~ ~~you~~ ~~hit you not~~
~~I need it now~~

She told me every day we'd ^{find} ~~start~~ a new life

She comes and goes away

and I try to be true to my love

~~one line of chaos then solo~~

Rivers Cuomo

Music 97r

Carol Babiracki

4/3/96

Wagner as a Realist

The label "realist" might at first seem ill-suited to a composer whose dramatic materials include gods, giants, dwarfs, water-maidens, Valkyries, a wishing-cap and an enchanted sword, among other items of the supernatural.³ For certain, Wagner's realism is not that of Bizet, Mascagni, or Puccini, whose operas feature characters pulled from everyday life and placed in perfectly plausible, though extreme, situations. Wagner's realism is not a facsimile of the external world, but rather a revelation of the

inner world of human experience. In this sense, Wagner's music dramas reflect the fundamental shift in artistic goals which occurred around the middle of the nineteenth century. In the wake of the French Revolution, artists of the second half of the century abandoned the idealism of the early Romantic era and replaced it with a realism inspired by the industrial and scientific revolutions. Whereas the Classicists portrayed the balance and order of perfect beauty and Beethoven and the early Romantics strove for lofty ideals, Wagner and others of the "neo-Romantic" era sought to describe the world as it is, not as how it ought to be.

Wagner achieves this "realistic" description in a number of ways—for one, he resolved to rid opera of its "artificial" conventions which only inhibit the flow of the drama. For example, in *Tristan und Isolde*, there are no breaks within an act, no divisions of the music between aria and recitative. This allows the action to simulate more accurately the feel of real life and the drama to achieve far more momentum than is possible in the traditional numbers opera with all its starts and stops. This heightened sense of momentum is necessary for an accurate representation of the intensity of the feelings Wagner wishes to describe. For example, the entirety of Act II, scene 2 is a single meeting between the two lovers. Without interruption, the music chronicles their conversation through various emotional states, from their ecstatic meeting, to their grim meditations concerning their situation, to the building tension of their sexual union. Throughout this enormous passage, the music faithfully reflects the drama: when they first see each other, the music is tremendously agitated and the lovers rapidly utter single words or short phrases back and forth in their excitement. When they settle into their musings, the harmonic rhythm slows to a crawl, and each of the pair takes solos of twenty lines or more. When the tension of their union builds, the tempo increases, chromaticism saturates the harmonies, and the pair again trade quick exclamations, and finally, sing together the melody from the prelude until, just before the climax of this melody, they are interrupted. If this scene were divided in the manner of a traditional numbers opera—say, into recitative, two solos, and then a duet—the development of their feelings would be greatly misrepresented. For example, if their duet were a traditional da capo aria, it would of course have to reach its own conclusion before the appearance of King Mark, thereby spoiling the tremendous dramatic effect of his sudden interruption; the sense of ultimate denial of satisfaction would be lost entirely. True, the numbers opera is initially easier to comprehend, with its action meted out in self-contained, familiar patterns, but Wagner's interest lies not in creating a thing of pattern, order, nor easy comprehension, but rather in describing something of the world as he sees it, with all its irregularities, imperfections and surprises intact.

Analogous to Wagner's treatment of form on a large scale are his innovations on the level of the individual phrase. Here too, he abandons the "ideal," the regular periodic phrase structure of the Classic style, and replaces it with more "realistic," speech-like rhythm and phrasing. One telling example of Wagner's commitment to breaking up regular phrasing is the opening of the *Liebtestod* in *Tristan*. Here, we might expect

Isolde's text to be set to a regular rhythm; after all, she is in a trance-like state and the words themselves offer a regular-enough rhythm: "Mild und leise / wie er lachelt/ wie das Auge / hold er offnet." But even here, Wagner won't allow us the "jingling" sound of a repeated rhythm. Each line is set with a new variation of the expected rhythm, here the accent on the beat, here the accent off the beat. This illustrates that Wagner is not really attempting to duplicate the exact rhythm of speech, but rather to prevent us from slipping into the comfortable, artificial world of musical convention and forgetting the real issue at hand, the drama.

Another way in which Wagner eschews the artificiality of convention—and heightens the sense of reality—is his use of harmonic progressions which avoid closure, for example, again, the beginning of the Liebestod, in which each phrase ends on the dominant of the dominant of the key a minor third higher. If this passage were composed of regular antecedent and consequent phrases, we would be distracted from the drama by the too-obvious formal structure; as written, we are unaware of anything but the drama pressing ever on.

Lastly, Wagner insisted on a number of extra-musical factors to contribute to the overall sense of reality. Scenery, staging, costumes, lights—all served the purpose of the drama. He insisted that the lights in the house be put out and that the audience remain silent. He eventually designed and built an opera house, at Bayreuth, in which to present his music-dramas most realistically.

APRIL 3

This last transition from recording to school has been a killer. I'm not doing anything - writing, playing piano, homework. I just lie around.

Now my huge fear is that I'm an egomaniac. I don't do anything for the sake of doing but rather I do things to feed my ego - songs, music, school, etc I'm down.

An egomaniac is one who is concerned with himself but he doesn't necessarily think highly of himself.

I'll lick you like a stamp
and stick you in my album

From: "rivers cuomo"

To: "Todd Sullivan"

Subject: RE: me of course

Yo Wednesday's Child,

I'm still trying to appreciate The Grifters. It may be over my head.

Brendan O'Brien still scares me for being too clean. Andy Wallace and Dave Fridman still sound interesting.

1996

["As of today, the first single would be 'El Scorcho.'"]

Cool, I just really want to be taken seriously this time around. Me and Gavin Rossdale.

Also I'm unhappy with the way some of the roughs sound, especially "el Scorcho." It's lost all of its innocence and intimacy. It sounds like Pantera. I hope we can get the special vibe back.

Do you think "Tired of Sex" is too fast? That may be a re-cut.

Potential album titles (in order of my preference):

(Maybe you shouldn't read my explanations until you consider the titles by themselves.)

1) **"Pinkerton"**: this is the asshole American sailor (similar to a touring rock star) in Madame Butterfly who uses and dumps cio-cio san. He is the perfect symbol for the part of myself that I'm trying to come to terms with on this album. This title also ties up all the Asian and Madame Butterfly references. I'm only afraid that no one would be aware of this--or alternately, that some critics would be aware of this and think it a pretentious reference. I also think the sound and the look of the word "Pinkerton" is consistent with the other enigmatic, evocative names we use: Jonas, Mykel, Carli, Jamie, Susanne, Buddy Holly, Kitty Pryde, and of course, Weezer.

2) **"Playboy"** - similar meaning, but more obvious. Also ties in the voyeurism theme. Also a reference to the great comic by Chester Brown, "The Playboy," which deals with many of the same themes.

3) **"Diving into the Wreck"** - the most obvious, the most pretentious, and perhaps, the most immediately appealing, this is the title of a poem by feminist poet Adrienne Rich which examines the "wreck" of sexual identities from the other side of the gender-fence. Also, Adrienne Rich went to Harvard.

So be strong now, children of the beast, and shout at the devil (or something like that.)

Brett Michaels

The Good Life

I don't want to be an old man anymore
It's been a year or two since I was out on the floor
Shakin' booty, makin' sweet love all the night
It's time I got back to the good life
It's time I got back
It's time I got back
n I don't even know how I got off the track
I wanna go back, Yeah!

When I look in the mirror
I can't believe what I see
tell me, who's that funky dude
staring back at me?
broken, beaten down
can't even get around
without an old-man cane
I fall and hit the ground
showerin' in the cold

I'm bitter and alone

~~I~~ excuse the bitchin'
I shouldn't complain
I should have no feelings
coz feeling is pain
as Everything I need
is denied me
and Everything I want
is taken away from me
but who do I got to blame?
nobody but
my ~~woman~~ and me

Sum up all the
"Pinkerton"
optm. realizations
here

- it's not ok to explain
others
- this much I know

I don't wanta hurt
I hope I don't hurt nobody

I've got to share
I've got to try

harmony ↑ 6th ↓

Screw this crap, I've had it
I ain't no mr. cool

I'm a pig, I'm a dog
so screw me if I drool

I ain't gonna hurt nobody
ain't gonna cause a scene
I just need to admit that
I want sugar in my tea
hear me? I want sugar in my tea!

Pinkerton (or TRUE LOVE)

Tired of Sex—I'm disgusted with myself for having one-night stands. I feel guilty and I long for Ultimate Love.

Get You—I'm hurt because Rock Chick is leaving me. I apologize for treating her poorly. Rock Chick still won't have me and I start to freak out, but deep inside I know that my feelings for her aren't Ultimate Love and would dissipate if she were willing to have me. I also observe that she is putting me through the same misery that I've put countless other girls through.

No Other One—Rock Chick finally submits and, sure enough, my feelings for her evaporate as I see her for the human being she actually is, instead of the fantasy-girl I had imagined. She lies, flirts with my friends, takes drugs, and has a tattoo and pet snakes. I try to stay committed to her anyway, saying "no, there is no other one," but this statement doesn't ring true. She is not the girl with which I could share Ultimate Love. But we stick together because we don't want to be alone.

Why Bother?—I see a random rock chick that I'm sexually attracted to, but now I'm unwilling to have a one-night stand. I would rather fantasize and avoid the pain and frustration that results from real relationships and their inevitable failures. I resolve not to enter another relationship, remembering how painful were the two I had had earlier. I fantasize about what my life would be like with the girl but the fantasy is aborted by the premonition of a breakup. I voice regret that I am now unable to have anything but imaginary relationships and I ask the girl to force me out of my imagination and into the real world.

silence here

Across the Sea—After two years of seclusion and celibacy waiting for ultimate love, my fantasies are greatly amplified and distorted. When an 18-year-old girl sends me a fan letter asking me shallow pedestrian questions, my mind goes crazy imagining her and her world, so far removed from mine. I admire her femininity, delicateness, neatness, and discipline but realize that my fantasies could never come true. I observe the irony of my situation: I became a rock star to receive the love of millions but as a rock star I am by definition separated from those who send me love. I remember that when I was 10, I thought I would renounce physical desire with the intention of being pure and holy. I observe that now I've finally achieved that state and that it feels totally unhealthy and unnatural. I blame my isolation on the hippie/goody-goody/feminist movement. I long for any physical contact with a girl.

The Good Life—

You're too young for me

uh-oh

Falling for you

You say "like" too much
 but I like you so much I like you way too much
 My baby I'm afraid I'm fallin' for you
 and I'd do anything

I hope it's me you want, ^{not} ~~not~~
 and not some buzzing ^{clap} ~~clap~~ ^(hee)

I'm afraid of getting trapped

but I'm shakin' at your touch ^{you say I'm out of touch}
 I like you way too much
 My baby, I'm afraid I'm fallin' for you (losing my cool)
 and I'd do anything ^{'bout}
 to get the hell out alive
 or maybe I would rather settle down with you

I've got a number of
 fears that I would
 like to expound

You left your cello in
 the basement, I
 admired the glow in stars
 and tried to play a tune
 I can't believe how bad I
 suck - I'm unworthy

Holy cow! I think I got one here
 now just what am I s'posed to do?

hmmm... I've got a # of irrational fears
 that I'd like to share with you
 first, there's rules about old goats like me
 hangin' round with chicks like you
 - but I do like you -
 and another: you say "like", like, way too much
 one

if the song is in G
 S-c-o - E - A - D - G

I'm afraid
 I'm afraid

I'm starting to peck up
 I'm a burning candle,
 You're a gentle teaching me
 to lick a little bit kinder

Holy sweet goddam! ^a
 You left your cello in the basement
 I admired the glowing stars ^a
 and tried to play a tune
 I can't believe how bad I suck, it's true
 What could you possibly see
 in little ol' 3-chord me?
 but it's true you like me too

fears
 smells
 messy room
 not asian fairy princess
 no fashion sense
 not I may want to know
 you said you didn't
 know my hand
 how come I knowed me but
 meeter but like me now

4/17 I'm a burning candle
you're a gentle moth
that teaches me
to lick a little kinder

[First page of a piece written for Music 51(?)]

Spring 96

A handwritten musical score consisting of ten staves. The notation includes various musical symbols such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, notes, rests, and bar lines. The score is written in ink on aged paper. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 4/17 time signature. The notation is somewhat sketchy and appears to be a draft or a personal manuscript. The staves are connected by a single line, and the music is written in a continuous flow across the page.

[Cello/piano composition for B.G.]

for Bg #1

spring 96

Handwritten musical notation for the first system, featuring a cello staff and a piano staff. The cello staff is labeled "cello" and the piano staff is labeled "piano". The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "piano".

Handwritten musical notation for the second system, featuring a cello staff and a piano staff. The cello staff is labeled "cello" and the piano staff is labeled "piano". The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "piano". The word "Brabassa" is written below the piano staff.

Handwritten musical notation for the third system, featuring a cello staff and a piano staff. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings like "piano".

ring 96

To: Mark J. Powers
my story's a little unusual:

1996

after 10 months, the bone showed little signs of regeneration, so i had a second operation: a bone graft. "they" took some of the spongy inner bone from my hip, ground it into a powder, and packed it into the gap in my femur. the graft was effective at stimulating the regeneration and now, 3 1/2 months after the second operation, the bone has almost completely healed. no other growth factors were administered.

hang tough

rivers

p.s. let me know if you find out why my bone didn't heal on its own.

MAY 10

Pretty soon, the happiness is going to start—it's going to be bliss, pure bliss, physical and emotional bliss. At 5:40 I took the pills. It's now 5:48. By 6:00, I'll be feelin' somethin'. 6:10 I'll be sure of it. 6:20 I'll ridin' high. 6:30 is the time. Oh my god I can't believe it—no! I don't believe it (mmm... god this little girl is cute I hope she's OK). I'm going to cry in my mom's arms ... ohhh ... I'm going to cry in my mom's arms. Please, don't let this somehow fail. I've got to withstand the pain, I can't flinch, this can't fail. 13 months, 13 long-ass months. I feel like maybe I'm feeling something already. It's been 13 minutes. They paved paradise put up a parking lot. Actually I feel kinda gross, but soon I'll be feeling fine. I can't believe this is happening. Oh, please don't let this be a mistake. I hope I haven't pushed the doctor to do something he knows is wrong. And yet I can't stop pushing. I want the Ilizarov off at all costs. 15 minutes. Oh god! I'm going to be able to sit back when I'm on the toilet! God I hope this isn't a stupid-ass mistake. 17 minutes. I can't believe it. This is the happy moment. This is the hour that I've dreamed about for 13 months. Previous, wounded me, I will never forget you. You brave, vulnerable animal. I will never forget you, suffering one, you suffer not in vain. I can't—20 minutes—believe I talked him into this. I did. I talked him into it. He was re-screwing-up the nuts and I said hold on. I said, "go for it." I'm going to cry in my mother's arms. "We did it," I'll say, "We did it!" 22 minutes. I'm chewing my fingers to shreds. I've been in this office since 3. 23 minutes. 27 minutes to go. I'm halfway there. It's unbelievable. No more Ilizarov. No more motherfucking Ilizarov. My god. My sweet God. Then the fear of

returning to life. No, I won't be ecstatic and blissful. I'll have my ups
 and downs as I always did. My life isn't smooth sailing from here on out.
 But I will be able to run - to sit back on a toilet. To caress my leg (when's
 this bliss going to kick in, by the by?). I'll be able to wear normal pants,
 I'll not be self-conscious about being a cripple - my friends at school will
 see me. Oh god 27 minutes down--23 minutes to go. C'mon drugs I don't wanna
 feel the pain. I can't scream or flinch or he'll stop. "Maybe we should wait
 for the anaesthesia!" he'll say. No! Bullshit! You're takin' the shit off
 now! I feel no pain. OK I think I feel a little something, oh yeah, there it
 is. Wreow...30 minutes down/20 minutes to go. OK, there it is. Damn, I didn't
 get to crap today, now I'm gonna have Demerol constipation. But yay! He
 gave me extras, I have 8 Demerols now to write songs with. There's got to be
 1 or 2 songs in there. Oh Lord, Jesus, I can't believe this is happening. 31
 minutes down, 19 to go. My god, 19 minutes to go. Just beginning to feel a
 little loopy. Oh yes, bring it on. Feeling mellow, disconnected. I hear the
 doctor's voice, kind soul, kind, kind soul bring it on, save me, love me, kind
 father soul, make me right. Oh, I can feel the buzzing and the fading now. I
 am one with the writing now. Here comes the bliss. Here comes salvation.
 He just came in looking for the wrenches, kind, kind soul: 35 minutes, 15
 to go. I hear them talking about me. I will write the doctor a thank you
 note telling him how grateful I am that he was always so good and so kind.
 What a good guy he's been. What a noble profession, a noble path in life.
 How noble it is to live life in service of others instead of greed, greed,
 greed. Really, service is the only noble thing. How good, how kind. It's
 now difficult for me to comprehend this Time thing. Let's see ... 37 minutes
 down, I believe, and 13 to go. Oh my God I can feel my heart beating my
 palms sweating I can't believe it's going to happen. I'm going to be saved.
 The day is here I'm going to cry in my mother's arms I'm going to cry. The
 happiness will be for everyone to share. I want them all to feel the joy
 that is this moment. 40 minutes, 10 to go. Oh Jesus it's coming. My palms are
 sweating, swallowing is a little weird, mouth dry little woozy I'm entering
 the next stage of narcoticness oh so good, sweet goodness this is so great
 and beautiful and sad and joyous and scary. oh sweet goodness I'm literally
 recording every thought - my hand hurts! Sheesh! 42 min/8 to go at 50 min
 I'll go take a leak and do some reconnaissance. My leg feels good. I pretty
 much PHONE RING feel good all over, except my hand 44 min/six to go,
 six minutes till my goddamn Ilizarov comes off! I can't believe it! When
 I walk out of this place inhour I'm going to be a free man. I feel like I'm
 being released from prison. Does that mean that Prison would be good for
 my creativity. Here he is, speech is kinda difficult. Should I go pee? Yes I
 just went 28 minutes drinking nurse's water oh my god! I'm so nervous woozy,
 excited I almost feel like barfing but it's all good, here we go

it's over

MAY 11

1996



[On crutches at stepdad Steve's wedding to Sue]

Rivers Cuomo
Carol Babiracki
5/13/96

Music 97r Final Paper

"Every bar of dramatic music is justified only by the fact that it explains something in the action or in the character of the actor." Richard Wagner

"Do we not, in truth, ask the impossible of music when we expect it to express feelings, to translate dramatic situations, even to imitate nature?" Igor Stravinsky

.... Wagner actually makes "the music primary and the text secondary." He observes that in *Tristan und Isolde*,

the plot . . . is in itself unimportant, serving only to bring the two lovers . . . together in circumstances that prohibit their love . . . The drama was conceived so as to facilitate the exploitation of luxurious harmonies and progressions . . . the nature of the harmonic events is reproduced by the drama but . . . the singing and acting [only] ride on the surface of the harmonies.

With this interpretation in mind, it is not surprising to learn that late in life Wagner rescinded his early claims and admitted that the "music-drama remained symphonic in the deepest sense: the text was in the end a program of the kind used by Berlioz and Liszt, to incite and guide the listener's imaginative response." In the music-drama, the music does not exist to explain the text—the practice Stravinsky so strongly objects to—but rather, the text exists to provide a more concrete image of the music. Wagner saw the music-drama not as the enslavement of music by a higher dramatic purpose, but rather as the logical extension of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, taking the shape of the symphonic form but with its meaning made clearer by the text.

....

How does Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* differ from that of Wagner's music-dramas? For one, the key motives of any section are not attached to any particular emotion, object, word, or dramatic idea, as are the leitmotifs of Wagner. Rather they stand on their own and as a unifying component of the musical aspect of the composition. ...

Given that Stravinsky exhibits these values, it is not surprising that he relies on Classical models for many aspects of the composition of *The Rake's Progress*. The opera is broken up into arias, recitative accompanied by harpsichord, duets, and ensembles. In the *Poetics of Music*, Stravinsky says, "Arias, ensembles, and their reciprocal relationships in the structure of an opera confer upon the whole work a coherence that is merely the external and visible manifestation of an internal and profound order." Stravinsky makes no attempt at making a realistic presentation of the drama, as does Wagner. The plot is advanced mostly in the recitative sections, and the arias remain mostly pure musical expression, as they do in the operas of Mozart. The fragmented nature of this opera, along with the wholesale repetition of entire sections of music under different texts (for example, Shadow's "I burn" aria), insure that the music will be considered on a purely musical level, rather than as a representation of an ongoing drama....

Nearly one hundred years after *Tristan und Isolde*, perhaps Stravinsky felt that music and text had gotten as close to each other as possible, or perhaps that they had gotten too close, and that it was no longer possible to proceed along the course which Western art music had developed until that point. And so, in *The Rake's Progress*, he pulled them back apart. In *The Rake's Progress*, music is no longer a reflection of "mountains" or "valleys" in the text, nor of the emotions of the composer. In this opera, music is just music, to be judged on its own merits alone, and on its own terms. This absolutism is in stark contrast to the representationalism of Wagner and the Romantics, whose music Stravinsky describes as "smothered under literary flowers" and is one of the hallmarks of the Modern era.⁴

MAY 15

To: Sylvanie Wallington:
Subject: beam me up

1996

i'm trying to prove that the enterprise's impulse drive couldn't be powered by fusion.
i want to show that the fuel supply required would be impracticably high. so first:
 $f(\text{force required to move enterprise}) = m(\text{of enterprise}) \times a(\text{impulse speed})$. i get about
 2×10 to the 17th newtons. that's how much force is required to move the enterprise
to half-light speed. so what the hell is a newton? how much fuel do i have to burn to
get 2×10 to the 17th newtons? $e=mc^2$? but that gives me joules, not newtons.
how many joules makes a newton? how many joules does it take to screw in a light
bulb? help.

good night

MAY 17

Wow: school's over and my leg's back. Soon I'll be in L.A. in rock in the other
world. Christ Almighty. I'm hungry and wiped. Things with B.G. are crazy.
What a tragedy this has turned into. Or maybe not. Who knows? A year from
now I may read this and think "if only I knew." She just might ruin me,
cause me untold heartache.

It doesn't feel like it though.

MAY 22

at 10 I shaved my head and tried to be a monk
I thought the older women would like me if I did
You see, ma, I'm a good little boy (a good little boy)
It's all your fault, moooo, it's all your fault

Goddamn, this business is really lame

I gotta live on an island to find the juice
so you send me your love
from all around the world
as if I could live on

words and dreams
and a million screams
oh! how I need

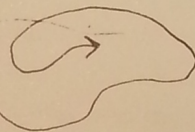
this house is so quiet at night
I can hear the ghost of Cop. Burns
why can't I live alone?
why'd you keep me down?
were you afraid of the animal?
why'd you keep me down?
It's your fault moooo
It's your fault moooo

5/22

[Ideas for Pinkerton artwork]

Pinkerton
Falling Triangle
Tired of sex for Butterfly
Get You Across the Sea
No Bother One
Why

(the path of
the snail)



in case
of
Butterfly

have
plans
do
Lyne
book

various

colors

primary

have album lettered and decorated
by Kyung Hee

use cancelled stamps

Sea-scene on disc

5/23 Holy moley baby wouldn't you know it
just as I was bustin' loose
I gotta go turn in my rock star card
and get fat and old with you

Uh-oh sorry I was kidding
but I do like you
you're the lucky one
no! I'm the lucky one

You're like a knife
when I'm with 10,000 screws
and isn't that a bit ironic?

Now I go to turn in my rock
I gotta go

Butterfly

Yesterday I went outside
with my momma's mason jar
Caught a lovely Butterfly
When I woke up today
And looked in on my fairy pet
She had withered all away
No more sighing in her breast

→ I'm sorry for what I did
I did what my body told me to
I didn't mean to do you harm
But every time I pin down what I think I want
it slips away — the ghost slips away
I smell you on my hand for days
I can't wash away your scent
if I'm a dog then you're a bitch
I guess you're as real as me
maybe I can live with that
maybe I need fantasy
a life of chasing Butterfly
I told you I would return
When the robin makes his nest
but I ain't never comin' back
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry

1996

Weezer

Dovunque al mondo
Lo Yankee vagabondo
Si gode e traffica
Sprezzando rischi.
Affonda l'ancora
Alla ventura...

This is a search for the holy grail

East vs. West

This is a story about a guy who, disillusioned with the shallowness of his relationships, sets out to find the perfect woman and start a family. He meets a girl and thinks he falls in love, but she turns out to be too "rock and roll" for him. Determined to rise above a life of base desire, he sets his sights for utter purity as a monk/scholar but only ends up isolating himself from all human contact. In his solitude, his mind goes wild with fantasy and his natural urges, instead of going away, are amplified and distorted. After several years, he finally comes to know and accept these urges as natural and human and he's willing to show them. He shaves his beard, which has grown to an enormous length, and sets out to return to the world. After a few false starts, he finds his salvation.

He finds the perfect woman but then finds out that she really isn't a butterfly but a putrid mortal like anyone else.

What I want is to come to terms with desire [dark side]. I've always thought it was uncool to express desire, and have thus never gotten anything I wanted. I want to be able to express all my desires, acknowledge them, not suppress them, but not necessarily act on them.

This is really the clash of East vs. West. My hindu, zen, kyokushin, self-denial, self-abnegation, no-emotion, cool-faced side versus my Italian-American heavy metal side.

It's not OK to hurt or exploit other people.

The ultimate burn/conclusion is that my butterfly dream girl is ruined by physical contact. This is ironic because I had sacrificed physical life to obtain her.

Conclusion of "Pinkerton": **reality cannot be fantastic.**

JUNE 9

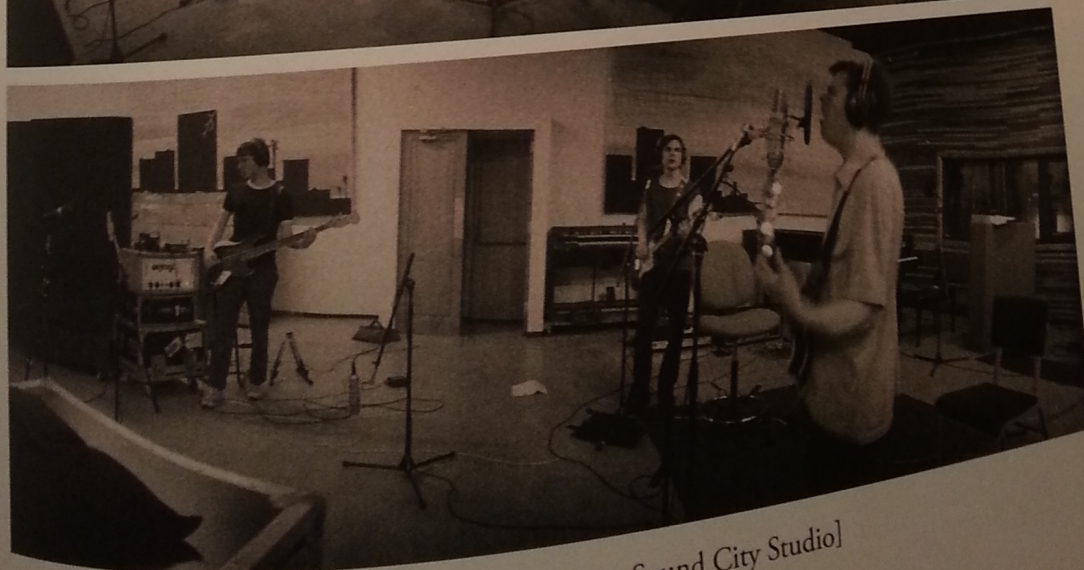


1996

997

[Mykel, Karl, me, Brian and Carli at the first Weezer fanclub gathering in Pasadena, California]

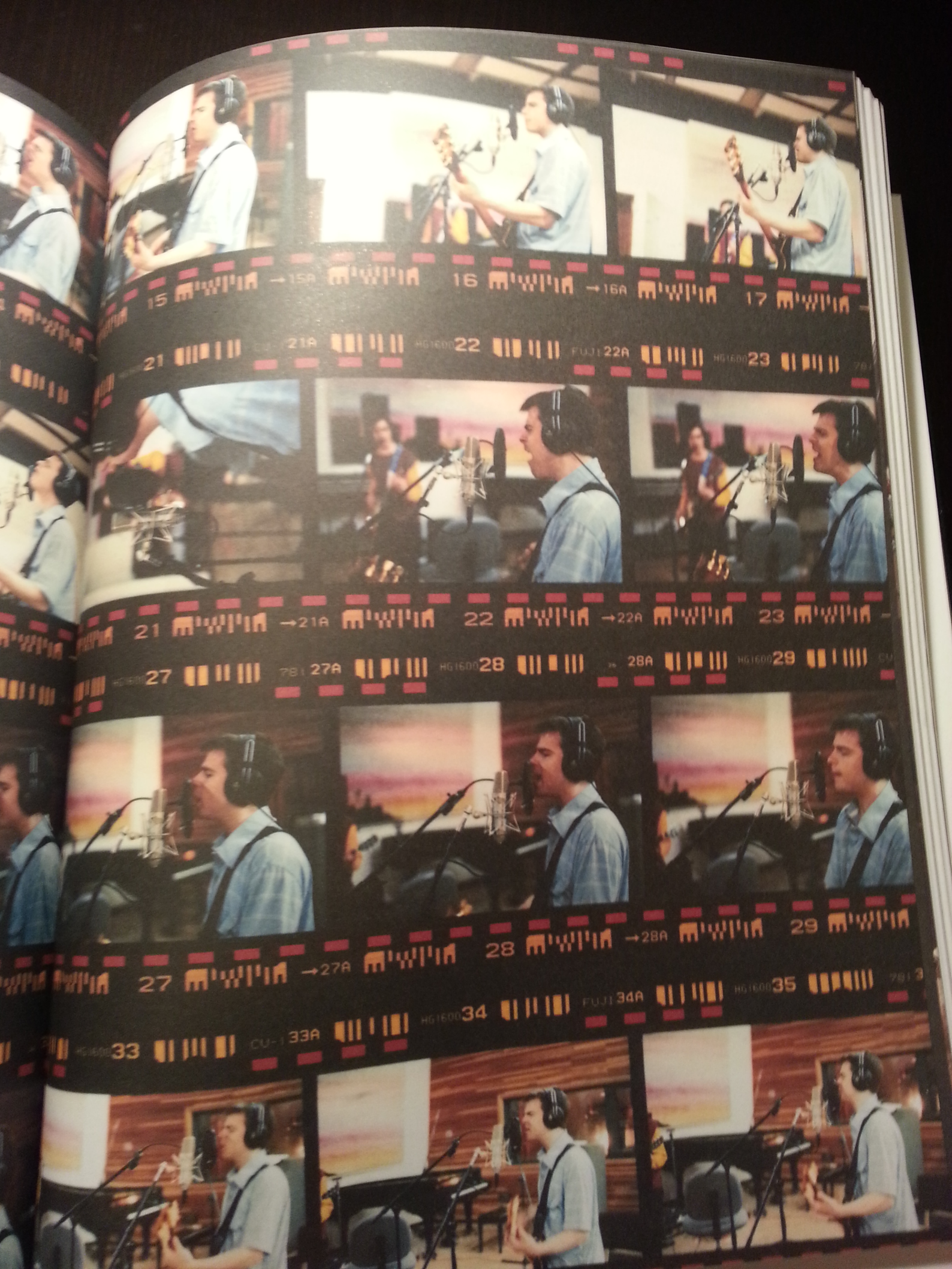
JUNE 10

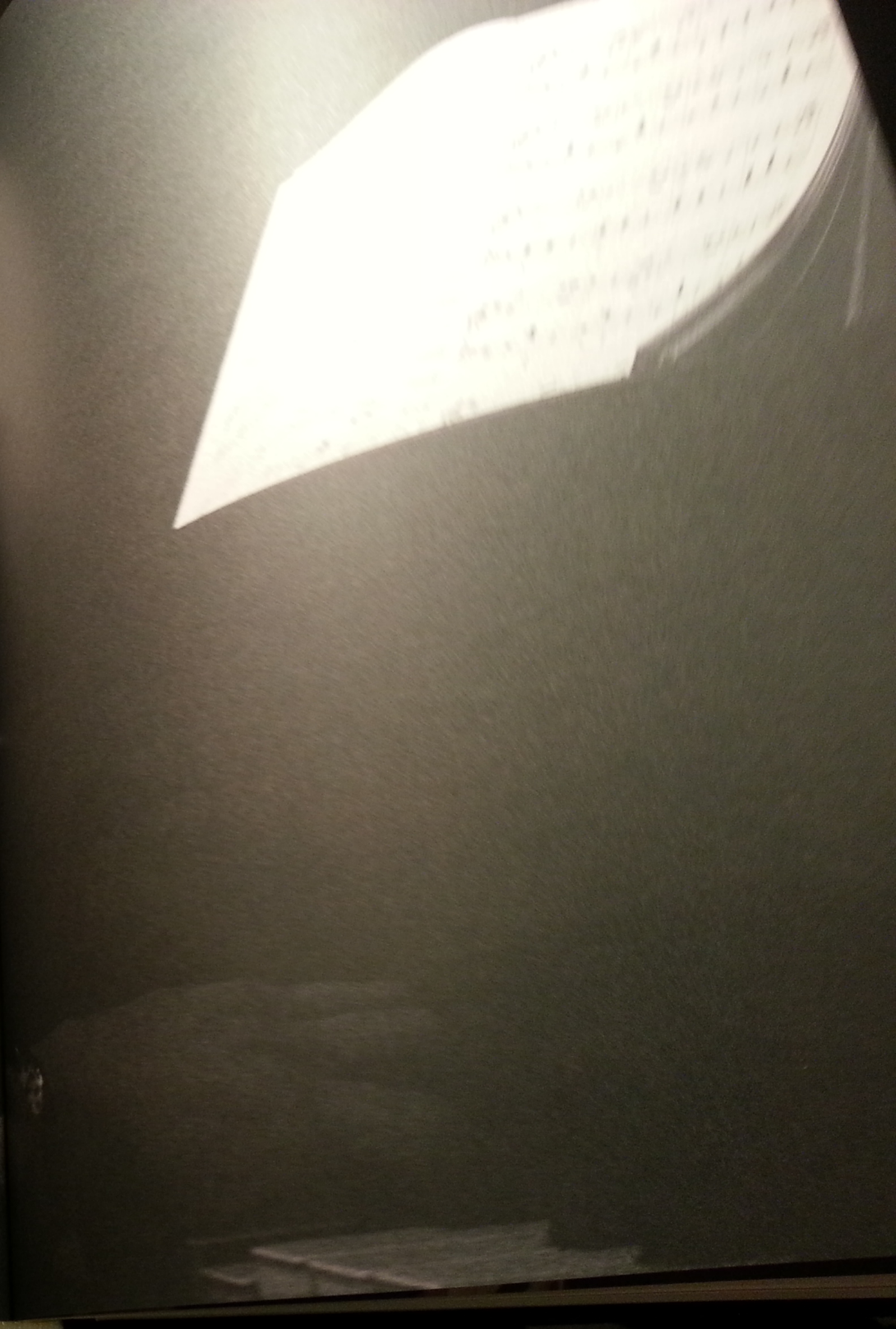
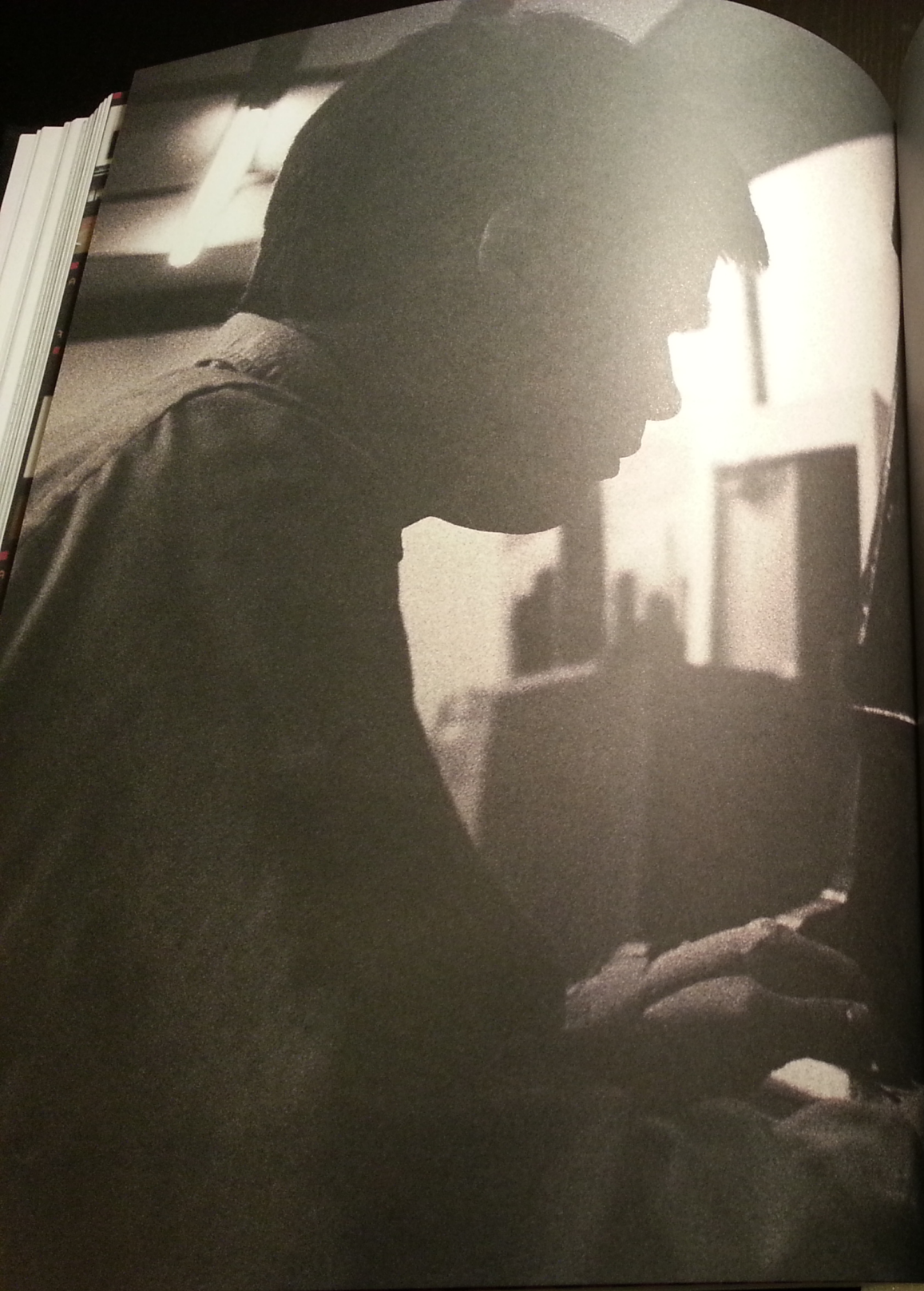


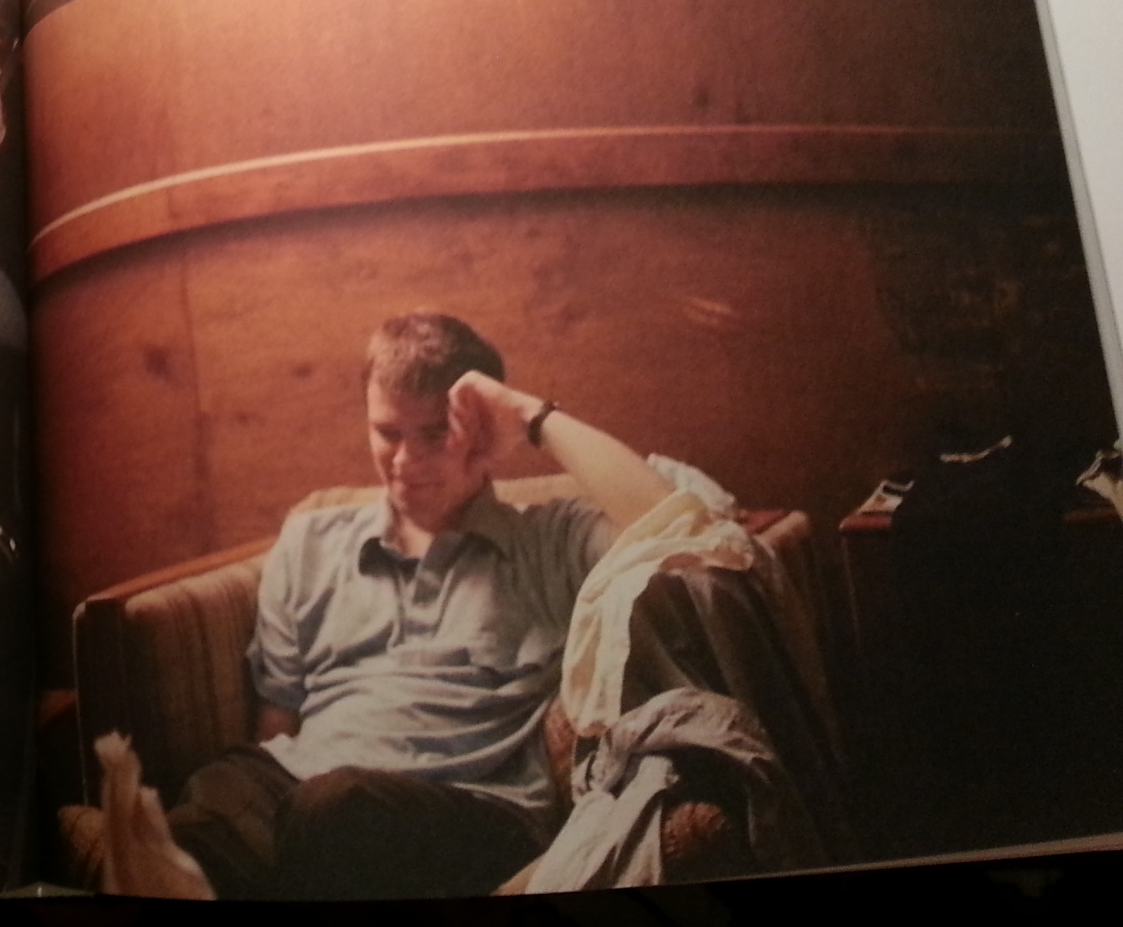
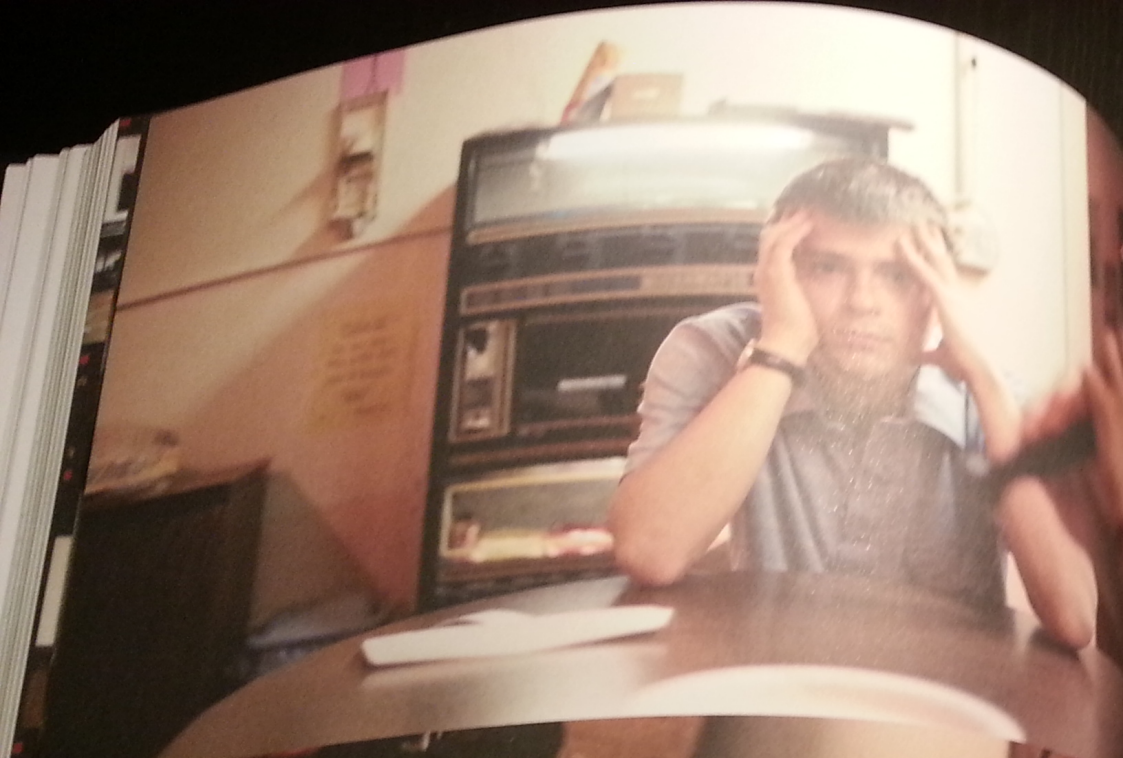
[Tracking with Weezer at Sound City Studio]

159











Dings to Thoo Dry Do's Don

✓ Tied:
~~1. Keyboard~~ ~~5. Solo~~ ~~6. Solo (distortion)~~
~~2. Guitar~~
~~3. Bass~~
~~4. Drums~~

✓ Getchoos:
~~1. Play the guitar~~ rest at end

✓ No Other One:
~~1. Chorus guitar?~~

✓ Why Bother:

Across the Sea:

1. 1st line
~~2. I've got your left hand~~
~~3. BGV~~
~~4. Solo~~
~~5. Last line of last verse~~
~~6. " " " second verse~~

The Good Life

✓ ~~1. Quick hit~~ ~~4. Last chorus~~
~~2. "Feeling"~~

El Seorcho

✓ ~~1. Solo~~ ~~4. Bridge~~
~~2. Compare last verses~~
~~3. "I'm down and out"~~

Pink Triangle

1. Opening Refrain lyric
2. listen to solo
~~3. Long time BGV~~

Falling For You

✓ ~~1. Solo~~
~~2. Last line of last verse~~
~~3. add on app beginning~~

2. Br. guitar

~~6. P~~
~~9. Atmospheric intro (piano)~~
13. cymbal crash into reintro

10. ~~unrec~~
11. ~~unrec~~
12. ~~unrec~~

no more
Pinning for
ideal the potential
but don't
e" send to be a singer
first album

some shoot
as album

JUNE 24

I told her
"I'll be back when the rains rest"
but I ain't never comin' back

124

I'm sorry for what I did
I did what my body wanted
thought I (t) (w) couldn't do no harm
but everytime I pin down what is I want
it slips away
the ghost slips away

I still see the body
Where's that vision

instr chorus
I wanna go back

==
It's time I got back

835

1996

My letter to

July 10, 1996

Yo. hey, folks! Things have improved since the last time I wrote you. I've finished with school until next January. I haven't gotten my report card yet but I think I got all A's except for maybe Astronomy, which was really difficult for me because of all the math and physics involved. Bleccch! Now I'm back in L.A. with all my old friends. I'm really glad to be back. I had a very lonely year at school.

Just before I took my final exams, I went to see the doctor for a check-up on my leg. After examining my x-ray, he said that my femur wasn't yet strong enough to have the brace removed, but I begged and begged and promised that I'd be very careful and, miraculously, he consented. Unfortunately, I had just eaten a huge lunch, so he couldn't give me any anesthesia for fear that I would vomit grilled-cheese chunks into my own lungs and die. So he had to remove the brace without giving me any anesthesia. That really fucking hurt. He basically took a pair of pliers and wrenched the metal rods loose, one by one, from my leg-bone. I cried and almost passed out but a very nice nurse let me hold her hand through it all.

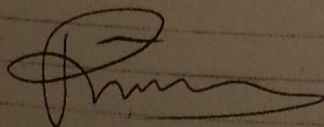
Now I'm 100% better and so happy. I can do all the things I couldn't do before. I can wear normal pants. I can wear normal shoes. I can run, I can skate — heck, I can bowl if I want. My friend Justin and I play soccer on the roof of the hotel every day. It feels damn good to be active again.

The best news of all, though, is that, after much struggling, all the songs are written and the Weezer album will soon be finished. I think it's coming out real good. I hope you all don't hate it. There are some lyrics on the album that you might think are mean or sexist. I will feel genuinely bad if anyone feels hurt by my lyrics but I

really wanted these songs to be an exploration of my "dark side" — all the parts of myself that I was either afraid or embarrassed to think about before. So there's some pretty nasty stuff on there. You may be more willing to forgive the mean lyrics if you see them as passing low points in a larger story. And this album really is a story: the story of the last 2 years of my life. And as you're probably well aware, these have been two very weird years.

10-4 good buddies,

See you soon!



mind, head, imagination

won't you knock me on my head, let me outta here
married in my mind
I wonder what clothes you wear...
I wish I could get my head outta the sand
but that's just a stupid dream

Mother

You see ma, I'm a good little boy
It's all your fault, momma
with my momma's mason jar

The Various Animals

dog
pig
goat
chick
moth
butterfly
cow
robin
snake
turkey

touch

shakin' at your touch
I could never touch you
how I need a hand in mine to feel

Goddamn

Goddamn you half-Japanese girls
Holy sweet goddamn you left your cello in the basement
Goddamn this business is really lame

hurt, pain

this is beginning to hurt
it's gonna hurt me
aint' gonna hurt nobody
cuz feeling is pain

1996

Shame, sorry, guilt, regret

I'm sorry, here I go
It's a cryin' shame I'm all alone
Now it's a cryin' shame cuz you don't want to play
I'm sorry for what I did
I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry
Who do I got to blame? Nobody but me

Smell, taste

so I sniff and I lick
smell you on my hands

Alone

and I don't want to be alone
It's a cryin shame I'm all alone
I'm bitter and alone

Fear

I'm afraid I'm falling for you
I got a # of irrational fears

[Attempts at writing a press release for Pinkerton]

Introduction to Pinkerton

I would like to take this opportunity to explain how this album is different from other pop albums and how to l...

... if I am tooting my own horn, its only because no one else has bothered to toot it, and because I believe that mine is a horn that deserves an occasional toot.

One of the most difficult parts of putting this album together was that the songs are of two entirely different sorts: namely, pre-success and...

My name is Rivers Cuomo. I am 26 years old. I wrote these 10 songs over the past 2 ½ years (minus the 1 and ½ years in the middle during which I didn't write shit). These songs are an honest portrayal of my changing attitudes to ... regarding the ... uh ... something-er-other. The songs are arranged in chronological order (or nearly) so you should be able to follow the intriguing story of my life with relative ease. The first four songs were written in the spring of '94, after the first Weezer album was recorded but before it was released. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times. Hopes were high, funds were low. ...

When I was a kid growing up in the Ashram, I was basically completely isolated from pop culture. Well, almost completely. ... One such random bit was *Rock and Roll Over*, by KISS, given to me when I was 6 by a little black girl named Shanti. I remember one night she stayed at my house and we fooled around in my bunk bed with my little bro' sleeping in the bunk below us. That was the first time I seduced a girl. So anyway, I got this random KISS record, and from then on I was obsessed with the band. ...

1996

My name is Rivers Cuomo. I am 26 years old. This album is named "Pinkerton" after the character that, of all characters in theater, worries me the most. The songs are arranged in chronological order (or nearly) so you should be able to follow the intriguing story of the last 2 ½ years of my "love"-life (minus the 1 and ½ years in the middle during which I didn't write shit). If you want to, you can [observe? trace? follow?] the changes in my values and attitudes as reflected by the changes in the music, instrumentation, production, and writing approach from track 1 to 10.

Strangely enough, I'm actually pretty happy with how this album came out. When I wrote the songs for the first album I had a great mistrust of my meddling conscious mind, and so the songs were mostly products of random (and sometimes silly) inspiration. This time around, I allowed myself to refine and direct the songs until they said exactly what I wanted them to say. I wouldn't rest until I felt my feeling was accurately depicted. Hopefully I haven't gotten too artsy-fartsy. Sheer musical pleasure is still more important to me than any extramusical story I may want to tell.

[More drafts for "Tragic Girl"]

daytime Florence Nightyde / Siren / Karts ode to a

When you kiss me and say you love me
it makes me feel so good
I wanna break down and give in to you
I wanna believe that you're the one
so you ^{sneak} some over and give me my ^{ill.}
and all my hunting goes away
I start to fade out with you beside me
why am I unsatisfied?

mind, head, imagination
won't you knock me on my head, let me outta here
married in my mind
I wonder what clothes you wear...
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dark Florence Nightyde | Siren | Kents ode to a

When you kiss me and say you love me
it makes me feel so good
I wanna break down and give in to you
I wanna believe that you're the one
so you ^{sneak} come over and give me my
and all my hurting goes away
I start to fade out with you beside me
why am I satisfied?

I wouldn't mind to die this way ^{why can't we just stay this way?}

so you could stay with ^{me} to night
I'd do all the things I'm wanting to
then you could leave when I get through in the morning time
Let's Pretend I like you too ^{let's pretend}
^{why can't it always be this way?} MAKE BELIEVE!

how I've come to hate the truth

But I don't want my mom to know that I've been a dirty boy
I try my darndest to be a bastard

I want you to think that I don't care

But I feel sorry and you're so pretty

You start to cry and I kiss your mouth

You're a tragic girl, you lead a cursed life

I'm just meant to be your latest tragedy

you ain't no butterfly girl this ain't no butterfly love
so I'm gonna have to be your latest tragedy

I gotta get outta here
and hit the high seas
and find my princess over there
She smells like clean clothes
fresh out the laundry

why can't I be satisfied

I'd do all things I'm wanting to

play all the games we're wanting to
then I'll kick you out when I get through

this way?
attend
always
this way?
me

dirty boy

How I'd love to stay w you
and just your poison gonna die
conscious and sweet the dream you give
for you could leave in the morning

I want you here with me tonight
the night w me
Can't you stay w me tonight
and bathe me in your ^{extra} sweet delight

I do all the things I'm wanting
you could leave in the morning
It feels so right, it can't be wrong

but isn't ^{that} some other song? but I never did believe that song
and I don't want my mom to know
that I've been a dirty boy

I want you here with me tonight

Can't you stay the night w me? forget our common decency
It's bad for you, ^{but} it's good for me

Damn it all this isn't fair

Can't we do it just once more
common is do it just once more

Won't you stay with me tonight
won't you spend the night w me
+ I wanna stay w you tonight
+ H spend the night w you

make believe that it's all right
won't you stay w me tonight
- I'd do all things I'm wanting to
then you could leave in the morning time
make believe I like you too
I'd do the things you want me to
but I don't want my mom to know
that I've been a dirty boy
(when I get through)

Can't we do it ^{just once more} one more time

How I'd love to do you again,
and ^{loose} ^{me} ^{there} we'll play all the games we want to

all I want is animal

give in I wanna do it one more time

how I'd love to do you again
and break my ^{way of perfection}
we'd ^{play} do all the ^{games} things we're wanting for
then you could leave in the morning time
how I'd love to lay you down

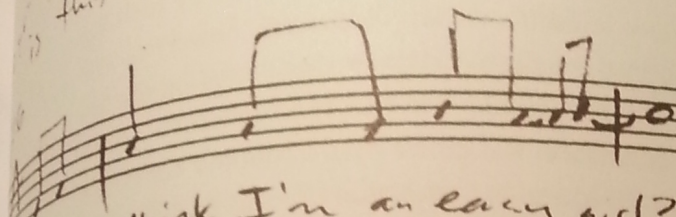
but I don't want my man to know
that I've been a dirty boy

and you I know are willing to
" " would become to

7/18 How stupid is it?
C'mon C'mon I'm on my knees
I'm the nicest guy you'll never meet
or at least I'm tryin' to be
damn

How stupid is it?
for all I know you want me too
maybe you just don't know what to do
maybe you're scared to say
I'm falling for you

do wonder:
is this something more than appearance love?



do you think I'm an easy girl?

you turn and ask of
I don't really know you at all

but I don't think so

but I'm left to wonder

do you do this every night

do you go up to every singer
and ask for an interview

do you think I'm a dirty boy
hangin' around the show
looking for

I can't say for sure
'cuz I don't know you

do you go back to his room
and give in to him

some girls like tall guys (maybe all on 3)

some guys like skinny girls

you like rock stars

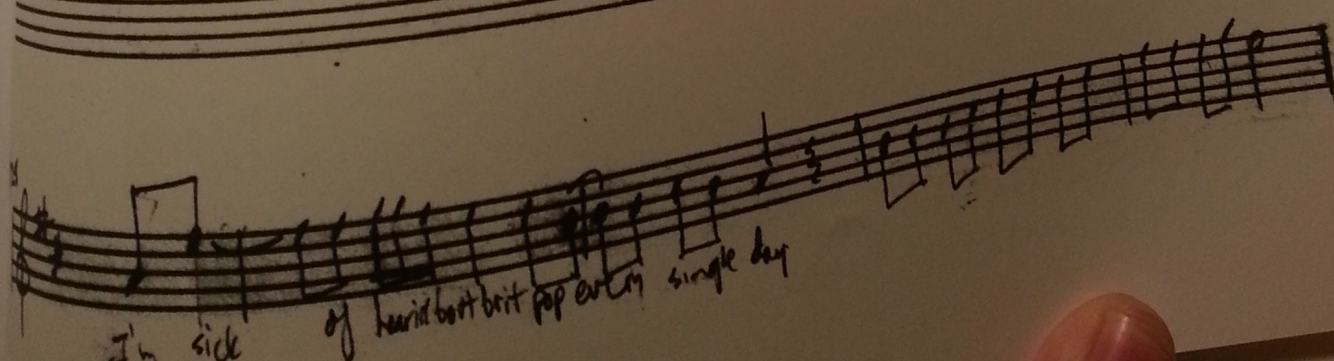
and I like girls

we're both despicable

I know
and you follow rock stars

will ya' remember?
10 years later? after?

It's true I like girls
but look at you... you like rock stars



I'm sick of hearing about brit pop every single day

1996

AUGUST 28

Hello folks. Welcome to the new Weezer album, Pinkerton. I'm afraid to say anything about it for fear of belittling it with my bullshit analysis. There are, however, a few things I can say which will point you in the right direction without spoiling the fun of discovering things on your own. You may wonder why the synthesizers that open the album give way to the intimacy of the acoustic guitar by the album's close. Or why song #6, "the Good Life," seems to be a total contradiction of song #1, "Tired of Sex". Or why the songs on side 2 seem richer, more complex and less immediate than the songs on side one. All of these inconsistencies, and many more, are explained by the fact that the ten songs are sequenced in the order in which I wrote them (with two minor exceptions. This album is basically the story of the last two-and-a-half years of my "love"-life, the story of my struggle with my inner—"Pinkerton," the story of my growth as a songwriter. So you can keep all these facts in mind as you listen or you can just turn the shit up and rock out with your cock out. I like records that can go both ways like that.

Another reason I'm happy with this album is that I think it's here that we've finally managed to capture some of the live Weezer vibe on tape. When we went to make the first record, we ended up trying to duplicate what we had already played on several generations of demos. There was no room for spontaneity. This time around, we didn't make any demos. I showed the guys rough outlines of the songs and we worked out our parts together, coming up with a lot of the ideas as we were recording. The album is charged throughout with the energy of these creative moments. Also, we recorded the vocal tracks singing all together in the same room at the same time. Whether or not we're good enough as singers to make this a pleasurable listening experience is an arguable point, but we had a blast doing it and, in my opinion, the energy we attained justifies the occasional incredibly-sour note. I think perhaps some of the people who bought the last Weezer album will be disappointed by the relative sloppiness of this album, but those are the fans we were never meant to have in the first place. One more thing, stop calling me a "nerd," you fucking assholes.

To my future wife: though I know not who you are, I know you're out there ... and that makes me glad.

Possible plot for something or other: guy becomes disabled ... does he lose his girl?

SEPTEMBER 17

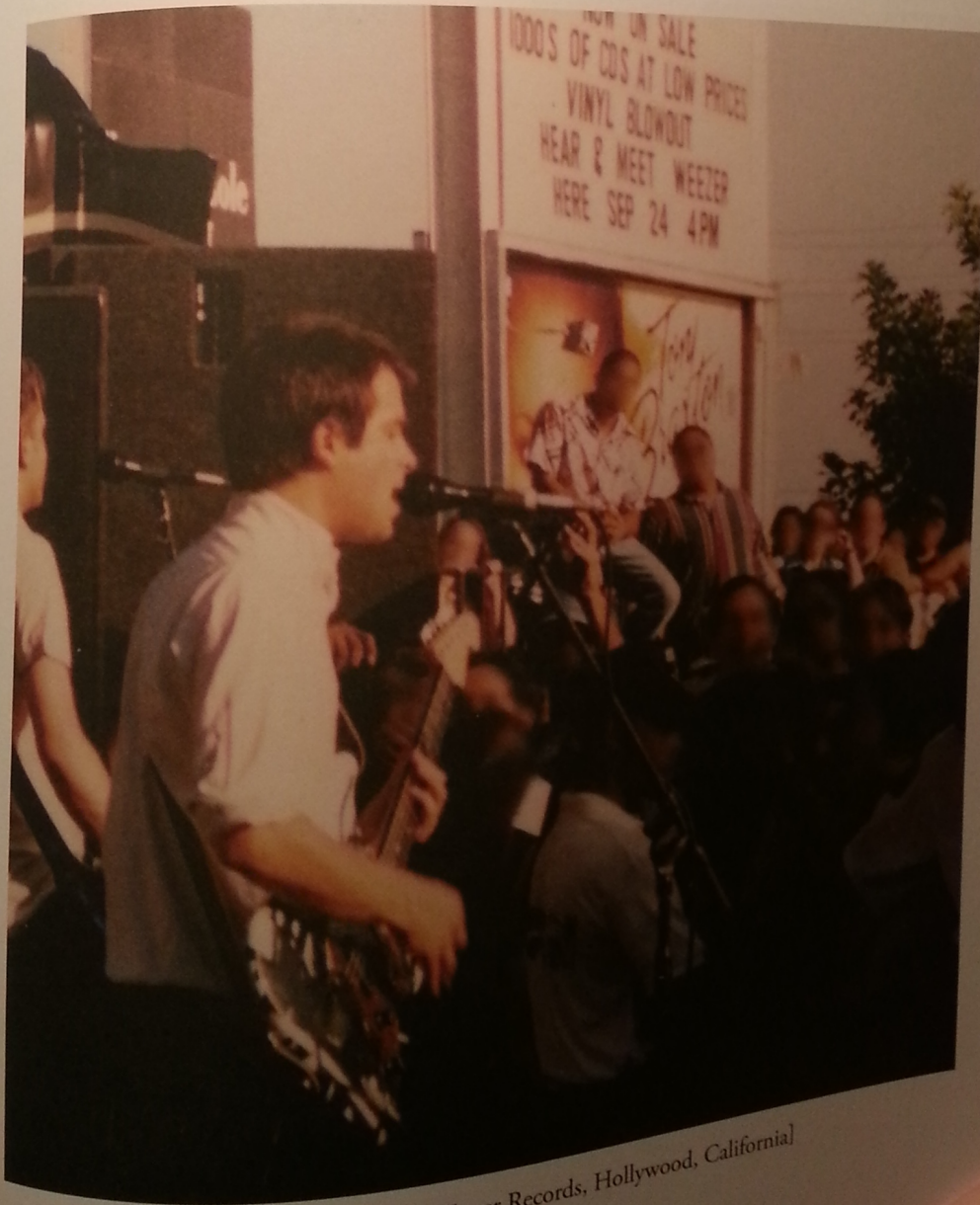
There's much pressure on me to do these interviews. So how do I feel?

1996

It's certainly ego-boosting to talk about the songs, the artistry and my life. But the songs were meant to be heard without extra information. Can people appreciate them without my guidance? Yes! Will they appreciate them more with the guidance? Some people yes. Some people will be turned off. The songs will become less subtle when made clear. I want critics to explain the songs with a healthy dose of reverence for the creator. Isn't that their job?

SEPTEMBER 24

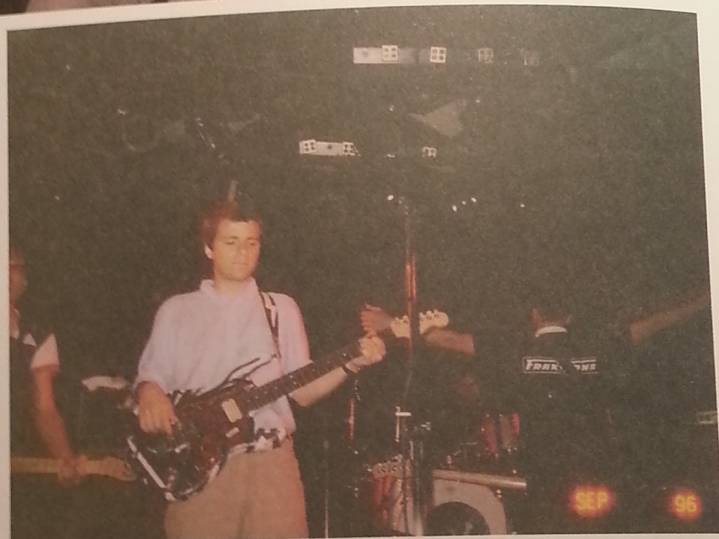
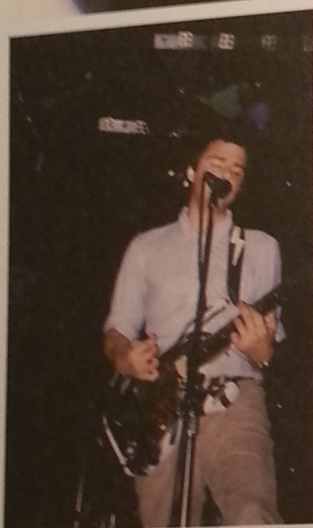
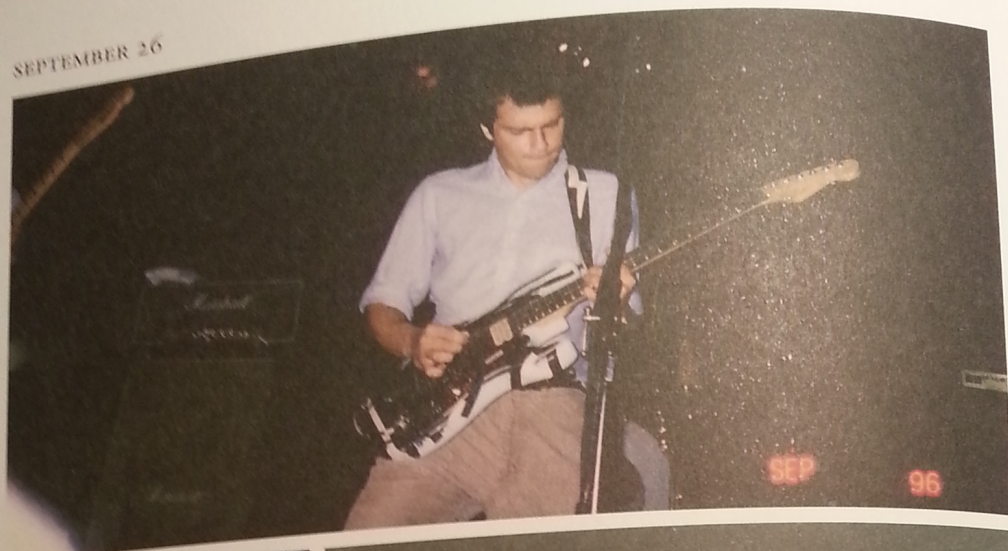
[Pinkerton is released.]



[Weezer performing at Tower Records, Hollywood, California]

1996

SEPTEMBER 26



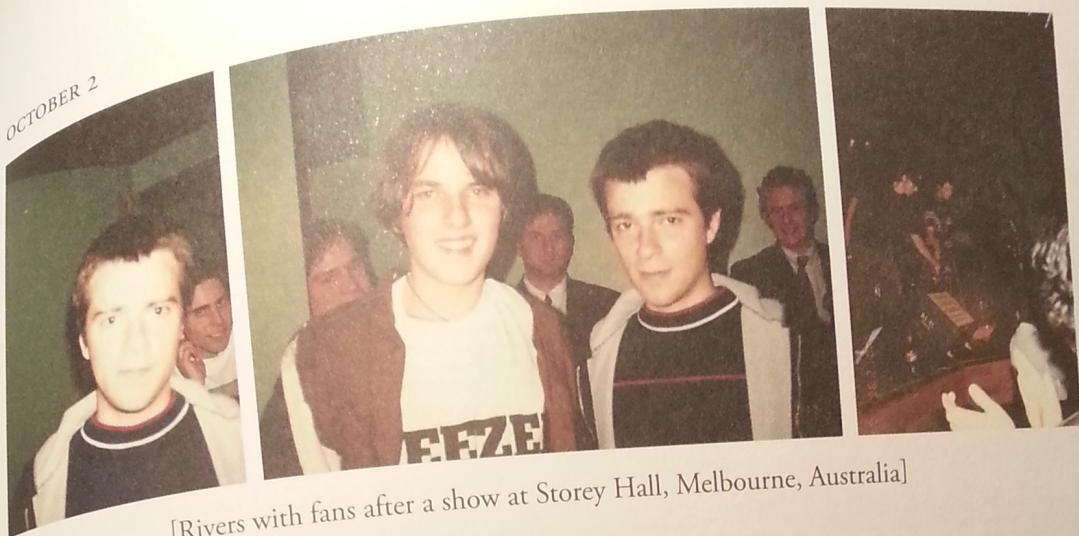
[Weezer performing at the Whisky, Hollywood, California]

OCTOBER 2

a new sound:

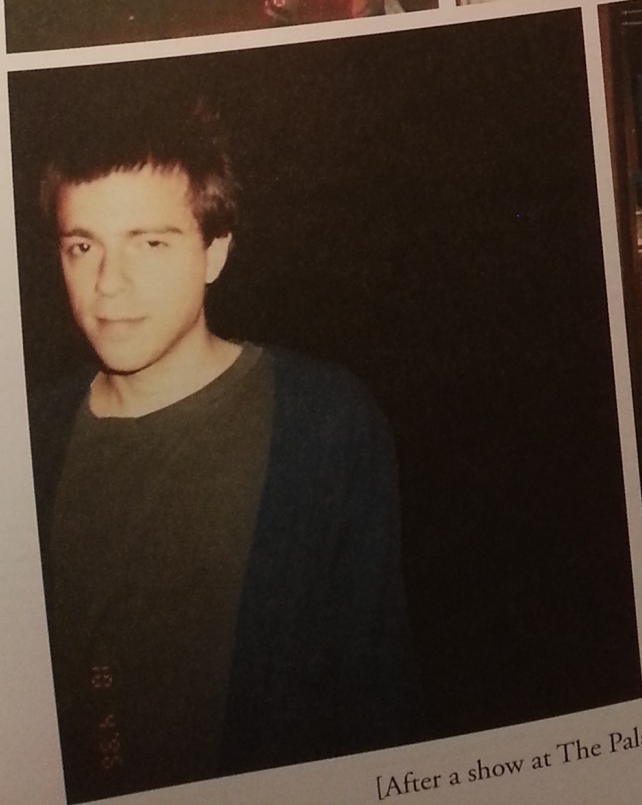
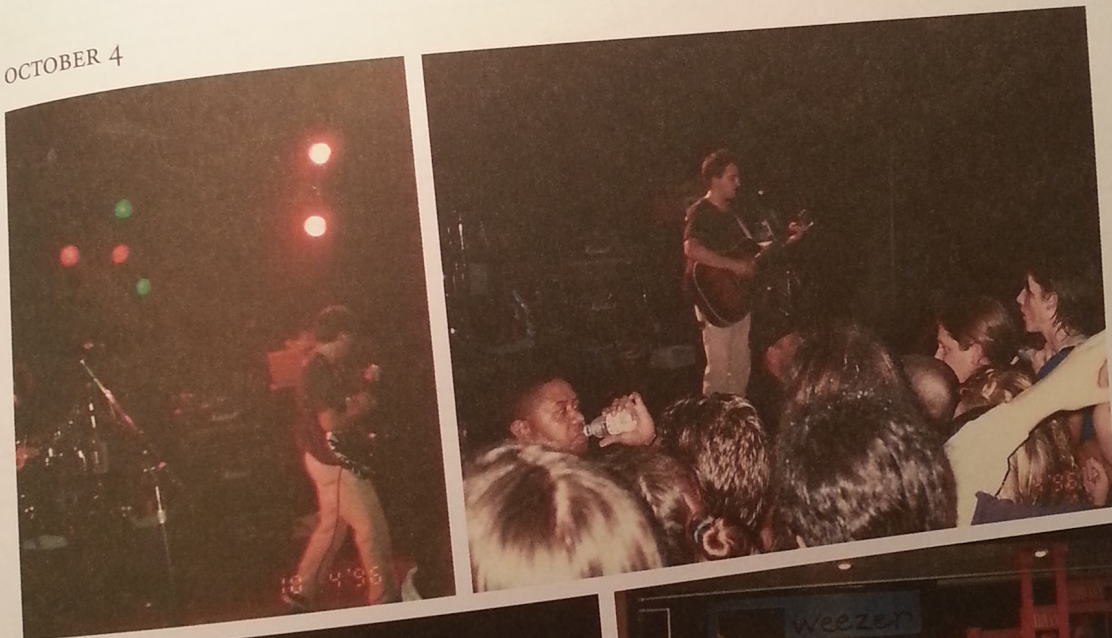
- repetitive striking rhythms
 - one chord (or circling around one chord) for long periods of time
 - continuously evolving melody
 - melody evolves slowly and naturally from a rhythmic and melodic seed
 - when there is a chord change it will be dramatic
-
- no more stock progressions
 - no more ironic lyrics, riffs
 - the effect should be totally original, dreamy, fantastical, hypnotic
 - dissonance, dissonance
 - polyphonic, dissonant, harmony vocals
 - lyrics will probably come first

OCTOBER 2



[Rivers with fans after a show at Storey Hall, Melbourne, Australia]

OCTOBER 4

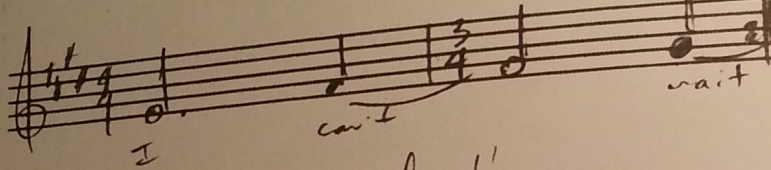
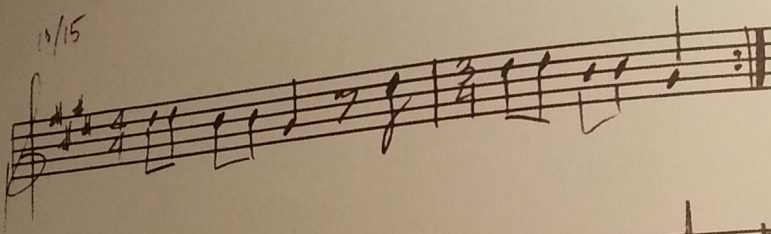


[After a show at The Palace, Melbourne, Australia]

[Trying to come up with a new sound for Weezer]

2

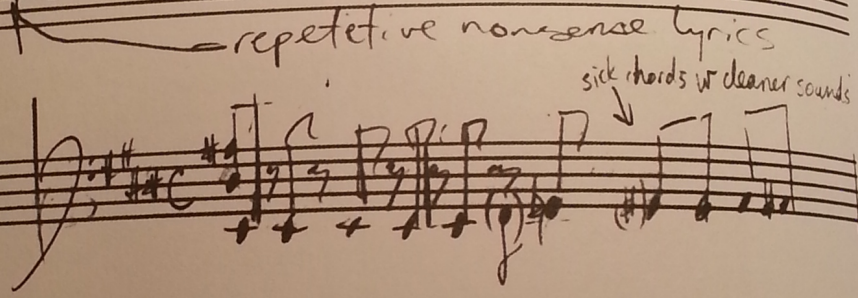
12/15



1. repeat odd riff
2. non standard drum beat
3. slowly developing melody (never repeating)
4. dissonant harmonies / polyphonic
5. slowly developing orchestration (never repeating)

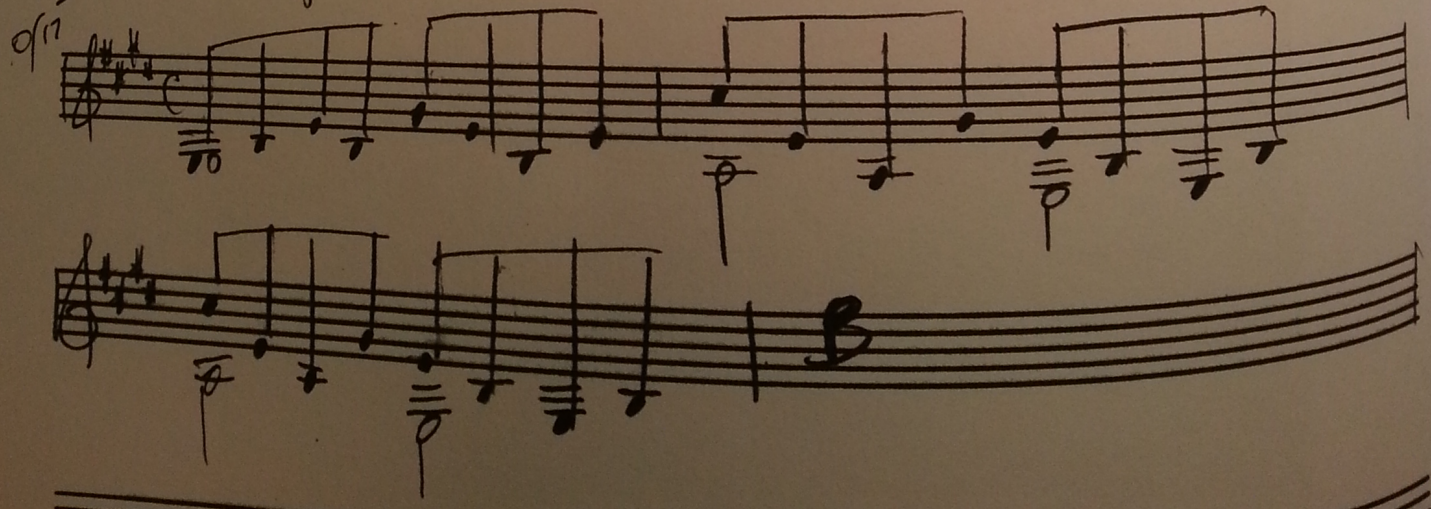
"Percolator"

1. drum beat + sound effects
2. 2 bar bass line
3. opposing gtr
4. opposing vocal vamp
5. opposing organ
6. organ pads



Lead vocal (opposing vcl out)

9. 2 more vocal lines simultaneously
10. opposing vocal returns
11. lead vocals out / gtr / key solo
12. key riff / gtr effects
13. drum sample breakdown w all vocals



1996

2
OCTOBER 20
This has been the strangest experience. Hundreds of Japanese girls on their knees worshipping me and I'm miserable. I need to either admit to myself and the world that I embrace Pinkerton, choose a girl, bring her to my room for a while and then tell her to leave and that I never want to see her again, or I need to fall back into the arms of one woman.

I've been thinking of Richard Bach's "Illusion" lately. Something about—do what you want, even if it hurts others (with the example of the vampire). That's got me thinking about vampires or werewolves: normal men who become beasts at the call of nature. They are out of control and hurt others to satisfy an appetite. Then they wake and are disgusted with themselves. This man could get himself under control by the infantilizing power of women. She gives him a magic ring. He has much anxiety about putting on this ring. He does not want to be restricted like this. He does not want to go back to mother.

OCTOBER 24

Two ideas for album concepts: desire is a bottomless pit

1) Genie grants wishes

1- Power

2- money women

3- love

This would work very well, practically, in an album format.

2) Werewolf guy kills women. He loves a young nurse but he can't get with her because he knows he would end up killing her. He becomes terribly injured on one full moon attempted kill. The nurse takes him in and heals him and then he has to kill her.

OCTOBER 28

Album concept: A traveler who meets a number of people who tell him their stories - like The Canterbury Tales.

OCTOBER 31

Halloween day - I'm flying to L.A. to commence the U.S. Pinkerton tour. Pressure and isolation.

I can't wait to see Chiba. I feel myself giving in to her. She's going to crush me, isn't she?

I just found a cache of my writings from the early '90s - poems and stories. They're interesting because my personality and abilities haven't

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1996

changed much since I wrote these things, but I have no recollection of writing them. Reading them therefore gives me a sense of what it must be like for other people to read my work - to encounter my personality.

I feel like I'm reading someone else's work and yet it's undeniably my personality.

My eyeballs ache and I don't know why.

Finding all these writings inspires me to keep writing. None of it is very good but some of it's not too bad...and all of it is o'erbrimming with my personality and experiences. More so than this diary is, anyway.

...

NOVEMBER 6



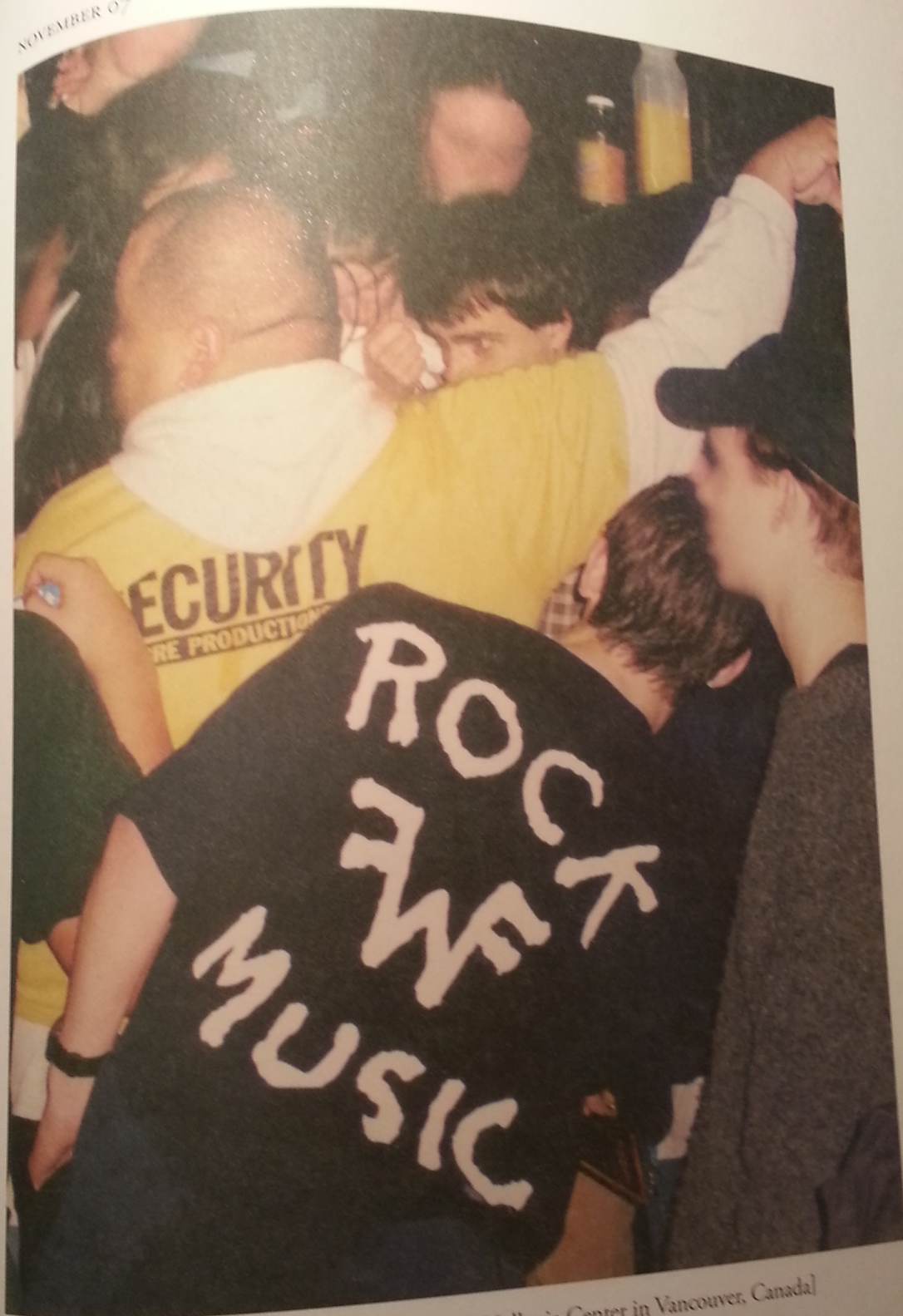
[Weezer performing at Shorecrest High School, Shoreline, Washington]



[After a show at DV8, Seattle Washington]

NOVEMBER 07

1996



[In the crowd at Weezer's show at the Hellenic Center in Vancouver, Canada]

NOVEMBER 10

Video shoot's done.

Feel an incredible release of pressure.

Bless you, Pat. (he sneezed)

1996

NOVEMBER 17

I'm feeling so incredibly guilty about exposing B.G. on our album.
What a terrible thing to say!

She must be crushed! -- and yet it is true.
God, I'm so sorry. Life is so cruel.

I need a love to save me. An unselfish love. Can I ever step back from
this life? This life of partying, aggression, sex, and ego? Can any other
life quell my ever expanding id?



[In my bunk on the Weezer tour bus]

NOVEMBER 19

Maybe the next musical project shouldn't be so much whining I complaining.
I should try to create a mysterious new world, a la Tricky, not so drowned
in the mundane.

I can
I'm
I c

I never
12/2/96
I
f

I can
have

1996

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I can't wait
I'm all ashake
I can't wait

I can't believe it you're the antichrist
I never met a woman
as selfish as me
until the day I met you

Wing Lee
Way Lee

I never knew a woman

2/2/96

I can't believe how you disturb me so
but it's ok baby cuz I probably
just wanna get laid anyway.

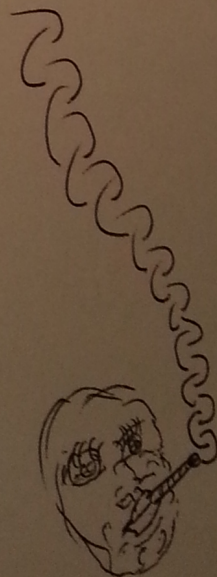
Why you messin' with them long haired
tonight you just want to get
Chillin' in a sports bar

I tryin' to steal from the other guy

I never knew
I didn't know they make girls as selfish as me

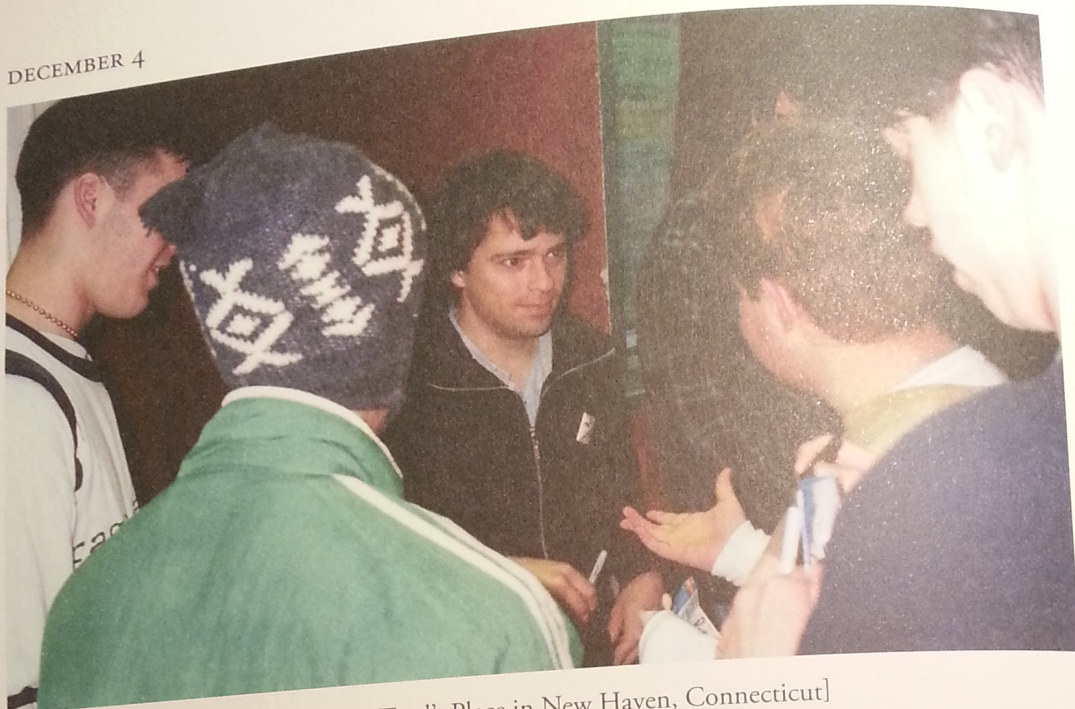
<describe the great conversation but end the verse w her kissing him>
so why are you kissing
I can't believe
might you be for me

Micro lady



1996

DECEMBER 4



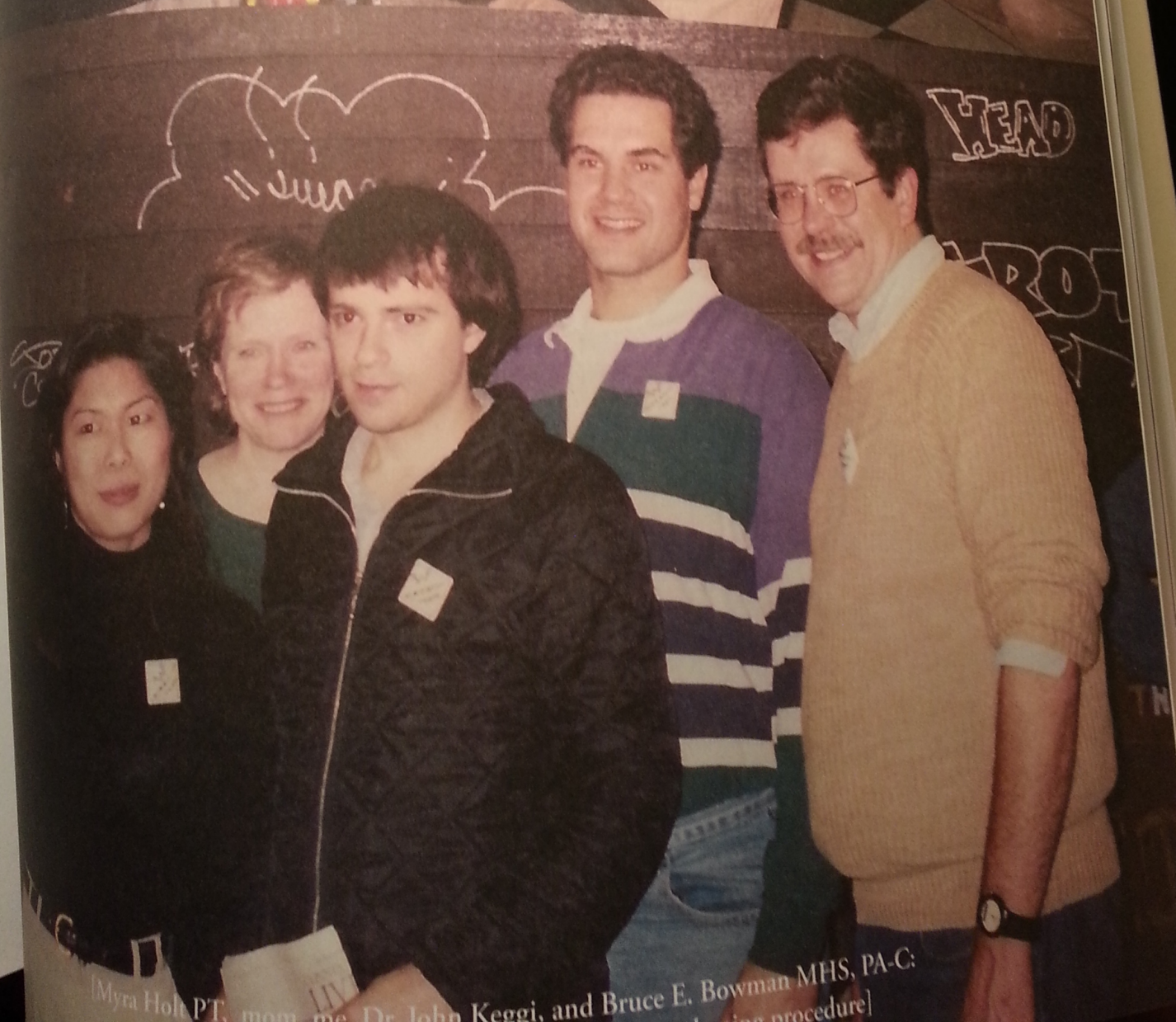
[With fans at Toad's Place in New Haven, Connecticut]



[Showing my leg to the surgical team]



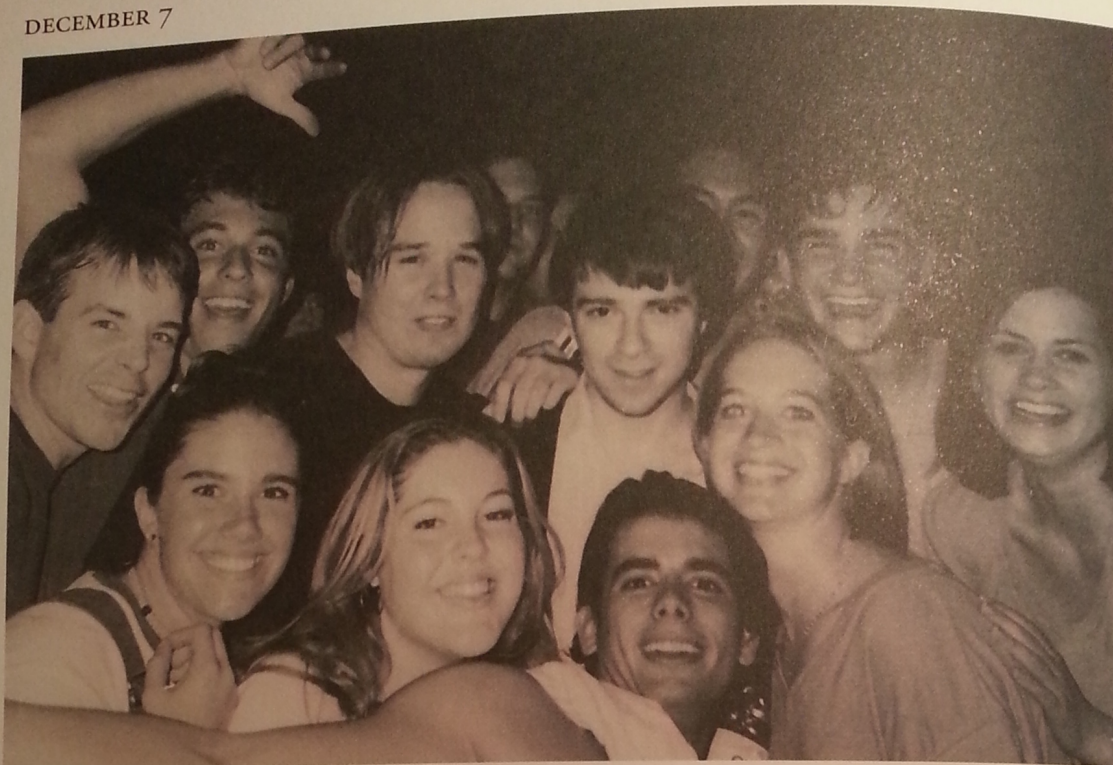
[Backstage with Mom at Toad's Place in New Haven, Connecticut, after the show]



[Myra Holt PT, mom, me, Dr. John Keggi, and Bruce E. Bowman MHS, PA-C: ing procedure]

1996

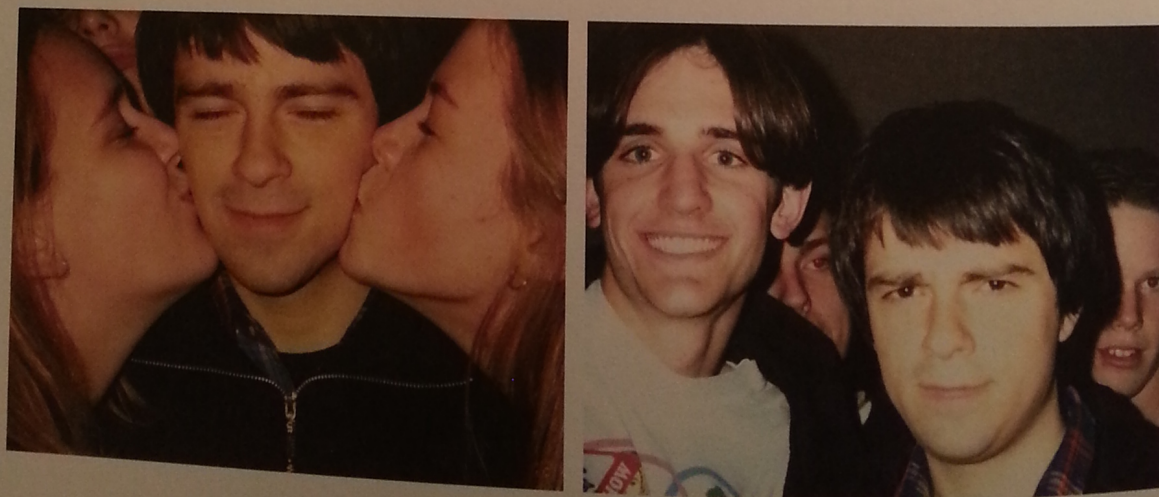
DECEMBER 7



[After a show in Gainesville, Florida with fans]

DECEMBER 10

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness
that moves more dear compassion of mind
than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through Envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind.
-Faerie Queene 1.3.1



[After a show in Orlando, Florida with fans]

DECEMBER 11

I had a good talk with Steve about the Pinkerton/Butterfly scenario. He supports me in being myself, although he admits it is a dilemma that "myself" is a heartbreaker.

1996

Maybe I'll just resign myself to not having a real girlfriend/wife until my 30's. I got a lot o' shit to do.

"For unto knight there is not greater shame than lightness and inconsistency in love." - Faerie Queene 1.4.1

Now I'm almost certain that I want to get a second degree in Literature. That would be two more years at Harvard. First you have to improve your music on a gut level and then you can worry about the artistry. Gut level, first impressions, vibe, immediacy, these things have to work.

FEWER, MORE ICONIC, WORDS

Subtle modulations of repeating words

DECEMBER 19

day off in Tempe, no piano, nuthin' to do.

Solo project names:

Sukebe

Sukebe

s'kebe

Boy am I ever right back where I started...haven't scored since O.I. in Florida and D.C. before that. Maybe it's cause I'm not partying as much. I've lost the predator's drive.

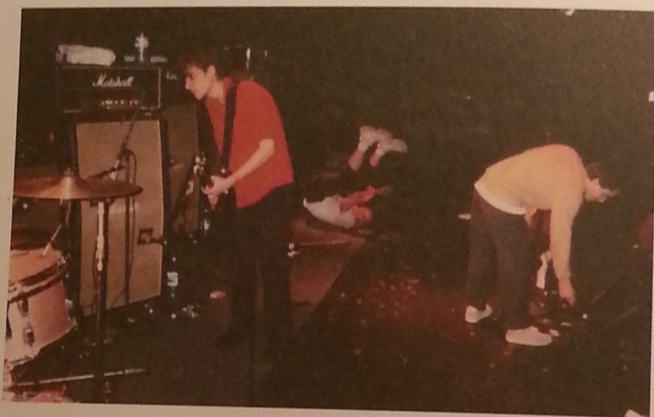
s'kebe either that or: Incontinentia Buttocks

What is the first impression that the listener gets? Cheesy? Hokey? Make it othergoddamnworldly! Not everydayey.

1996

DECEMBER 22

You know, if you live in the world of nature, you live with cruelty, injustice, pursuit, the kill. But these value judgments are terms from world of civilization and they should not be applied to animals. Is a lion's killing cruel? Is it unjust when one animal rapes another? No, this is the world of nature, a world without good or evil. If I am trying to exist in this world, if I'm truly to be an animal, it's foolish to even try to be "good" or "moral." Nature is the antithesis of morality. It is a matter of course that life in nature will violate the morals of civilization.



I met him
at a diner
when I was 16
and we were working
together
for the summer
he a washer
me a waitress
I won't be waiting no more
I won't be waiting no more

1996

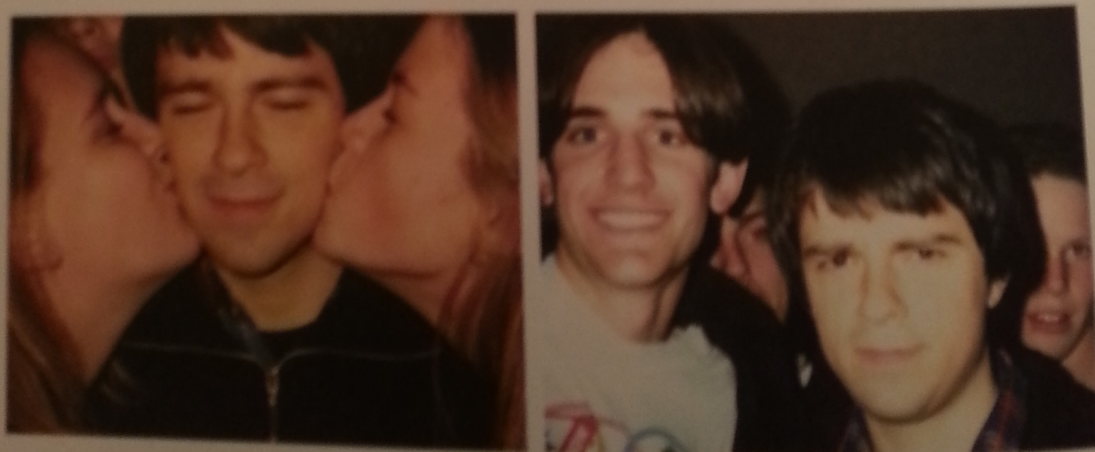
DECEMBER 7



[After a show in Gainesville, Florida with fans]

DECEMBER 10

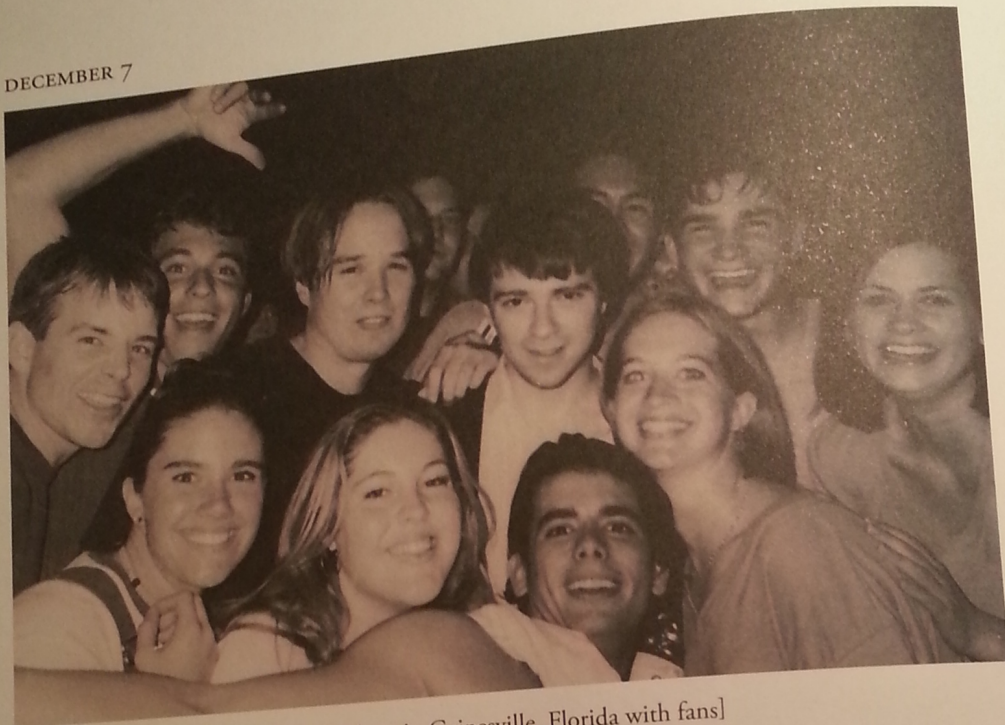
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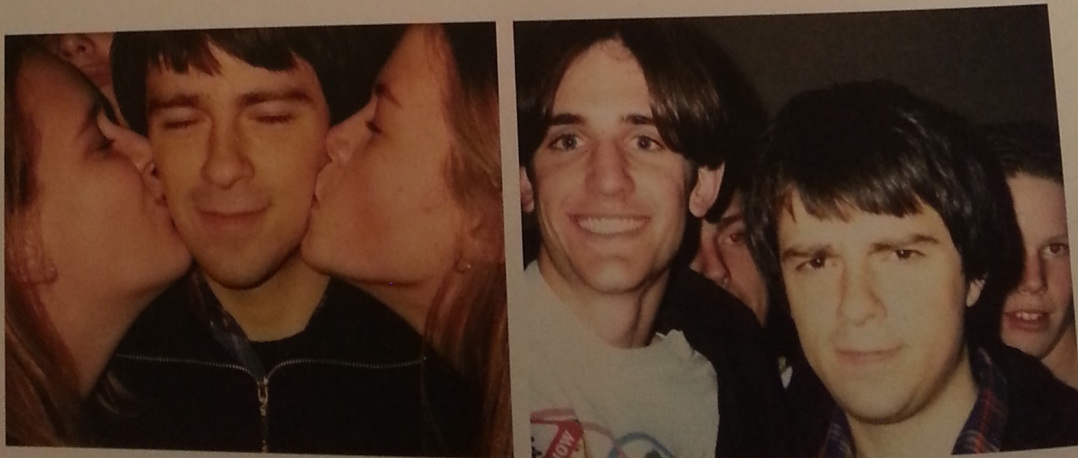
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 he a worker
 and a waitress
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DECEMBER 28

This stupid Connecticut station isn't playing "The Good Life" nor any
Weezer! I'm bummed.
I want to be a rock star.
In the meantime

1996

I'm plagued with musical worries

I was confident + having fun on Pinkerton- I stretched pop songs to the
limit of Romanticism—endless melody, my personal story, the tortured
artist - nobody bought it. People just want the simplest melodies, rep-
etition, restraint.

Do I want a trance-like band?

Can I even do that?

Is that where my talent lies?

Things I know I want

I want to write songs, things that can be played and sung by one person

Maybe start the song with a simple repetitive chorus and go into endless
melody verses

Kurt Cobain was the king of Classical.

One simple melody repeated over and over.

Then a second even simpler melody repeated over and over.

People love it.

and it's filled with feeling.

Lyrics are not cumbersome.

I thought I could stretch this style without breaking it. Radio wasn't
ready. Maybe I should pull it back together a little bit. Compromise.

"El Scorcho" was perfect though.

What the fuck. This station's not playing us.



-I'm kinda tired, sleepy, bored, brain dead

1996

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DECKMAN

Aunt Joanne told me today that Grandpa Cuomo came from Torino, Italy, in 1927 through Ellis Island at age 19. Grandpa came at 19 to Canada and then illegally stowed away into U.S. He was from Fossano in Abruzzo (a state south of Rome). His father was a poor carpenter who made wheels for carriages.

She also told me that my father had a child by a pretty woman named Dorcas when he was maybe 19 or 20 and that he loved her very much but she broke up with him.

...

(In my bunk on the Wiener tour bus)



...



(I can skate now, since getting my leg fixed)



1997

JANUARY 1

Song ideas:

- "Didja get lucky?"
- Consoling a friend
- A song with endless melody over just a drumbeat (no guitars) with vocal counterpoint.

JANUARY 2

I think I should not emulate Wagnerian opera, nor any kind of opera, nor musicals, but rather, I should emulate the earlier Romantic song cycles like those of Schubert and Schumann. Those composers still love balance, order, clarity, wholesale repetition, but the songs are beginning to be stretched. They still have an essentially musical value but there is also an extra-musical story. Learn these song-cycles inside and out, play them on the piano and sing them! Understand them, what unifies them.

~
I've got to re-read Stravinsky's Poetics of Music when I get back.

Also I should compile my poetry. I read four poems aloud to Ma and thought they were good, fun. I should keep writing poetry.

~
Kurt Cobain evoked pity but never asked for pity.

Why are you always begging for pity?

Fucking grow up. Your pitiable persona is an antiquated crutch. You're just so talented at playing it.

If you're not the loser, then who are you? Who else can you play to such effect?

Daisuki

JANUARY 5

I want to make the tastiest most decadent CLASSIC pop album ever.

1997

JANUARY 10

Touring's fun / the guyz are being cool / partying.
Thinking about Yukako / She's cool.
Saw The Rolling Stones' Gimme Shelter.
The end of the 60's Rebellion.

Random Highlights From my Xmas Vacation

Howdy folks – another Christmas in Connecticut and I'm bored as heck. Actually, I've had mostly fun experiences separated by small yet intense pockets of boredom. My brother Leaves came home and we jammed the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" – him on clarinet, me on piano; I've had several good talks with my mom about girls; I went to New York City with my friends Justin, Bryn and Adam to see "Les Miserables". It was real good. We sang some songs from that musical in high school. We saw Mick Fleetwood in the audience.

Before the show we had a few hours to kill so we bought tickets to something called "The Motion Cinema Ride--in 3-D!" This "ride" was a room much like a small movie theatre except that the audience was required to strap on safety belts in their seats. When the "movie" started, the seats began jerking wildly around and a high powered wind machine kicked in, blasting us all in the face, apparently in an attempt to simulate (along with the 3-D images on the screen, the various sound effects, and the screams of warning from the panic-stricken narrator) the effects of hurtling through various high-thrills environments such as asteroid fields, obstacle courses, and haunted graveyards. The actual result of all of these effects, however, was not so much thrills and excitement, but rather, confusion and nausea.

More entertaining than the ride itself was the wait in line before entering. From where we were standing we could watch the small bank of video screens showing the audience sitting inside the theatre (These screens are monitored presumably to insure that no one inside is having sex or lighting fires or engaging in any other of the host of neanderthalic activities in which we humans invariably engage whenever locked as a group in a dark room for more than a minute or two. Please, people – can't we enjoy our simulated 3-D asteroid field and wind machine as mature, responsible adults?). The funny thing was, whenever the theatre seats would begin their maneuvers we could see on the monitor the entire audience jerk suddenly in unison to the left or the right, or forward or backward, with identical expressions of nausea on their faces. Here was the true showing of "Les Miserables".

In addition to these cerebral activities, I've also enjoyed several physical activities which I couldn't enjoy before I had my leg fixed. For example, I went hiking. I went ice skating with my ex-physical therapist Myra, I went bowling with my brother and our ex-stepdad Steve and finally asked myself the big question as I approached the lane; Was it worth it? Was it worth a year and a half of leg torture so that I could now bowl with the rest of the civilized world? "You bet it was." I said to myself and proceeded to

bowl quite well for a beginner, I think scoring 144, with 2 strikes, 3 Spares and only 1 gutterball. Perhaps I have another career to fall back on if Rolling Stone with its senseless campaign against Weezer obliterated my career as a musician.

Now I'm starting to feel melancholic. The *Pinkerton* tour is almost over. When the first Weezer tour ended, I was burnt to a crisp. I couldn't wait to settle down, go to school, make some friends, eat regular meals, and escape the spotlight that I felt was following me wherever I went. So I settled down and I went to school but I didn't make any friends and the regular meals I ate were either frozen microwavable dinners or cold breakfast cereal. I found that life outside of the Weezer spotlight was cold and lonely. So *Pinkerton* was born and we hit the road again, I with the intention of thoroughly enjoying myself. And I did! As this tour ends, I'm actually bummed that it's over. I've had such a great time these past six months singing, playing, partying, meeting girls. Never before have I felt this un-lonely. I don't want this feeling to end.

Soon I'll be back in school, however. The Bad Life. It's cold in Boston and I still have no close friends there. This semester, however, with my newfound quasi-social skills, I think I'll be able to make friends and enjoy life. In any case, in a year and a half I'll graduate and maybe then I'll vow to rock with Weezer in a blaze of glory till the day I die. Until then, don't forget about us and please write me a letter.

Love,
Rivers

JANUARY 24



[Fans at the Barrymore Theater in Madison, Wisconsin]

1997



[Carli & Mykel outside Weezer's tour bus]



[Me, Todd Sullivan and Matt in front of the Weezer Tour Bus]

JANUARY 30

To: doubleplusungood

Subject: dear abby

Yo Jeremy,

Matt doesn't want to tour with us in the summer (because he's touring with the Rentals).

Should we get somebody else to take his place?

Thanks,

Larry

[Song ideas and trying to come up with a new sound for Weezer]

8

Handwritten musical notation on a page with a yellowed background. The notation is written on five staves, each with a time signature and key signature. The first staff is in 2/4 time, key of E major, and contains the notes E, C, C, followed by a double bar line and the word 'refrain'. The second staff is in 2/4 time, key of A major, and contains the notes A, E, A, D, followed by a double bar line and the word 'wao!'. The third staff is in 2/4 time, key of A major, and contains the notes A, G, D/F#, b, followed by a double bar line. The fourth staff is in 2/4 time, key of A major, and contains the notes A, D, G, C, followed by a double bar line. The fifth staff is in 2/4 time, key of E major, and contains the notes E, C, E, followed by a double bar line. The notation is written in a casual, handwritten style with various annotations and markings.

2/4 E C C endless melody improv w:
refrain

2/4 A E A D wao!

2/4 A G D/F# b

2/4 A D G C

2/4 E C E Dussy D

will you just listen to me?
I been waiting a long time
In these words now

FEBRUARY 25

In "The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner," moral man squares off with amoral nature and Coleridge, despite his lifelong support of Christianity, isn't able to convince the reader that the good guys win.

Never mind why the mariner shoots the albatross or why, for that matter, Eve took the fruit: in Coleridge's day these were unanswerable questions and remained so until evolutionary theory revealed to us that life would never have evolved beyond a few good-natured amoebae without nature's little incentive, evil. The mariner shot the albatross and if he hadn't, somebody else would have. His inevitable, inscrutable crime serves merely as the trapdoor through which the poet falls to meet the amorality of his own nature. The rub is that his good-Christian superego survives the fall too and, upon seeing the "inner-Coleridge" face-to-face for the first time, it indulges in one of the most extravagant guilt-trips ever contrived.

The mariner's punishment—Coleridge's self-punishment—is the true subject of the poem. Soon after the fall come the forces of moral justice, "the STORM-BLAST came, and he / was tyrannous and strong" (41-2), escorting the mariner and his crew to their sea-dungeon where he must face the lawless core of nature, the scene of our primordial origin: "The very deep did rot . . . Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs / Upon the slimy sea" (123-5). Thenceforth the mariner bears the Albatross for Coleridge and for all mankind as Christ bore the cross for Adam and Eve. Man is not burdened because he kills albatrosses as the rest of nature does, but simply because he

has enough sense to feel guilty about it. Coleridge would like to believe that through penance we can purify our innate evil and drop forever the immobilizing weight of this guilt. After several weeks of suffering—confronting his guilt open-eyed without food, water, or sleep—the mariner suddenly sees the water snakes in a new light: “O happy living things! No tongue / Their beauty might declare: / A spring of love gushed from my heart / And I blessed them unaware” (282-5). These are the words of a man who has finally—after weeks pinned helplessly between the elemental forces of order and chaos—cracked, and allowed himself to see beauty and goodness where there is none; this revelation is more a wishful hallucination than a triumph of morality over evil.

The rest of the poem, despite Coleridge’s attempts to the contrary, bear this suspicion out. The mariner never really returns to the moral structure of society. He rejoices at the sight of the lighthouse, the church, the “steady weathercock” (479), the sounds of humanity, and other signs of “the firm land” of his “own cuntry” (571), but his guilt soon returns and he is forced to wander the earth ever after in a never-ending cycle of remorse and expiation. In Part 7, the silly moral tag “He prayeth well . . .” (612) is a mere featherweight platitude that can’t balance the enormity of the mariner’s experience in the preceding six parts. In fact, Coleridge later admitted that this “obtrusion of the moral sentiment” had been the “chief fault” of the poem (Norton, 346). In addition, moral sentiment fails to promote morality even within the poem when the young wedding-guest “turn[s] from the bridegroom’s door” (621) and rises the next morning “A sadder and wiser man” (624). Wiser, no doubt, of his own evil and guilt.

Want to combine girls — *Yonas Personality*
Majkas Looks — ~~fall into you~~
Chibas Sexuality

— You like ^{fall into you} me coz ~~you~~ I make you think

I like you coz you make me not think

Some guys want a woman who can challenge and criticize them / I get enough of that from the world and myself. I need someone who can comfort me

— I wish I could have you both

... how to take care of me better than you

You really found everything I thought I wanted
you're this you're that so what's wrong?

... think I should do (about Koko?)

Back to the Golden Melody Rule (maybe)

classical form + repetition but not cliché or formula

steinway's takes progress oasis schubert
craftsmanship beatles schumann
beach boys

- piece piece style w/ just bass + drums mellow in E
local endless melody shifting keys major minor
phrygian (anything w/ B and E in it) repetitive choruses
start ourselves w/ not as much movement
and then then build (like Puccini arias)

- then again think of great ^{CLASSICAL} pop songs
Nothing compares 2 U (one like chorus)

The needs I need to reconcile

- | | | |
|-------|--|-------------------------------------|
| heart | 1) pure delicious pop music, dynamic ^{progression} harmonies | stable structure ^{minor 1} |
| body | 2) repetitive rhythms, danceability, static harmonies | tricky, techno, strob |
| head | 3) free, endless melody, lyrical ^{variety} property, dynamic structure, variety ^{phrygian, pachelbel, jackson} | |

music can evoke, but music cannot represent
... melody but make it slower developing, stick w/ themes

1997

FEBRUARY 28

Yo Spike,

Magnarella told me he recently ran into you. I've been meaning to write you for a long time now but . . . I'm lazy. I never even write my own mother. I'm concerned that, with all the disagreements, confusion, and negativity surrounding *Pinkerton*, I ended up hurting your feelings. It must have been a pain in the ass to meet with me so many times and have it all come to naught. I've always thought that you are the best video director and an amazing creative talent in general. But I wanted Weezer to make boring videos. We did.

Then all the journalists asked me why Weezer wasn't working with Spike anymore. I did my best to explain my twisted video-theories (which I know I've tortured you with) and that I greatly admire and respect your talent but also that I simply wanted to make a different, lamer kind of video. I hope that none of these interviews came out sounding like a dis and if they did, punch me in the nose next time you see me cuz I deserve it. If I hurt your feelings, I truly regret it.

You and I work in separate arts that share an uneasy, symbiotic relationship. Whenever I've opposed your ideas, it was only because they were so strong, I was afraid they would overpower the fragile intent of the song. I suppose I should loosen up.

I hope this letter doesn't sound cheesy.

Hang tough in L.A. Call or write if you want.

5000 G

corporal burns Rd.

Cambridge, ma 02138

617-492-####

wepeel@msn.com

Rivers Cuomo

Sophomore Tutorial

Nancy Yousef

2/28/97

... On the surface of [Mary Shelley's Frankenstein] lies the Sunday-school-ish moral tale of crime and punishment. This is the Frankenstein I originally saw. Underneath, hidden almost entirely, is another world altogether, a world where obsessive ambition is an inalienable component of human nature, and selfishness the turbulent source not only of evil but also of mankind's most awesome achievements. We enter this hidden world through the many cracks in Shelley's surface story, and once there, are privy to the real riches of the haunting tale of Frankenstein and his demon. ... The most obvious flaw in the construction of the novel's moral message is that

1997

Frankenstein's extraordinary genius is an inalienable part of his nature. His talent is not something he nor anyone could have prevented from nor willed into being. His parents show no special talents, no obsessive pursuits; they are rather consummate symbols of self-sacrifice and human interconnectedness. Together they raise Frankenstein with the utmost care and affection: "No human being," he recalls, "could have passed a happier childhood than myself" (37). And yet of this origin a monster is born, "deeply smitten with the thirst for knowledge" (36). Elizabeth, raised in the same environment but of no blood relation, grows into a "calmer" disposition. His curiosity is therefore not a product of his environment, but rather innate, "among the earliest sensations [he] can remember" (36).

If anything, his obsession develops in spite of his environment: his father, upon hearing of Frankenstein's first discovery remarks, "My dear Victor, do not waste your time upon this; it is sad trash" (39). Later, his family makes repeated attempts to bring him home from his selfish pursuits to a life of human interconnectedness. Frankenstein is incapable of even considering this lifestyle. His innate genius overwhelms his moral will, as he himself observes: "Destiny was too potent, and her immutable laws had decreed my utter and terrible destruction" (48). Thus, Frankenstein's lesson cannot be extracted and applied for the moral edification of mankind: his example only proves that if you are born destined to be a self-centered, obsessed, genius—even given the best of all possible environments—you are going to be a self-centered, obsessed, genius. Ambition of this sort is not ubiquitous, according to the novel, but inevitable where it occurs.

We must then question the surface of the story in its claim that evil is the sole product of Frankenstein's obsession. Certainly the prodigiousness and profundity of his genius are on a level with few others. A description of John Milton's obsession could well be of Frankenstein's: he read "day and night, under his own direction, for six . . . years," reading nearly "everything of importance written in English, Latin, Greek, and Italian," in fact reading himself blind (Norton, 1401). He eventually married only to have his wife leave him a few weeks later. His extreme obsession caused problems. But in Frankenstein, Milton's extreme obsession is seen also to have produced good: in reading Paradise Lost, the demon experiences his one instance of sympathy from the world. At moments like these, we are willing to pardon obsessive monsters like Milton. We see that for Milton, for Frankenstein, and for other important figures in the history of our civilization, obsessive pursuit of genius is at once a source of local evil and invaluable contribution to our culture. . . .

But does Shelley view Frankenstein's ambition as the one ambition that goes too far? Is the creation of life, for Shelley, the one unpardonable sin? Certainly not, for in this novel, any ambition is punished. As Walton pursues his quest, his ship becomes locked in ice and he reflects that "the lives of all these men are endangered through me. If we are lost, my mad schemes are the cause" (212). Walton's punishment is potentially severe, and yet he hasn't sought anything on the order of the principle of life—he only wishes to cross the pole. . . .

213

205

In order to justifiably condemn ambition, Shelley has to isolate ambition from its beneficial effects. She literally polarizes ambition and good. The three ambitious characters—Frankenstein, the demon, and Walton—are ambitious to the point of caricature. They are also the sole sources of evil in the novel, and as the story concludes, they all find their way to the North Pole. The characters that lack ambition lack it entirely, and are good past the point of cloying. As the story concludes, they are all in their hometown of Geneva, dead. With ambition neatly aligned with evil and self-sacrifice neatly aligned with good, Shelley has constructed the perfect model, however unrealistic, by which to condemn ambition and praise self-sacrifice. In the character of Frankenstein, Shelley has created a character of absolute obsession, ambition, and egoism, so self-centered that, through a series of entirely insufficient excuses, he somehow fails to communicate to the world his tremendous discovery. If Shelley had allowed his secret to be revealed earlier (as would have to happen in a more realistic novel) the positive effects of his obsession would be realized. We wouldn't be able to condemn his ambition so easily for we would all be enjoying the fruits of his sin. ...

Why did Shelley go to such lengths to make ambition look bad on the surface of her novel? Why aren't the potential benefits of Frankenstein's discovery properly addressed? Or those of Walton's quest? Would she really have all men stay home with their families, as Frankenstein's father does, never caring to explore, create, or feel passionate about anything but their immediate community? Regardless of her intention, this is what the surface of her novel naively avers, like a good Sunday-school parable. But because the surface argument is so obviously contrived for the purpose of convincing us that ambition is bad, the attentive reader reaches another, more realistic, conclusion: Selfish, obsessive, ambition produces both good and evil.

... perhaps Walton's retreat is not much of a victory for the forces of morality anyway, for he was never much of an obsessed genius to begin with. Unlike Frankenstein, he never actually reaches a goal, he never has anything to show for his ambition, good or bad. Unlike Frankenstein, he has had another obsessive pursuit in his life, poetry (at which he admits to having failed), and as such he is not a genius of the order of Frankenstein, whose obsession is absolute. When Frankenstein becomes absorbed in his quest he fails to write his family for several years despite having received letters from them. Walton maintains a connection both to his family and to the feminine principle with a steady stream of letters to his sister. In his youth, he dutifully submits to his father, who prohibits the pursuit of his seafaring dream. Walton was never more than a second-rate egomaniac, a wanna-be Frankenstein, and thus no moral is proved when he turns his ship round and sails south for warmer waters....

Whether Shelley intended it or not, the surface of *Frankenstein* represents a desperate attempt to isolate and condemn the volatile power of masculine ambition. It is an argument full of contrivance and faulty reasoning and as such ultimately fails to convince. The attentive reader cannot help but note the extraordinary genius and passion of Frankenstein, the sensitivity and mental acuity of the demon. These are—in all fairness—admirable qualities. The attentive reader cannot help but reach the conclusion

that obsessive ambition isn't all bad. Shelley, as a nineteen-year old cultured English girl, probably didn't set out to show this—perhaps she wasn't even aware that she had done so. Shelley followed Rousseau's humanist philosophy, which finds man in nature innately benevolent. Conflict, pain, and evil, in this view, come not from nature but from a social structure gone wrong. Perhaps Shelley the moral citizen could not see Frankenstein's sin as an inherent part of human nature nor as a symbol for the turbulent source of our species' amazing achievements, but Shelley the intuitive artist saw exactly that. Perhaps these aspects of her novel crept in under her moral radar. The failure—intentional or unintentional—of this young artist's moral sense to successfully condemn the demonic energy of Frankenstein's genius is perhaps the victory of art over the artist: instead of the neat-and-tidy moral lesson Shelley perhaps intended to leave us, we have the haunting and veracious story that it is Frankenstein. Subsequent literary endeavors of hers, while certainly more polished and controlled, have failed to capture our imagination, while the wild story of Frankenstein, his creation, and its consequences—good and bad—have grown seemingly of their own volition to archetypal dimensions.

MARCH 2

Somebody lived in this house before me.
I wonder what she was like?

I gotta start writing songs again.
I just gotta do it.

Rivers Cuomo
Sophomore Tutorial
Nancy Yousef
3/2/97

In any human community—but especially a fledgling colony in a new, hostile country—there must be a system of social order to insure that life is manageable and predictable and that the community will survive and prosper. Because such a system of morals, laws, rules, and etiquette are contrary to human nature, they must be enforced by some societal power. In "Young Goodman Brown," rumor serves this purpose, ferreting out and punishing wickedness, be it pre-marital sex, murder, or any other asocial behavior that threatens the integrity and prosperity of the community. Goodman Brown is surprised to learn that his father and grandfather behaved wickedly—one burning an Indian village, the other unjustly lashing a Quaker woman. He is not surprised, however, that they kept these sins a secret, even from their own families, because he knows that "the least rumor of the sort would have driven them from

New-England." In this example, rumor protects society in three ways. First, rumor limits the wickedness of the father and grandfather by posing a constant threat to their membership in the community. Without this threat, they or anyone else could burn whichever village or lash whomever they chose—the community could fall into chaos. Second, the threat of rumor punishes the sinners, forcing them to live in secret shame, thereby exacting a great personal cost for every transgression of the community's rules. Third, because a parent's sin must remain a secret, children are raised with unrealistic models of purity, and the moral integrity of the community is perpetuated. Naïve Goodman Brown begins his walk believing, "we are a people of prayer, and good works, to boot, and abide no such wickedness." As the devil-figure tempts him further into the forest, he resists not because he is afraid of the judgment of God, nor because he desires to take right action, but rather because he is afraid of the judgment of his community: "were I to go on with thee, how should I meet the eye of that good old man, our minister?" Later, when he resolves to abandon his purpose in the forest, he is pleased with himself—not for obeying God's order, nor for taking moral action, but rather for taking an action that the community would applaud: "[he] sat a few moments . . . thinking with how clear a conscience he should meet the minister, in his morning-walk, nor shrink from the eye of good old deacon Gookin." Yet even after he makes this resolution, he hides himself in the forest when he hears horses approaching. He is afraid to be seen, not because he has sinned, but because he will be suspected of sin.

To be suspected of sin is the real crime in Brown's world: everyone is in fact a sinner; only those unlucky enough to get caught by the rumor police are cast from society. The Satanic meeting is comprised of everyone, saints and sinners, the reputable and pious join in singing with the "men of dissolute lives" and "women of spotted fame" and even the Indian priests. The devil-figure explains why: everyone is a sinner. The society of virtue is just a dream, even if an efficacious one. The reality is that we each are as inherently evil as the next. Goodman Brown is unfortunate enough to see this in his vision and, like the Wedding-Guest in "the Rime" who turns from the marriage ceremony and awakes the next morning, "sadder and wiser," Brown awakes the next morning "a stern" and "sad" man, and is never again able to lose himself in the illusion of human goodness.

MARCH 5

To: Bryan Stephenson

Subject: "On the road we'll never die" from "Holiday"

"The road" is any form of escapism, be it beautiful melodies, drinking, drugs, love, art, whatever. However, it is important to note that, even in the song "Holiday," escape is short-lived. Right after the line "on this road we'll never die" come the ominous crashing chords of fate.

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Rivers Cuomo
English 10b
Gabrielle Starr
3/7/97

1997

Ironic Moralism in "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner"

...At the end of the poem, the mariner succumbs to the need to understand his experience and so constructs a moral, much in the style of the gloss: "He prayeth best, who loveth best / All things both great and small; / For the dear God who loveth us, / He made and loveth all" (614-617). This Sunday school-ish rhyme is laughable in the light of the preceding six-hundred lines—the extreme physical suffering, the death of his entire crew, the encounter with Death and Life-in-Death. The reader instead reaches the opposite conclusion: any moral that we, the mariner, the gloss, or whoever extracts from this experience is probably nothing more than wishful thinking—a desperate attempt to see order where there is only chaos. This is what the Wedding-Guest realizes, and this is why he turns from the wedding, and wakes the next morn "a sadder and a wiser man."

Rivers Cuomo
English 97
Nancy Yousef
4/14/97

Marlow vs. Meaning in Heart of Darkness

...The most egregious example of false summing up in Marlow's tale [in Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness] is Marlow's emphatic conclusion that Kurtz's cry was "a moral victory paid for by innumerable defeats, by abominable terrors, by abominable satisfactions" (70). We readily believe that there were abominable terrors and satisfactions, but, as Peter ? observes, we cannot accept that Kurtz's final words, "The horror! The horror!" absolve him of guilt (249). In light of the rest of Marlow's tale, it becomes clear that this "moral victory" is naught but wishful thinking, a conscious attempt to re-bury the demonic power summoned forth by Kurtz. The story is littered with examples of Marlow declaring, as if by fiat, the absolute preferability of civilization over savagery without presenting enough evidence to prove it. When Marlow meets the chief accountant at the first station he nearly lionizes him, calling him a "miracle," a "vision". Marlow's praise is inspired by nothing more than the man's "unexpected elegance of get-up," his "starched collar, white cuffs . . . snowy trousers, clean necktie, and varnished boots" (21). Compare this dandy with the savages upriver, the "two bronze figures leaning on tall spears... in the sunlight under fantastic head-dresses of spotted skins, warlike and still in statuesque repose" (60), or

the "mass of naked, breathing, quivering, bronze bodies" (66). Who's more attractive? Marlow introduces the accountant apparently intending for him to win our admiration, but his argument doesn't convince: the man was "amazing and had a pen-holder behind his ear." Marlow's praise becomes ludicrously excessive: the man's ability to maintain his appearance is an "achievement of character," even as "everything else in the Station was in a muddle," and the black workers die slowly in heaps about this oasis of civilization.

Marlow likewise introduces the Intended as worthy of the highest admiration, yet when their conversation commences, we are quickly turned off by a weepy woman, hopelessly deluded, naïve, and boring. Marlow first says that she had "a mature capacity for fidelity, for belief, for suffering." Her eyes are "guileless, profound, confident, and trustful." She would apparently make a fine dog, but it is difficult to see Kurtz maintaining emotional interest in such a companion. A man as passionate and conflicted as Kurtz would need a woman who is not just faithful and trustful, but someone who is also intelligent, or wise, or creative, or perhaps someone who has some understanding of man's conflicting, internal forces. She should at least be sexy. But the Intended does not exhibit any of these qualities. She bores us with her inability to speak of anything other than the perfection of Kurtz and the perfection of her devotion to Kurtz, often stuttering and repeating herself, so that we almost wish Marlow would give her a good slap: "But I do not. I cannot—I cannot believe—not yet. I cannot believe that I shall never see him again, that nobody will ever see him again, never, never, never!" (75). At first we sympathize with this woman in her time of loss, but Kurtz has now been dead for over a year and Marlow thinks the Intended may remain in this state forever. Moreover, her obsessive fidelity and blind faith in Kurtz's goodness could not be less in touch with the reality of the man, as we know from hints of the "colossal scale of his vile desires" (72). She misunderstands Kurtz at his every turn. She misunderstands Marlow, interrupting him, placing words in his mouth, believing his lie nearly before he tells it. This inability to perceive reality (foisted by Marlow as a good woman's innocence) is entirely unattractive—especially in one who is, as Marlow gingerly puts it, "not very young" (73).

Compare the Intended, "all in black with a pale head, floating towards [Marlow] in the dusk," with the savage woman Kurtz finds in the jungle:

From right to left along the lighted shore moved a wild and gorgeous apparition of a woman. She walked with measured steps, draped in striped and fringed cloths, treading the earth proudly with a slight jingle and flash of barbarous ornaments. She carried her head high ... she was savage and superb, wild-eyed and magnificent; there was something ominous and stately in her deliberate progress ... the colossal body of the fecund and mysterious life seemed to look at her, pensive, as though it had been looking at the image of its own tenebrous and passionate soul. (60)

This woman offers Kurtz sex appeal, vitality, fecundity, passion, mystery. The

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Intended offers only monotonous devotion: "Don't you understand I loved him—I loved him—I loved him" (75). The wild woman too is devoted, but she is not a victim. She steps towards the boat and the men on board become visibly frightened. The man in patches says nervously that he would have tried to shoot her if she had offered to come aboard. Her devotion is dangerous. She has opinions, and spunk: one day she "kicked up a row" about this man's rags, talking "like a fury to Kurtz for an hour" (61). The Intended could never be much of a critic of Kurtz, for, in her opinion, "his goodness shone in every act" (75). And now with Kurtz gone forever, she insists that she will be "unhappy for life" (74). In contrast, the wild woman makes one gesture of "uncontrollable desire" as Kurtz is taken from the jungle and then walks slowly away, her eyes gleaming back at the boat only once before she disappears. Despite Marlow's framing the facts otherwise, we can't help but think that if the weepy woman is the best civilization has to offer, no wonder Kurtz ran off to the jungle and the wild woman. By Marlow's own description, she represents a life far more vital and attractive.

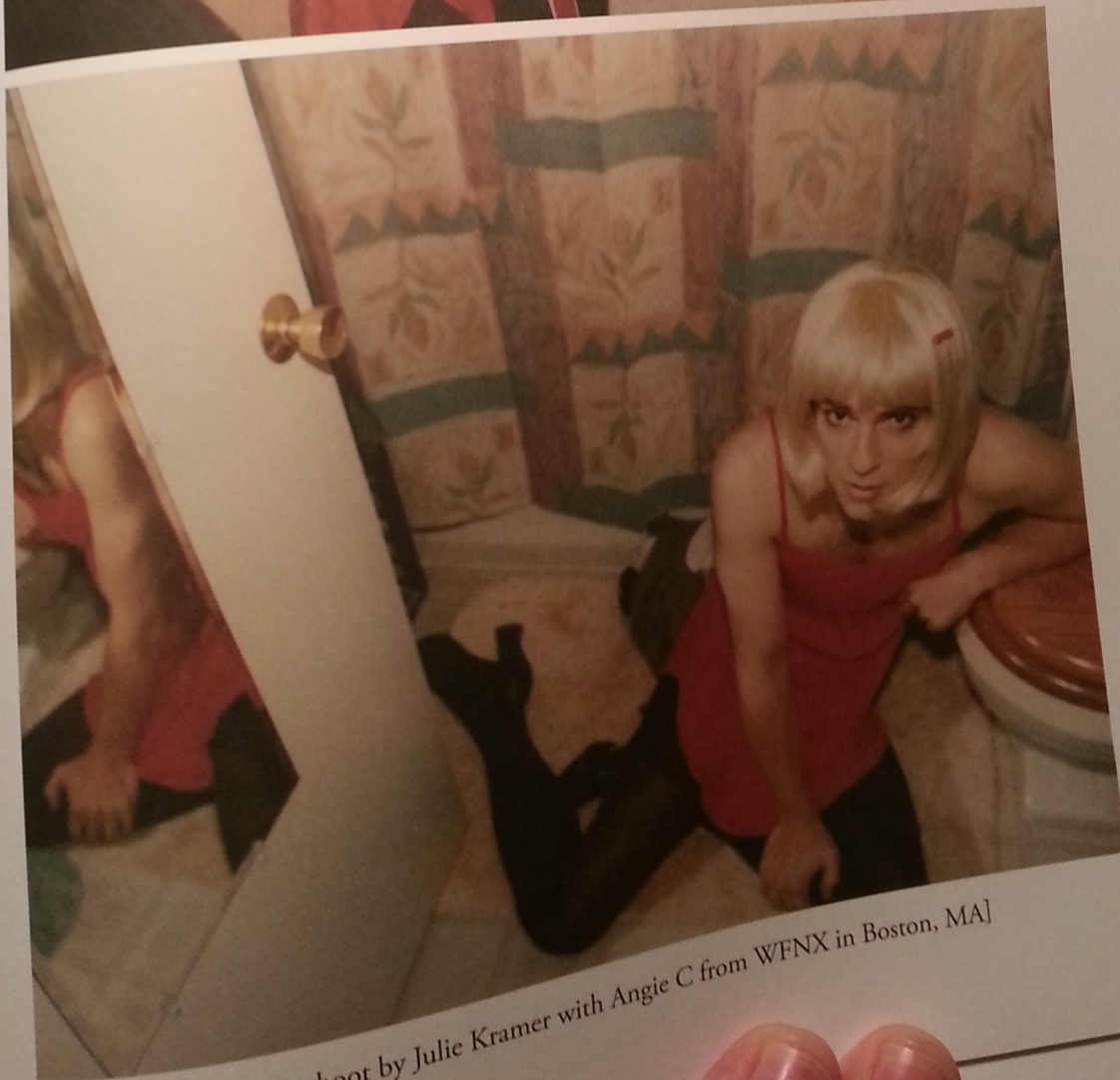
Yet still Marlow acts to "save" (61) Kurtz, to bring him back to civilization. He accomplishes this task only by lying to himself, denying the real attraction of the jungle, righteously declaring Kurtz's soul "avid of lying fame, of sham distinction, of all the appearances of success and power" (67). But he is simultaneously aware that his stand for the cause of civilization is a lie in the face of a true, terrible and terrific nature: he describes Kurtz's struggle to remain in the jungle as a "final burst of sincerity" and ultimately "withering to one's belief in mankind" (65-66). The truth is, both Kurtz and Marlow feel both "diabolic love" and "unearthly hate" (67) for the jungle, for the absolute gratification of all their "monstrous passions" (65).

Marlow bolsters his support for civilization by claiming—with little lies scattered throughout the story—that moral structure is supported by nature. When the Eldorado Expedition is lost to the wilderness, Marlow remarks confidently, "they no doubt, like the rest of us, found what they deserved" (35). But we are never told that they actually do find what they deserve. There is no real evidence of moral conclusiveness anywhere in Marlow's story, despite his repeated claims to the contrary. Elsewhere he insists, "I had—for my sins, I suppose—to go through the ordeal of looking into [Kurtz's soul]" (65). What sins? And how do we know that this ordeal is his punishment, and not, in fact, coincidence? Confronted with the terrifying truth of nature, Marlow falls back on the lie of conventional morality, a fabricated relationship between sin and punishment. Of Kurtz he claims, "The wilderness had found him out early, and had taken on him a terrible vengeance for the fantastic invasion" (57). Truthfully, it seems more like the wilderness strikes randomly, killing Kurtz but also nearly killing the man who comes to remove Kurtz (Marlow), and killing the many savage slaves but leaving untouched the manager that exploits them.

Marlow's declarations of a natural, ineluctable force of judgment and retribution aren't supported by the facts of his own story. In a desperate attempt to strengthen the case for civilization, he exaggerates the value of the book he finds in the hut along the river. He says that it was "an extraordinary find," an "amazing antiquity," "wonderful," and

"astounding" and he handles it "with the greatest possible tenderness" (39-40). He reveres the artifact—as he reveres the accountant and the "beautiful world" of the Intended—although it is "not a very enthralling book," and "looked dreary reading enough with illustrative diagrams and repulsive tables of figures" (39). The notes in the margin he reveres even more, although he understands them even less than he understands the inscrutable cries of the natives. To Marlow, this artifact of civilization, this symbol of "the right way of going to work," with its talk of "chains and purchases," is "something unmistakably real" (39) compared with the jungle about him. But "real" is a shifty word in *Heart of Darkness*. Earlier Marlow avers that when one performs work (such as the work described in the book), "the reality—the reality I tell you—fades. The inner truth is hidden—luckily, luckily" (36). And elsewhere: "there was surface-truth enough in [working the boat up the river] to save a wiser man [from the deep-truth of man's savage core]" (38). So which is real: the work of civilized man or the savage world of the jungle? Marlow's own words answer the question for us: the pilgrims are "as unreal as everything else—as the philanthropic pretence of the whole concern, as their talk, as their government, as their show of work" (27); one of them he describes as a "papier-mache Mephistopheles" with "nothing inside but a little loose dirt" (29); and when Marlow returns to Europe he finds the lives of the citizens "an irritating pretence" (70). How then is this book, filled with boring technical information and inscrutable ciphers, real? It's not, of course, despite the ecstatic declarations of Marlow. The book—like the accountant's preening and like Marlow's own work aboard his boat—offers an escape from the wild reality all around and within him. It is, in short, a lie, and when Marlow says that the book is "something unmistakably real," he lies. A lie, insists Marlow early on, is detestable, unbearable, appalling. A lie reminds Marlow of "what I hate and detest in the world—what I want to forget" (29). But lying is exactly what he resorts to all throughout the telling of his story. He lauds the civilized and berates the savage, he fabricates a cause for every mysterious effect, he judges and punishes the wicked, he sums up. He sets out in search of truth, to learn about primal nature, his potential-self seen in Kurtz, but when confronted with truth, he turns back to the comfortable lie of civilization, the denial of dark forces. His return ticket to civilization is purchased at the cost of a lie to the Intended and he thereafter tells his tale amended with lies, moral stopgaps meant to contain the threat of a moral-less experience.

Given the number and blatancy of all the inconsistencies, contradictions, and untruths present in Marlow's story, it becomes apparent that perhaps Marlow is not himself fooled, nor does he intend for us to be fooled. He wants us to criticize his gross moral generalizations, his summing up, his ostensible reverence for civilization and the civilized. He wants us to see that for every benefit we gain from civilization, we pay a heavy toll; we pay in vitality, in the ecstasy of the kill, in true living; we pay with our hearts.



[Photo shoot by Julie Kramer with Angie C from WFNX in Boston, MA]



WENX in Boston, MA]



1997

APRIL 24
Gene Simmons, Kareem Abdul Jabar, Chinese Emperors (all emperors, really),
Butthead, B.F. Pinkerton, Polygynous Societies, Mormons, Don Giovanni, The
Coolidge Effect, Camille Paglia.

Any man will have sex with as many women as he possibly can.

APRIL 27
A dream: my brother died.
"Turn the Page," by Bob Seger, is playing.
Drifting down a river.
My mother was with him.

Rivers Cuomo
English 97
Nancy Yousef
4/28/97

Shakespeare, Measure for Measure

...With the Duke's final judgment ("If he be like your brother, for his sake is he pardoned"), he mocks the measure-for-measure view of justice espoused by Angelo and Isabella. The unjust execution of Claudio, he suggests, can be paid for with the pardon of a condemned man, as long as the condemned man is judged to be enough "like" Claudio. His syllogism is specious, however: the pardoning of an unknown man can hardly recompense the grieving Isabella, nor is the unjustness of one execution reason enough for the law to stay an ostensibly just one. The irony is that the muffled condemned man is, of course, "like" Claudio, for he is Claudio. The Duke's point in concealing Claudio's identity behind the mask of the universal, anonymous guilty-man is that all condemned men—like this one—are "like" the innocent Claudio, and all innocent men—like Claudio—are "like" the condemned man. We each struggle with a nature which will inevitably conflict with the rules of society, which will inevitably be viewed by society as "guilty." We should therefore not judge each other harshly by the standard of perfection, but rather use our social errors as lessons from which to learn how better to manage the conflicts between the demands of society and the demands of our natures. [...]

Regarding Lucio's offense of impregnating and abandoning a whore, the Duke assigns no other punishment than to face the responsibilities incurred by this intersection of natural and social demands: he must marry the whore and claim responsibility for the child. He demands the same of Claudio, that he marry the woman he impregnated, and because Claudio's crime was only technical, and exhibited no anti-social intent,

1997

this is naturally no punishment at all for Claudio. The Duke demands the same of Angelo, that he marry the woman with whom he had sex, and because Angelo did have anti-social intent, although he technically failed to commit a crime (despite himself), he is punished with the difficult task of marrying a woman in whom he has no interest. The Duke asks the same of Isabella, too, for her to accept her nature, abandon her life of self-denial, and marry him. The Duke represents a justice which understands a "slip" in "the heat of blood" and so exercises "tempered judgment" (468-469).

APRIL 29

A Dream: I was trying to explain Tinbergen's four types of causation to Ma, and she kept resisting their value. She argued, trying to make them seem like they're just one way to get value out of poetry.

I told Ma that I kicked ass this semester. Something snapped and I just "got" English. I knew the poems better than anyone in the class—including the teacher—and I knew the stories too. I did well because I could apply Tinbergen or Paglia.

When she was arguing with me, I spaced out for a minute and she said that she counts on me being "aware." I said that I had been listening.

Ma, why do you deny me when I try to get these pieces of ultimate knowledge? You're always trying to compartmentalize them into being just one little way of knowledge—no more valid than your own.

APRIL 30

A Dream: how come dogs don't look each other in the eyes when they talk?

Yo,
Hey everybody. School ain't so bad. I switched to an English major ... don't ask me why. I've been to a lot of cool shows since I got back: blur, pavement, seabadoh, cibo matto, papas fritas, the apples, the lilies, bis, and the cardigans ...I'm jealous. I want to be on stage. Soon, Rivers, soon.

The summer tour is going to be incredibly fun. You should all come see us play because I'm gonna be going nuts but if you don't want to pay for a ticket to see No Doubt, I'll understand (although I think they're quite good). You should come to the venue anyway and we can just chill in the parking lot.

Hey, I want to thank all of you who have supported and defended Weezer in the media. We've really had a hard time recently between the magazines that say terrible things about us and the radio stations that don't play Weezer as much as they ought to.

1997

Sometimes I get so bummed out at all the criticism but I feel a million times better when I see you sticking up for us—for example, Jen Hagen who ripped Alternative Press an alternative asshole in their April issue. Thanks, guys. Also, don't believe anything you read about us (although it's probably all true): journalists have an amazing knack for twisting a story around till it's scandalous enough to sell copy. And sometimes the things we say don't come out how we mean them to. Sorry.

See you soon,
Rivers

Revolutionary

I am a revolutionary in a war
I'm climbing up a hill I have to reach for more
The hill is hot, the hill is steep
I have no choice, I must compete
I am a revolutionary in a war
and, happy, the lady is playing a song
she's pissing me off.
the British army came to put us in our place
a single bullet put an end to my race
the hill is hot, the hill is brown
I have no choice, I must lie down
I was a revolutionary in a war

As captain of the Bellipotent [in Herman Melville's Billy Budd] Vere acts to preserve the rigid structure of moral and institutional law. He opposes novel opinion—social, political, and otherwise—"not alone because they seemed to him insusceptible of embodiment in lasting institutions, but at war with the peace of the world and the true welfare of mankind" (312). Billy Budd, with his tremendous natural beauty and charisma, is a God of a competing order, and as such poses a threat to Vere's conventional order. Because of his charm Billy must, in Vere's view, be sacrificed for the true welfare of mankind....

Billy's charm—his physical beauty too—is inextricably bound up with his innocence, his inability to perceive evil, his impulsive energy, his freedom from self-consciousness. These are the things that must be sacrificed to preserve conventional order, the true welfare of mankind. Vere, not merely a mechanical arbiter of justice but a feeling man and an honest philosopher in realities, knows what a sacrifice this is.

MAY 10

A Dream: I was playing soccer and some fat dude was covering me. The room was so crowded nobody could hardly move. Then I passed the ball over to—got it over to—Ivan and he kicked it in but we lost 3 - 0, er 3 - 1, whatever. There was one moment where I carried the ball past the end line, but nobody called it out-of-bounds so I kept playing. I was cheating.

MAY 12

A Dream: Ma asked if they were dirty trash girls. I said "No, one of them has been hangin' around here for years. You know her." She didn't remember the girl. The other one, she said, is dirty. Had some kind of toxicity. I thought it was really kind of cute though, in an evil way.

A Dream: I blew up one balloon, put its nozzle into the nozzle of another one, pushed the air out of the blown up one into the empty one, blowing it up until it actually exploded and I thought I was very clever for doing that.

Then I went out to a big shot-put field for some reason, with markers. Some guy was doing shot-put. His shots weren't going very close to me so I was safe. Then policemen started yelling at me to stand on the other side of the field—yelling and yelling—and eventually I acquiesced. I went to the other

side of the field just as the shot put thrower threw a terrible shot right to where I was now standing. It barely missed me. I walked back to Ma, or whatever and started giving the policemen a hard time—saying “thanks for telling me where to stand, thanks for the good advice” being sarcastic. And I thought I was really funny and rebellious.

A Dream: I'm a kid and I'm playing basketball every day and I'm crazy about it. And then I'm also the kid's father. And the father has to decide if he's going to pressure his son into practicing another sport, because basketball seems like a waste of time because the kid's never going to be tall enough to excel at basketball. But his son is incredibly passionate about basketball. The father gives him a baseball bat and suggests that tomorrow he gets to work with that.

Rivers Cuomo

Eng 97

Nancy Yousef

5/14/97

In [Thomas Hardy's] Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Angel Clare believes that the pursuit of absolute principles, formulated by reason alone, will lead to an impeccable life. He rejects the values of his family (because they are, to him, irrational), settles upon his own (which, to him, are rational), and pursues them with a young man's fanaticism, however his reality may contradict their relevance. It is Angel's obsession with the principle of purity which prevents him from accepting Tess and sets in motion the chain of tragedy culminating in the death of the two sinners. ...

He projects upon Tess all his fantasies of a pure, unsophisticated woman in communion with nature, free from the hypocrisies and trappings of society. To Angel, “nothing so pure, so sweet, so virginal as Tess had seemed possible ...she looked absolutely pure” (252, 254). To whatever degree the real Tess contradicts his ideal, he amends the real with the imagined, denying or distorting the facts to agree with his vision. Nowhere is this tendency clearer than in his repeated refusals to take Tess's attempts at confession seriously. On their wedding day, she tries to show Angel the real Tess, but he cries, “No, no—we can't have faults talked of—you must be deemed perfect to-day at least, my sweet!” (229). Angel is not exclusively to blame for the consequences of this ill-founded love, however, for if he loves the false projection of his obsession with purity, Tess loves Angel because of his obsession with purity. She loves him not because he's handsome, wealthy, or a gentleman—Alec was perhaps all of these things. She loves him for “the self-controlling sense of duty [regarding a woman's virginity] shown by him, a quality which she had never expected to find in one of the opposite sex” (157). She loves him because he believes her to be what she wishes she were, and because he does everything he can to protect this image—from distorting reality, to misrepresenting

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her to his family, to punching a man in the street. Angel and Tess are co-conspirators in maintaining the illusion of the immaculate Tess.

When the real Tess is revealed, Angel immediately distinguishes her from the illusion—"you were one person; now you are another" (245)—and later, in an episode of sleep-walking, he performs a heartbroken burial ceremony for the Tess he loved, now dead. To the real Tess he applies the narrow logic of his moral formula and resolutely condemns her, for "when he ceased to believe, he ceased to follow" (258).

Unbeknownst to Angel, however, a real love has taken root within him, a love which does not have to answer to rational principles, which grows in time to destroy the structure of his obsession. After leaving Tess, he first struggles to pursue the rational life, which, as prescribed by "wise men of all ages," would be to continue, "As though nothing unusual had happened" (277). But when he visits the Crick farm he is "swollen with a renewal of sentiments that he had not quite reckoned with" and "for the first time doubted whether his course in this conjuncture had been a wise ...one" (285). In Brazil, he begins to "discredit the old appraisements of morality" and asks anew the question "who was the moral woman?" and resolves, "the beauty or ugliness of a character lay not only in its achievements, but in its aims and impulses" (359). He forgives Tess and admits that his own mistake "had arisen from his allowing himself to be influenced by general principles to the disregard of the particular instance" (361).

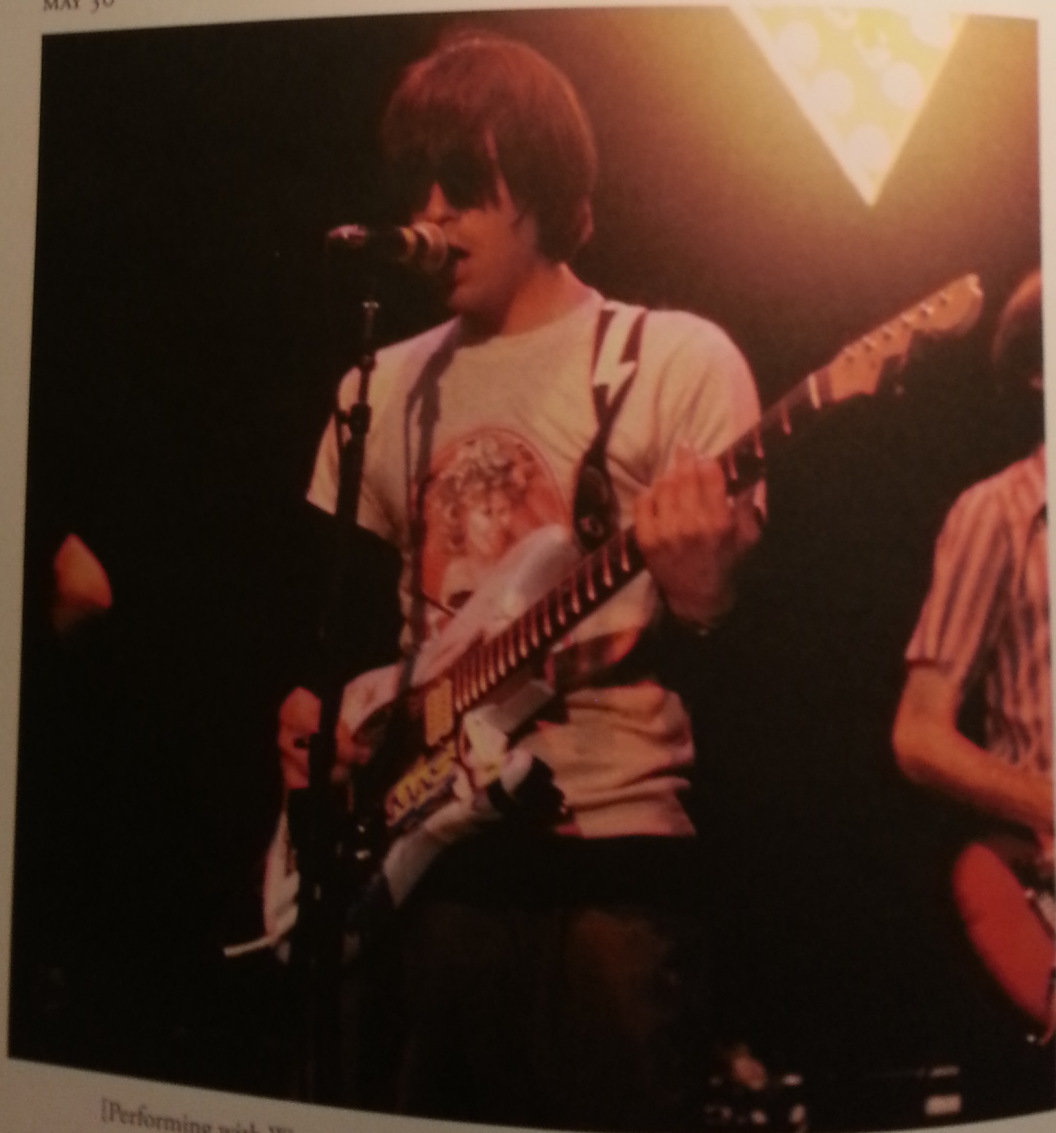
As his obsession with specious purity crumbles before an indomitable human love, he sees Tess not as a saint or sinner, but as a woman, with a human's share of faults and virtues. When he learns that she never asked his father for money, it occurs to him "for the first time ... that her pride had stood in her way and that she had suffered privation" (391). When he finally returns to her he admits, "I did not think rightly of you—I did not see you as you were!... I have learnt to since, dearest Tessy mine!" ...

Angel's [obsession with purity]—active all the while in maintaining the illusion of the ideal Tess—is finally exposed to the reader when he condemns her. "Within the remote depths of his constitution," observes the narrator, "so gentle and affectionate as he was in general, there lay hidden a hard, logical deposit, like a vein of metal in a soft loam, which turned the edge of everything which attempted to traverse it" (258). Even Tess—whose fear of confessing reveals some understanding of Angel's character—is surprised to discover the strength of his obsession. She is "appalled by the determination revealed in the depths of this gentle being she had married—the will to subdue the grosser to the subtler emotion, the substance to the conception" (263). But Angel's lunacy remains effectively unchallenged until his purifying fever in Brazil, by which time Tess has already broken before its rigidity.

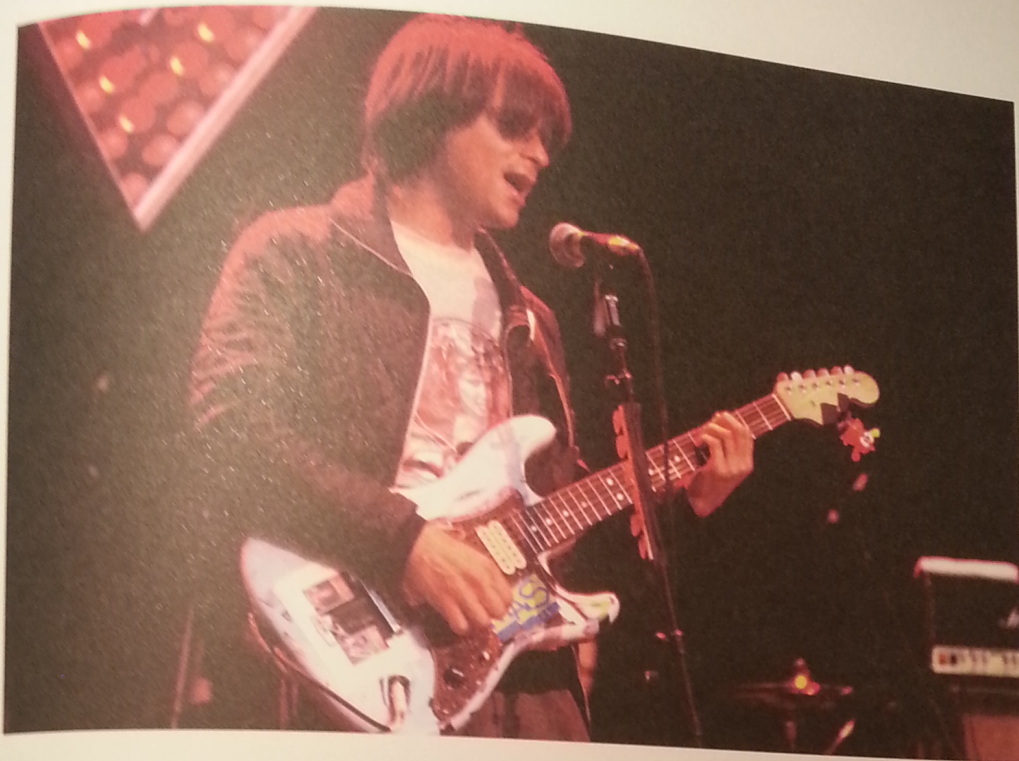
If there is any hope in this story, it is that Angel apparently learns from his mistake. He learns that purity is not the simple state and reason not the infallible guide he first surmised them to be. An alternative, practical morality is represented by the various mothers in the book, by Tess, who reasons "that if Providence would not ratify [the makeshift baptism of her baby], she for one did not value the kind of heaven lost by the (111) by Tess's mother, who reasons that Tess not "Trumpet her [trouble]

when others don't Trumpet theirs" (208), by Mrs. Clare, who, when Angel finally returns, "cared no more at that moment for the stains of heterodoxy which had caused all this separation than for the dust upon his clothes" (388). The hearts of these women contain, in contrast to the dangerous obsession of Clare, a readiness to judge "by the will rather than by the deed" (390). "What woman," observes the speaker, "among the most faithful adherents of the truth believes the promises and threats of the Word in the sense in which she believes in her own children, or would not throw her theology to the wind if weighed against their happiness?" (388). Angel might learn from the example of these women. But to him, as a young man facing the consequences of sexuality for the first time, obsession with purity appears to be the only alternative to the sexual obsession of Alec, and he is encouraged in this belief rather than challenged by Tess, by "the wise men of all ages," and by a society which admires him for his uprightness. Perhaps a man must suffer a heavy loss before he learns the danger of subverting human feeling to absolute principle.

MAY 30

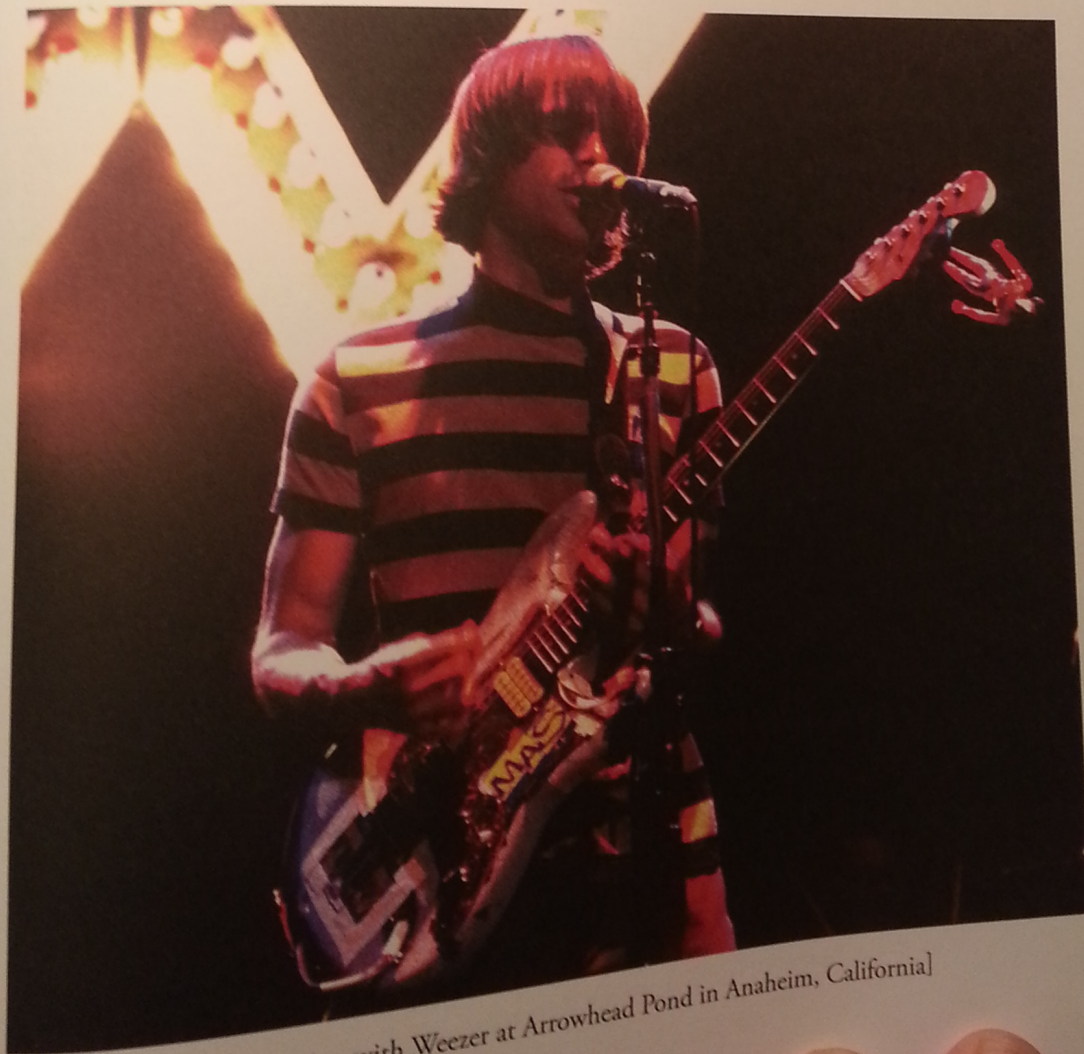


[Performing with Weezer at Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mountain View, California]



1997

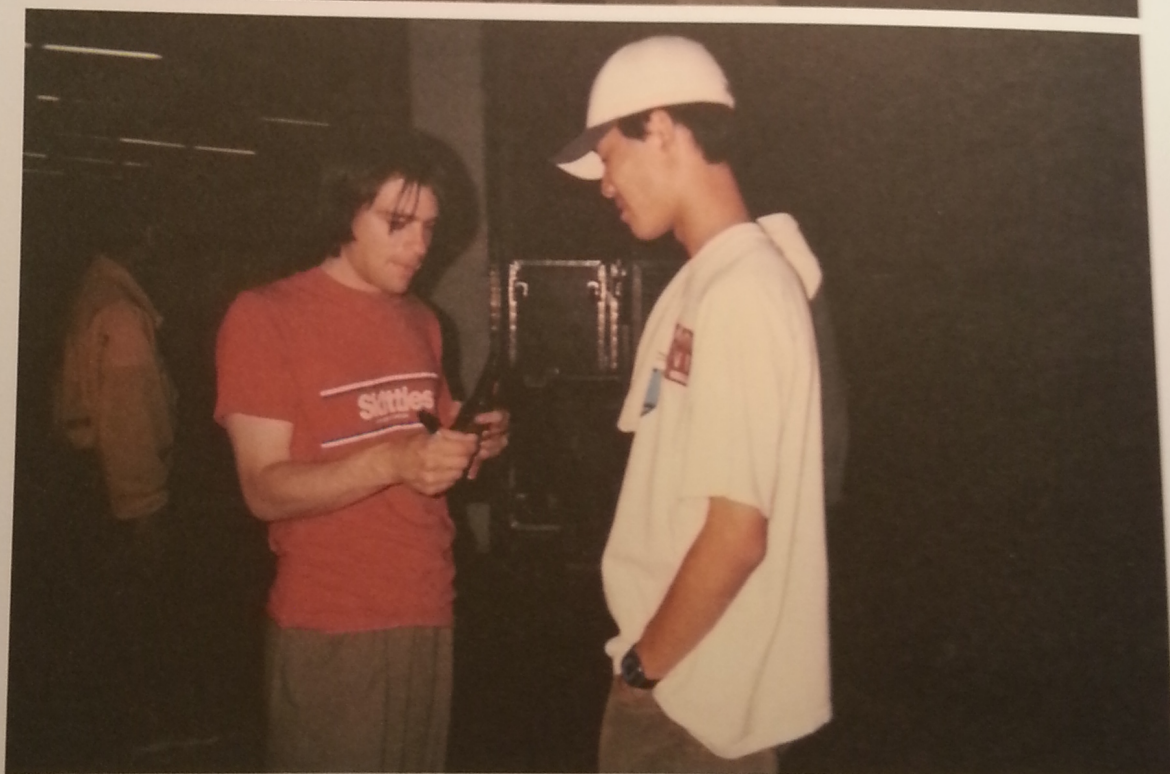
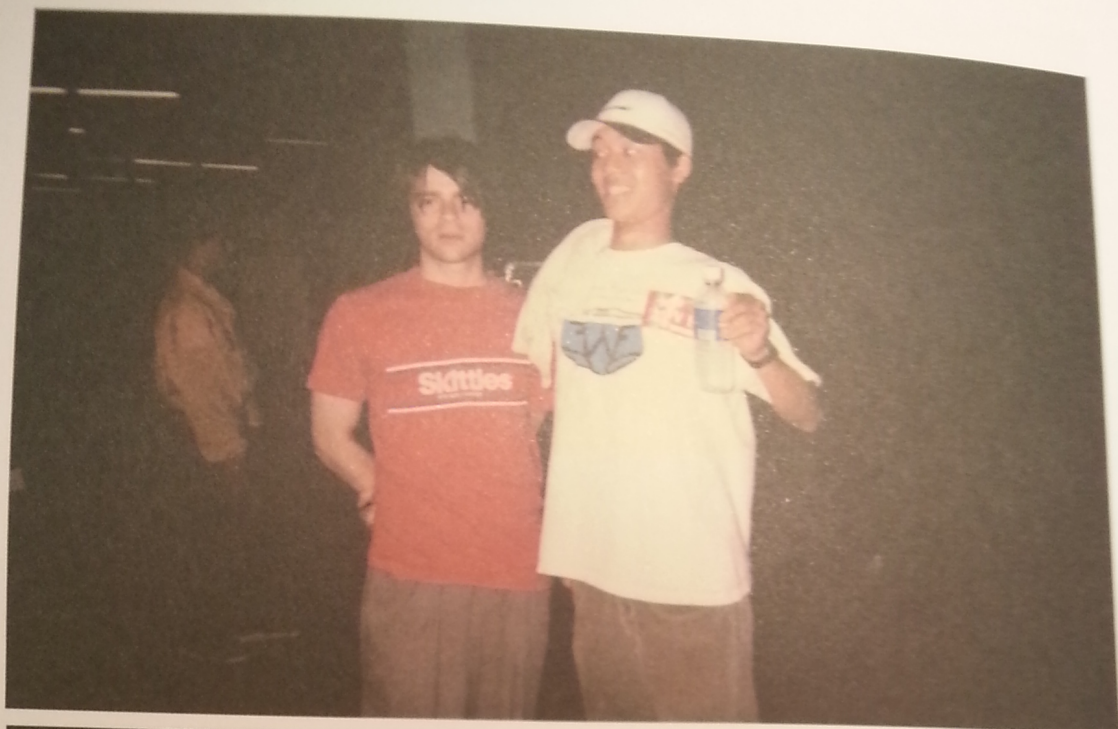
MAY 31



[Performing with Weezer at Arrowhead Pond in Anaheim, California]

1997

JUNE 3



[Backstage at San Diego Sports Arena]

JUNE 10

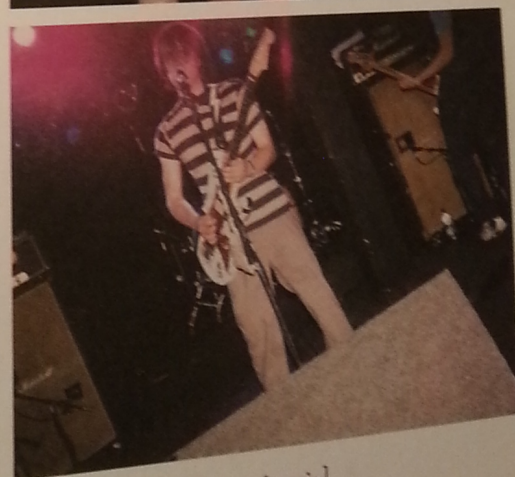
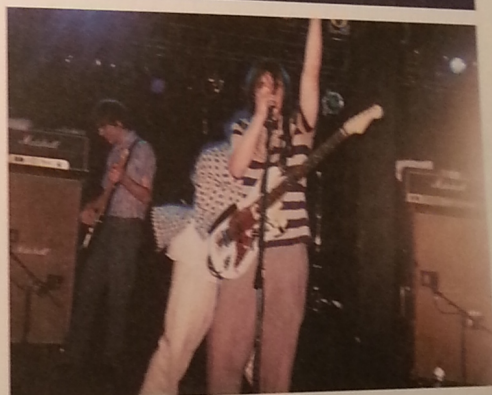
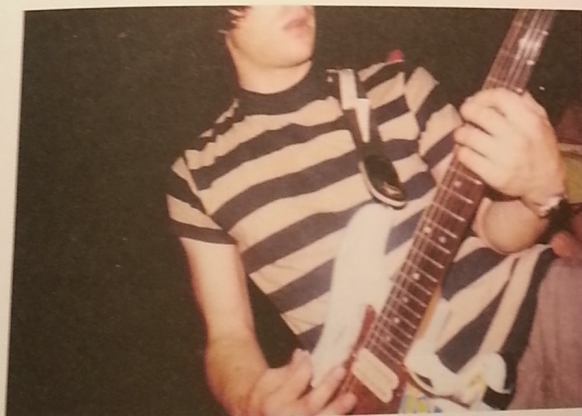
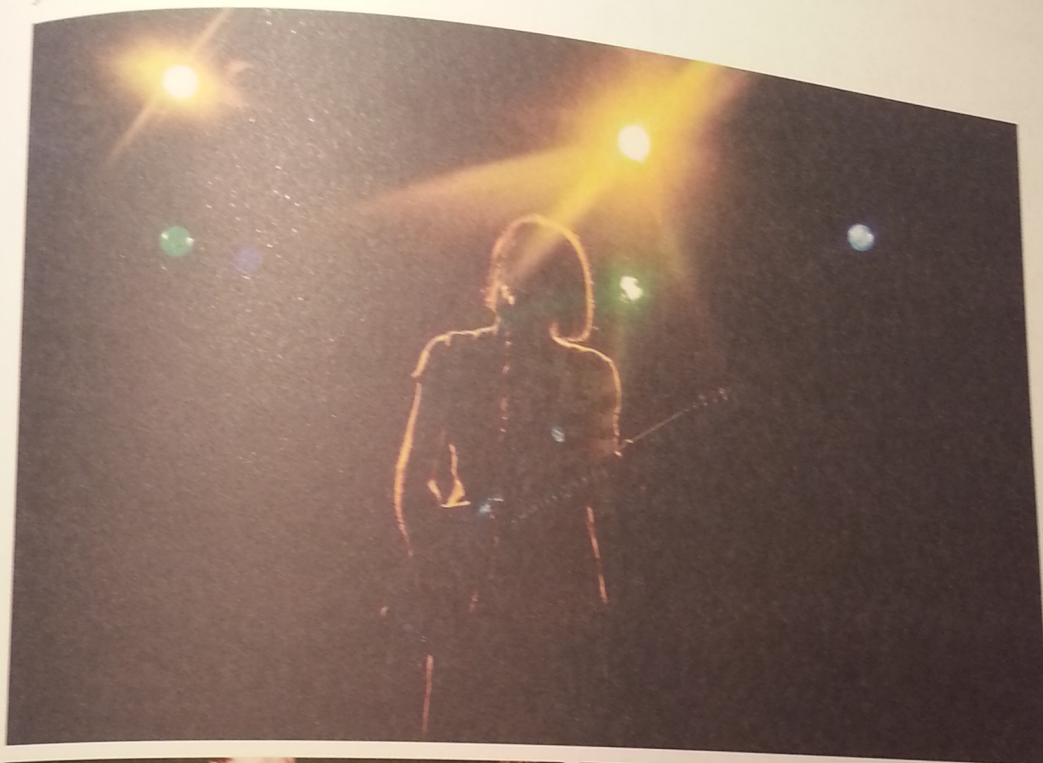
I wonder if this is a learning experience that will lead to something entirely different, or if this is it: true living. Partying and girls. All around the world. This is good.

Maybe I'll die in a car wreck. How else could this life end? Could a man

ever leave this life willingly? Of course the pleasure-center and meaning-center in my brain are rewarding me for this lifestyle: what could be more conducive to Reproductive Success?
The blonde makes me most excited.

1997

JUNE 19



[Performing with Weezer at Tink's in Scranton, Pennsylvania]

71.

Lovin' Hands

Why do I feel so bad?

I must have dranken a lot more than I thought I did last night
and you told me so you won't let go
your lovin' hands around my throat

Why this blood on my hands?

why these bruises all around my ribs? I know ...

you told me so you won't let go
your lovin' hands around my throat

Why can't you consider

change to "she"

I wanna get up

You may be my mother
But I ain't your baby

let go

And when it's raining

I wanna be playing

You want me to ~~stay~~ dry.

But I wanna get up

You may be a mother

but I ain't your baby

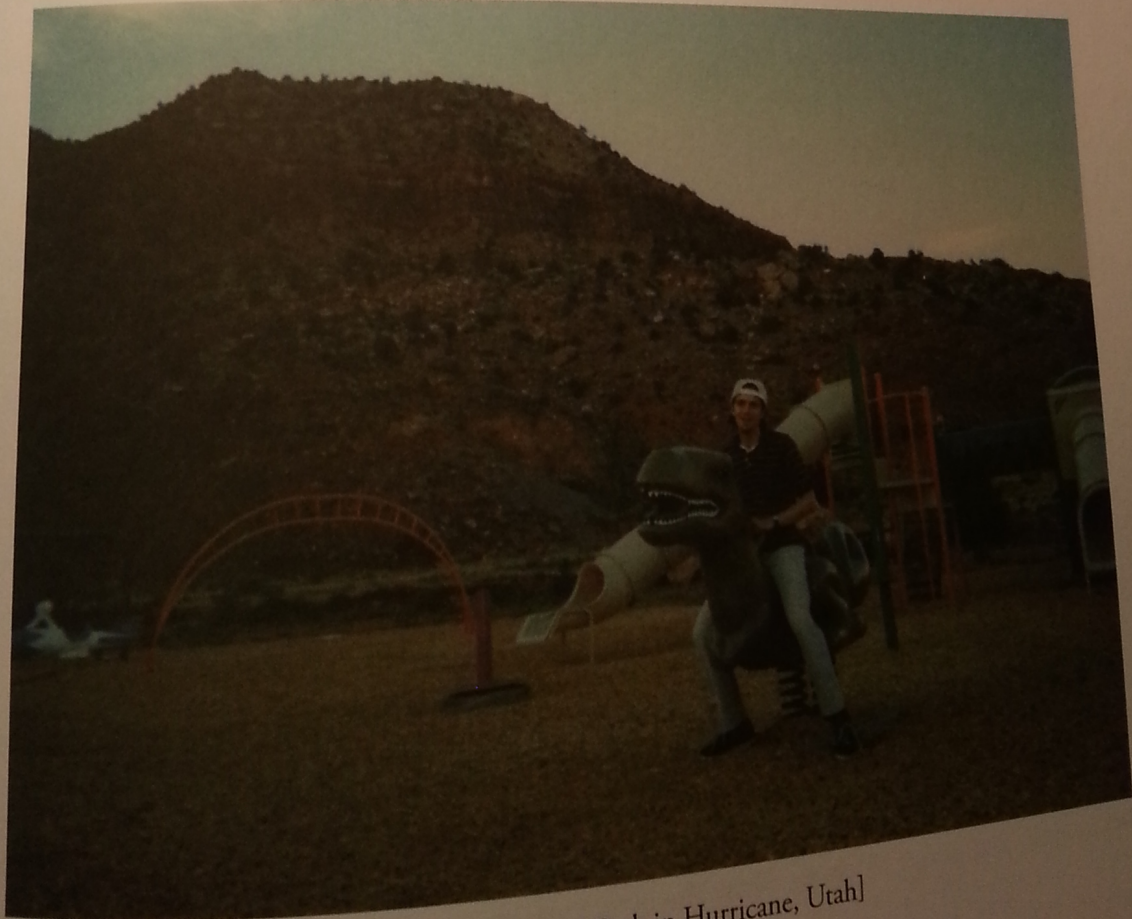
and when it's raining

I wanna get up

and every once in a while I get up a honey while they
makin' their bread
I don't know all the things that oh
while she lie asleep in bed
the thought of waking up to
mother day

glazed

oh, this town of mine ^{and} PARALYZED | all this heart of mine
don't forget what you left behind
oh, I can't decide
should I stay or should I go tonight
oh, I'm paralyzed
can't move a muscle, can't move a muscle
no you



[At Zion National Park in Hurricane, Utah]

1997

JULY 10

Mykel and Carli are dead.
I can't believe these words I've written...
Mykel and Carli are dead.
They died when their car went off the road the night of our Denver show.
They were on the way to Salt Lake City to see our performance last night.
That night in Denver, after the show, I played songs with an acoustic
guitar in the parking lot. Kids gathered around, as well as Mykel and
Carli. I sang to them "Mykel and Carli," something I never do. That day I
told them I still had some S.A.S.E.'s for them.
Mykel and Carli are dead.
What are we gonna do?

JULY 15

Well, all the funeral stuff's over. Me and the guys have been bickering
pretty intensely, on and off. I suppose it's because of the tension.

They're gone.

I don't know what else to say.

It's a beautiful day
and the ladies are crying
Crashing waves on the sand
Say it's beautiful dying

Bye Mykel, Bye Carli

Crashing waves on the sand
Say it's beautiful dying

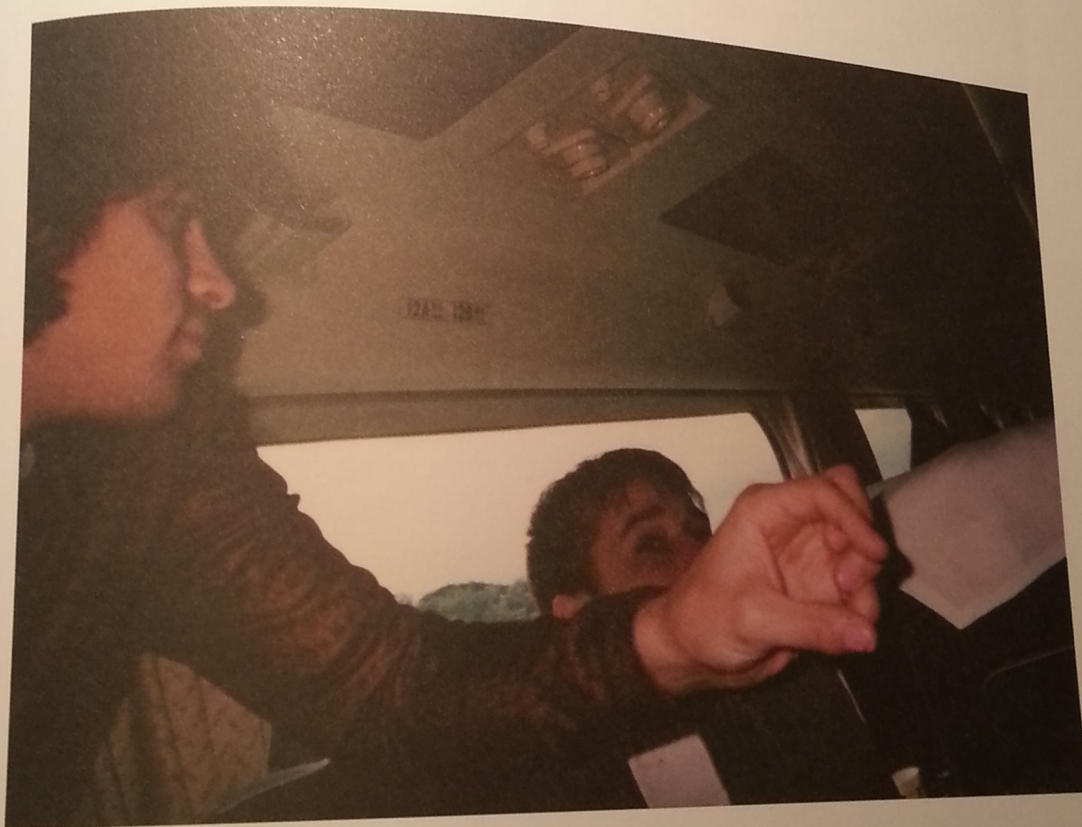
JULY 27

9:00 AM: Sunday morning I wake up in the hotel at Mt. Fuji, excited but still tired.
I didn't sleep much last night because Aphex Twin were throwing fireworks and small
bombs from the window of their room, directly above mine.
I roll over and realize that there are two girls sleeping in the bed next to mine. Oh yeah,
they came to my room last night and they said they loved me. I let them in, very happy
to have their company because I was lonely. Unfortunately they were so drunk, they
passed out immediately without even giving me a kiss goodnight. I remember putting
them in one of the beds, putting a blanket over them, and getting myself into the other
bed, alone, and going to sleep. Now the girls look so cute lying there together.

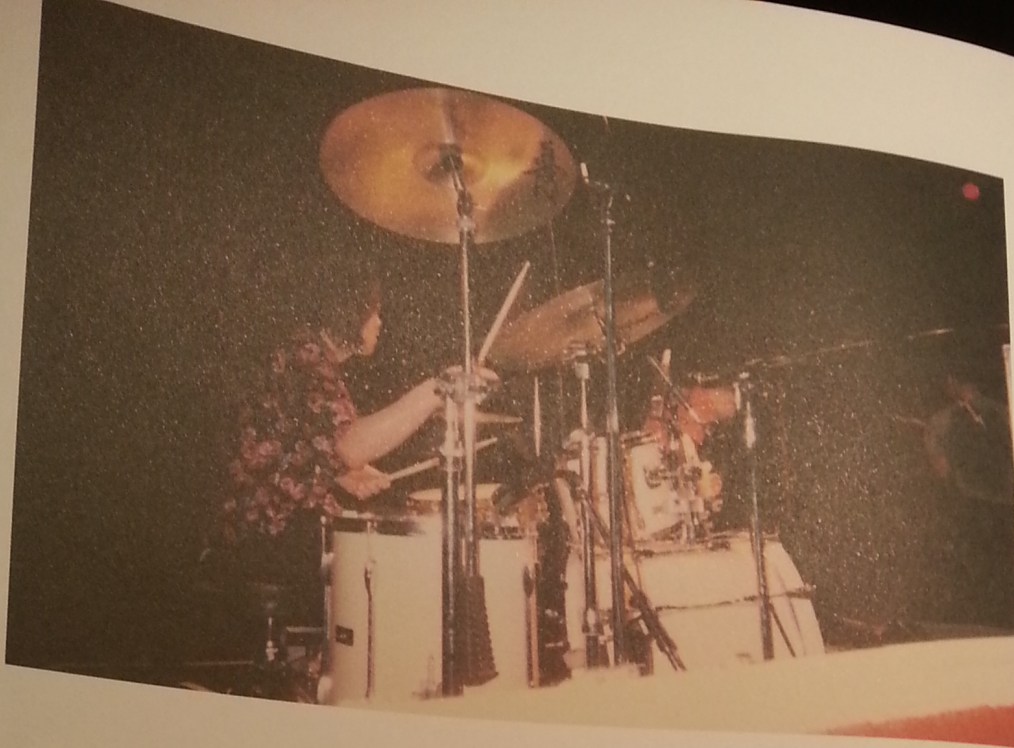
9:08 AM: Wearing the kimono provided by the hotel, I stroll out into the hall, happy and excited, looking forward to the chance to play for 30,000 Japanese fans. The first person I see, my drummer, Pat Wilson, tells me, "The festival is cancelled." At first I don't believe him, because he has a long history of pulling my leg, but soon, others corroborate his story and I have to face the fact: The sun is shining, it's a beautiful day, there are 30,000 fans waiting to see us play, and the Fuji festival is cancelled because of a typhoon. Unbelievable. Kanashii.

1997

12:00 PM: Our bags packed, we tumble into our van and head back to Tokyo. My two new girlfriends from last night go off with another band, the Square Pushers, because their bus is bigger than ours.



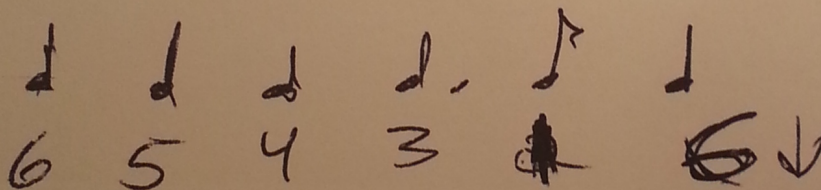
[Weezer on tour in Japan]



JULY 31

Musical Style ideas:

- Oasis, The Beatles, The Beach Boys, The Cardigans, Weezer I
- Let the production and performance be the flavor.
- Let the melody, lyrics, and chords be the strength.
- You need not melody, not lyric but STRUCTURE
- Noel Gallagher



Learn all the Oasis songs

AUGUST 2

My day in Nagoya

2:00 PM: We arrive at the hotel to discover a mob of girls waiting for us. My heart begins to pound with excitement. I remember the girls waiting for us the last time we

came to Japan and how they each gave us gifts and kisses. The affection of the Japanese female fans was for me. A dream come true.

2:02 PM: I realize these girls bear no gifts, only desperate pleas for free tickets. Has Japan changed?

1997

2:15 PM: Our hotel rooms are not ready, so we have to wait around in the lobby. I talk to the girls and try to impress them with some of the new Japanese phrases I've learned: "nihon-no onano-ko gasuki" and "uchi ni kuru." They call me "sukebe" and ask for free tickets.

AUGUST 5

Wow. Thailand pretty much rocked.



[In Thailand]

AUGUST 7

Man, what an amazing summer. I'm sad now. Leaving Taipei. Leaving Asia. Leaving the insanity, the girls, the epic battles, the cruise. But it's time to work again. It's time to be alone and produce. I want to produce like a monster now. No more slacking, napping.

My body's really crashing now, finally. From lack of sleep, caffeine, partying; stress and foreign bacteria. Dizzy spells paranoia, fear of fainting and enclosed spaces. Soon I'll be reading, writing, writing and recording

1997

songs, playing piano, and playing soccer. Alone.
These guys have been good friends. We're more of a team now.

PINKERTON IS OVER.

AUGUST 12

every flower will fade away
every hour of every day
turn to dust and sweet decay

every dream that comes at night
loses life in the morning's light

the sun is shining over my head
the bird is singing, "good morning friend"
the rose is blooming without a sign
of what tomorrow brings, of wintertime

AUGUST 13

Oh god, the insecurities are mounting. Negative thoughts of the highest order. This has been a tough year (I mean apart from the fact that this was the greatest summer of my life). It's not just that the world has said Pinkerton isn't worth a shit, but that the Blue album wasn't either. It was a fluke. It was the video. I'm a shitty songwriter.

No---KROQ added "Undone" before we made a video. Keep your head down, keep working.

AUGUST 17

Goin' home. 9 months to come up with 10 songs. Actually, "Prettiest Girl" is a keeper, I believe. That leaves 9 to go. If I can get four this month, two in the fall and four next spring, I'll be set. It should be easier now with the new approach.

- get a Mackie board
- call Lou Barlow
- get new glasses
- fix back window
- clean the house
- join a health club

AUGUST 18

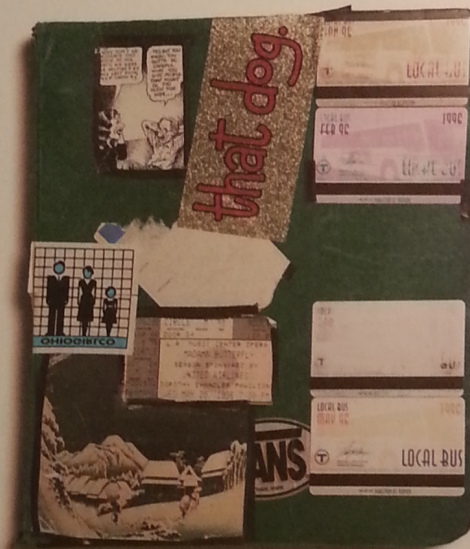
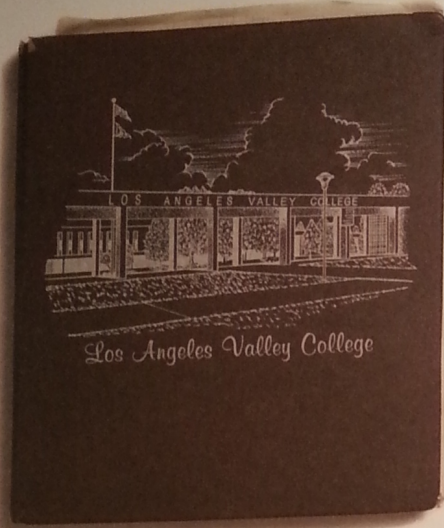
1997

1. Melody - Small

2. Progressions - less stock (still diatonic)

3. Lyrics - less goofy, distracting LESS LYRICS
STOP Telling stories

4. Structure - STOP making sense (cheesy) keep changing scenes/times



CREDITS

Editors:

Daniel Field
Maura Johnston
Sarah C. Kim

Art Direction & Design:

Andy Mueller at Ohio Girl Design

Thank You:

The Allan Family

Carol Babiracki

Boom

Kyoko Cuomo

Gavin Edwards

Michelle Gonzales

Steve Kitts

Jeff Klosky

Karl Koch

David Lande

Pat Magnarella

Kara Smietana

Naomi Stephen

Todd Sullivan

Shelley Venemann

David Vigliano

Bill Vuylsteke

Patrick Wilson

Nancy Yousef

Alone III: The Pinkerton Years

01. I'm So Lonely
02. Getchoo
03. Lisa
04. Negativland
05. You Gave Your Love to Me Softly
06. When You're Alone
07. Susanne
08. There Is No Other One
09. Let Me Wash at Your Sink
10. Waiting on You
11. Oh No, This is Not for Me
12. Tired of Sex
13. She's Had a Girl
14. What is This I Find?
15. Now I Finally See
16. Longtime Sunshine
17. I'm Lonely on a Saturday Night
18. Oh God I'm Hungry
19. I'm on Fire, You're a Liar
20. The End of My String
21. I Can't Break Your Heart Slow
22. Money Makes Me Happy
23. My Mind's on You
24. Defeat on the Hill
25. Clarinet Waltz
26. A Glorious Moment

All songs written and recorded by Rivers Cuomo, published by E.O. Smith Music (BMI)

All songs and instruments performed by Rivers Cuomo except:

Unknown pianist at LVC on "Clarinet Waltz"

Mastered by George Marino at Sterling Sound, New York, NY with Evan Peters



